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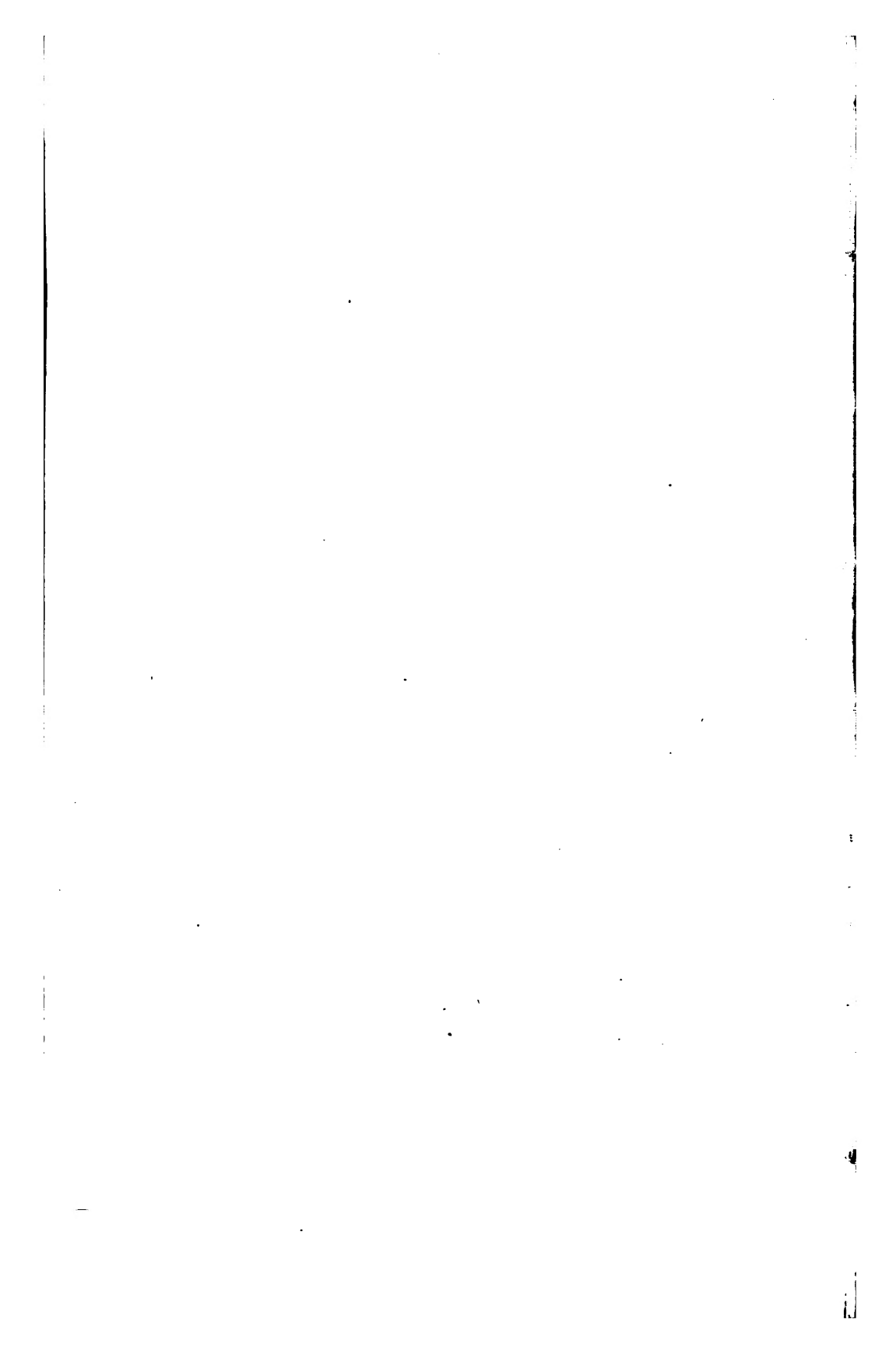
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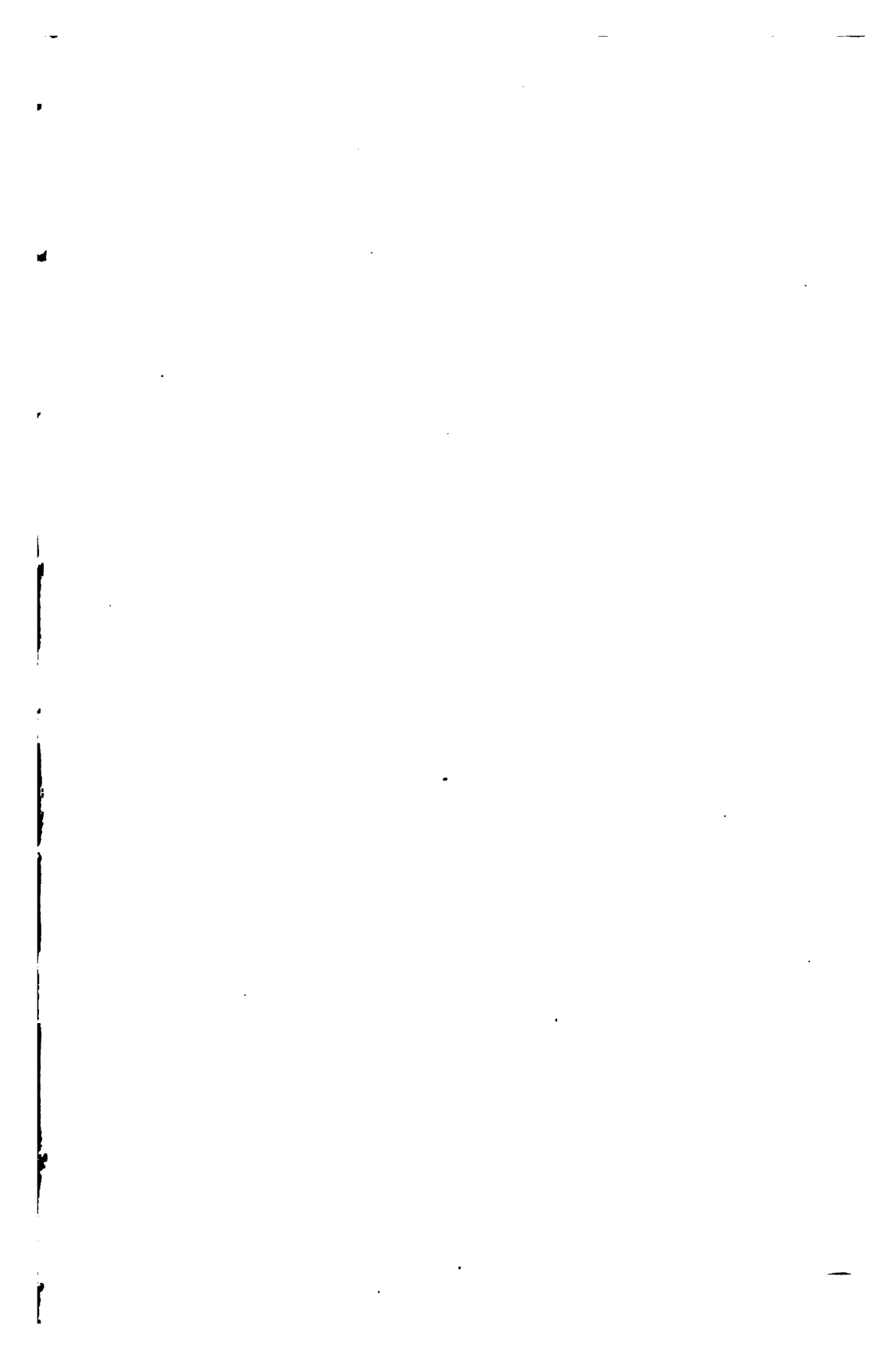
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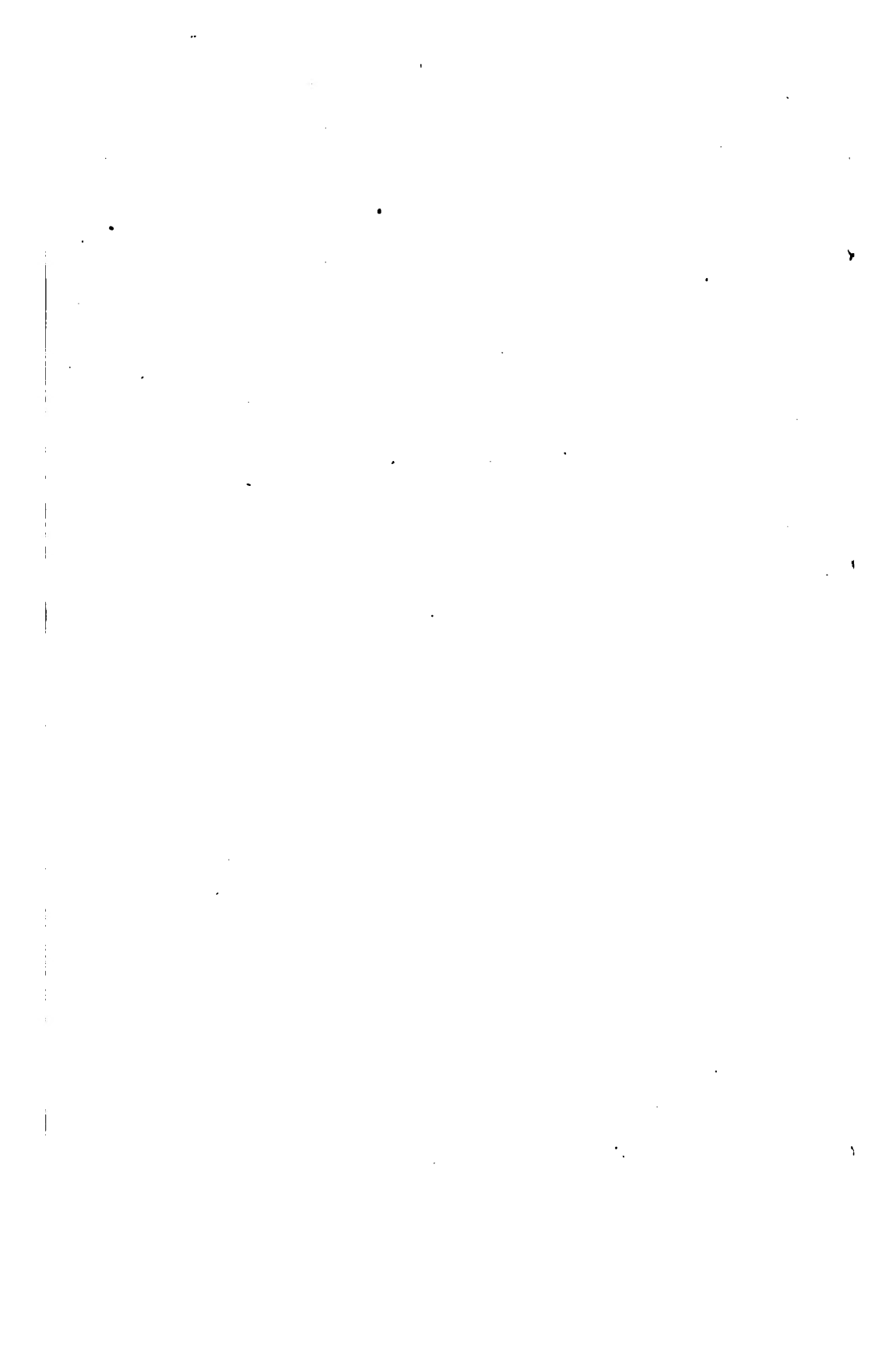
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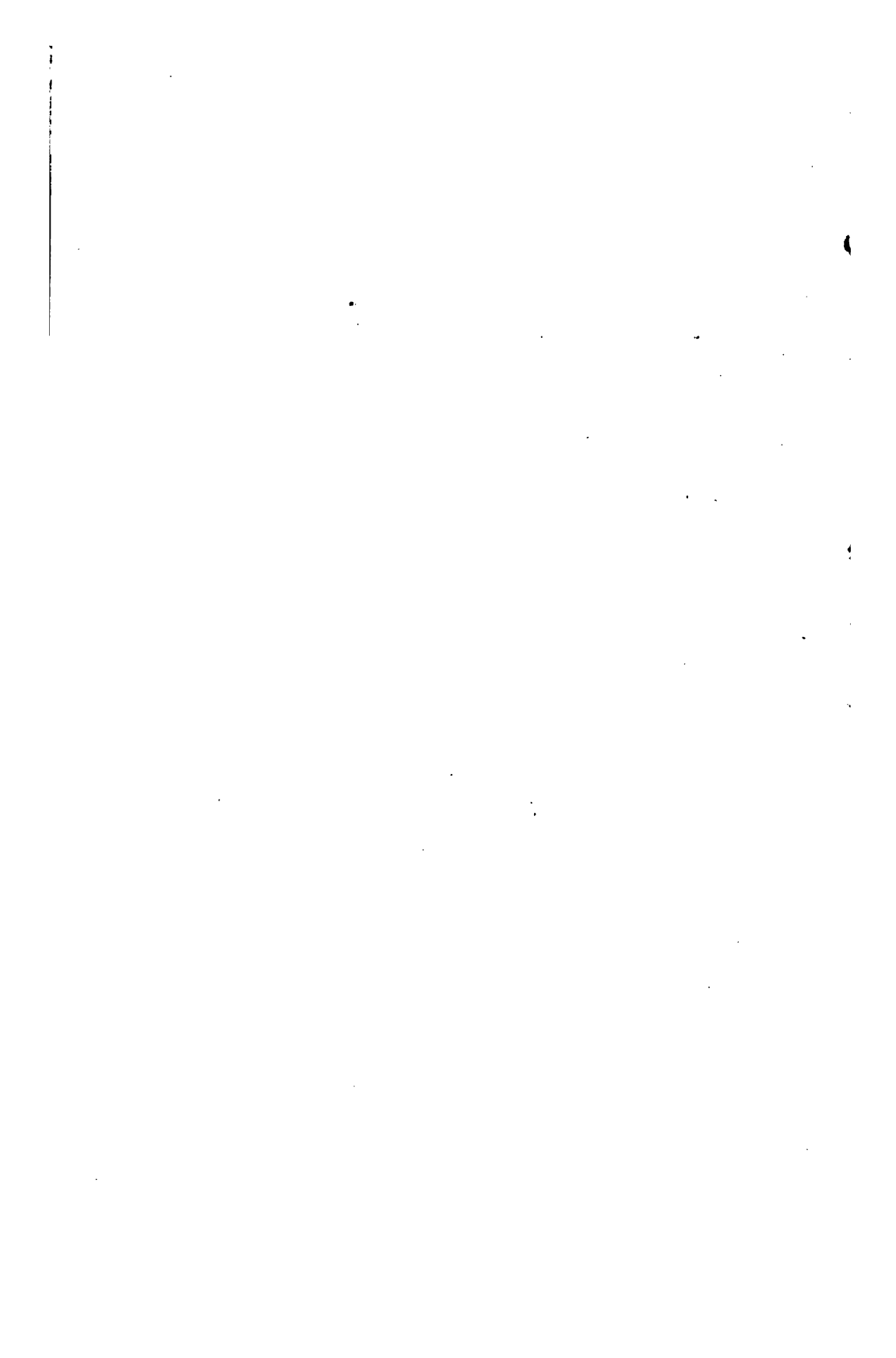
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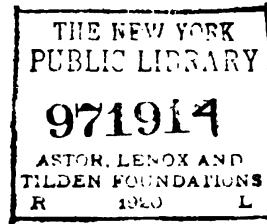
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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. XIX

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
 ā as in fate, mane, dale.
 ē as in far, father, guard.
 f as in fall, talk.
 ā as in ask, fast, ant.
 ā as in fare.
 e as in met, pen, bless.
 ē as in mete, meet.
 é as in her, fern.
 i as in pin, it.
 ī as in pine, fight, file.
 o as in not, on, frog.
 ō as in note, poke, floor.
 ō as in move, spoon.
 ō as in nor, song, off.
 u as in tub.
 ū as in mute, acute.
 ū as in pull.
 ū German ū, French u.
 oi as in oil, joint, boy.
 ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ē̇ as in prelate, courage.
 ē̇ as in ablegate, episcopal.
 ō̇ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
 ū̇ as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its

sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *a*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

ē̇ as in errant, republican.
 ē̇ as in prudent, difference.
 ī̇ as in charity, density.
 ō̇ as in valor, actor, idiot.
 ū̇ as in Persia, peninsula.
 ū̇ as in *the* book.
 ū̇ as in nature, feature.

A mark (˘) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *j*, *sh*, *sk*. Thus:

t˘ as in nature, adventure.
 d˘ as in arduous, education.
 s˘ as in pressure.
 s˘ as in seizure.
 y as in yet.
 ð Spanish b (medial).
 çh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
 G as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
 H Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
 ã French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
 s final s in Portuguese (soft).
 th as in thin.
 WH as in then.
 D = WH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

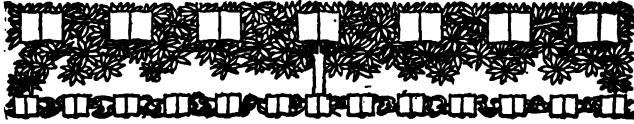
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PORTER, JANE, an English novelist, born at Durham in 1779; died at Bristol, May 14, 1850. Her father, an officer in the army, died when his children were all young, and they were taken by their mother to Edinburgh, where the family resided several years, but subsequently made their home in London. Jane Porter, the eldest child, wrote several novels, two of which, *Thaddeus of Warsaw* (1803) and *The Scottish Chiefs* (1810), had a high reputation in their day, and are still read. They may properly be considered as the beginning of the English "historical novels." The chief character in *The Scottish Chiefs* is the idealized William Wallace; Thaddeus Sobieski, in *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, is the ideal Polish exile. "We have, alas!" says Mrs. Oliphant, "no such heroes nowadays. The race has died out; and we fear that a paladin so magnanimous might call forth the scoffs rather than the applause of a public accustomed to interest themselves in shabby personages of real life."

Her sister, ANNA MARIA PORTER, born also at Durham about 1780; died in 1832, was a much more prolific writer than her elder sister. She published some fifty volumes of tales and verses; of her novels, *The Hungarian Brothers* (1807) and *Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza* (1810), are the best.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW AVOWS HIS LOVE.

Thaddeus saw all this, and with a fitting hope, instead of surrendering the hand he had retained, he made it a yet closer prisoner by clasping it in both his. Pressing it earnestly to his breast, he said, in a hurried voice, whilst his earnest eyes poured all their beams upon her averted cheek :

"Surely, Miss Beaufort will not deny me the dearest happiness I possess—the privilege of being grateful to her."

He paused ; his soul was too full for utterance ; and raising Mary's hand from his heart to his lips, he kissed it fervently. Almost fainting, Miss Beaufort leaned her head against a tree of the thicket where they were standing. She thought of the confession which Pembroke had extorted from her, and dreading that its fullness might have been imparted to him, and that all this was rather the tribute of gratitude than of love, she waved her other hand in sign for him to leave her.

Such extraordinary confusion in her manner palsied the warm and blissful emotions of the Count. He, too, began to blame the sanguine representations of his friend ; and fearing that he had offended her—that she might suppose he had presumed on her kindness—he stood for a moment in silent astonishment ; then dropping on his knee (hardly conscious of the action), declared in an agitated voice his sense of having given this offence ; at the same time he ventured to repeat, with equally modest energy, the soul-devoted passion he had so long endeavored to seal up in his lonely breast.

"But forgive me," added he, with increased earnestness, "forgive me in justice to your own virtues. In what has just passed, I feel that I ought to have expressed thanks to your goodness to an unfortunate exile ; but if my words or manner have obeyed the more fervid impulse of my soul, and declared aloud what is its glory in secret, blame my nature, most respected Miss Beaufort, not my presumption. I have not dared to look steadily on any aim higher than your esteem."

Mary knew not how to receive this address. The position in which he uttered it, his countenance when she turned to answer him, were both demonstrative of something less equivocal than his speech. He was still grasping the drapery of her cloak, and his eyes, from which the wind blew back his fine hair, were beaming upon her full of that piercing tenderness which at once dissolves and assures the soul. She passed her hand over her eyes. Her soul was in a tumult. She, too, fondly wished to believe that he loved her, to trust the evidence of what she saw. His words were ambiguous; and that was sufficient to fill her with uncertainty. Jealous of that delicacy which is the parent of love, and its best preserver, she checked the overflowing of her heart; and whilst her concealed face streamed with tears conjured him to rise. Instinctively she held out her hand to assist him. He obeyed; and, hardly conscious of what she said, she continued:

"You have done nothing, Count Sobieski, to offend me. I was fearful of my own conduct—that you might have supposed—I mean, unfortunate appearances might have led you to suppose that I was influenced—was so far forgetful of myself——"

"Cease, Madam! Cease, for pity's sake!" cried Thaddeus, starting back, and dropping her hand; every emotion which failed on her tongue had met an answering pang in his breast. Fearing that he had set his heart on the possession of a treasure totally out of his reach, he knew not how high had been his hope until he felt the depth of his despair. Taking up his hat, which lay on the grass, with a countenance from which every gleam of joy was banished, he bowed respectfully, and in a lower tone continued:

"The dependent situation in which I appeared at Lady Dundas's being ever before my eyes, I was not so absurd as to suppose that any lady could then notice me from any other sentiment than humanity. That I excited this humanity where alone I was proud to awaken it was in these hours of dejection my sole comfort. It consoled me for the friends I had lost; it repaid me for the honors that were no more. But that is past. Seeing no further cause for compassion, you

deem the delusion no longer necessary. Since you will not allow me an individual distinction in having attracted your benevolence—though I am to ascribe it all to a charity as diffused as effective, yet I must ever acknowledge with the deepest gratitude that I owe my present home and happiness to Miss Beaufort. Further than this I shall not—I dare not—presume."

The words shifted all the Count's anguish to Mary's breast. She perceived the offended delicacy which actuated each syllable as it fell ; and, fearing to have lost everything by her cold, and what might appear haughty, reply, she opened her lips to say what might better express her meaning ; but her heart failing her, she closed them again, and continued to walk in silence by his side. Having allowed her opportunity to escape, she believed that all hopes of exculpation were at an end. Not daring to look up, she cast a despairing glance at Sobieski's graceful figure as he walked, equally silent, near her ; his hat pulled over his forehead, and his long, dark eyelashes, shading his downward eyes, imparted a dejection to his whole air which wrapped her weeping heart round and round with regretful pangs. "Oh," thought she, "though the offspring of but one moment, they will prey on my peace forever."

At the foot of a little wooded knoll, the mute and pensive pair heard the sound of someone on the other side approaching them through the dry leaves. In a minute after, Sir Richard Somerset appeared.—*Thaddeus of Warsaw.*





PORTER, NOAH, an American philosopher and philologist, born at Farmington, Conn., December 14, 1811; died at New Haven, Conn., March 4, 1892. He was graduated at Yale in 1831; taught a grammar-school at New Haven until 1833, when he became tutor at Yale, at the same time studying theology. He was pastor of Congregational churches at Milford, Conn., and Springfield, Mass., from 1836 to 1846, when he became Professor of Moral Philosophy at Yale. In 1871 he succeeded Theodore D. Woolsey as President of Yale College, still retaining his professorship. His principal works are *The Educational Systems of the Puritans and the Jesuits* (1851); *The Human Intellect* (1868); *Books and Reading* (1870); *American Colleges and the American People*, and *The Science of Nature versus the Science of Man* (1871); *Science and Sentiments* (1882); *Elements of the Moral Sciences* (1883); *Kant's Ethics* (1886); *Fifteen Years in the Chapel of Yale College* (1888). He was editor-in-chief of two editions of *Webster's Dictionary* (1864 and 1880), and *International Dictionary* in 1890.

"His *Human Intellect*," says *The Princeton Review*, "is the most complete and exhaustive exhibition of the cognitive faculties of the human soul to be found in our language, and, so far as we know, in any language." "It is abreast of the sharp discussions of the day," says Professor



PORTER, SIR ROBERT KER, an English painter and writer of travels, born at Durham about 1775; died at St. Petersburg, May 4, 1842. He was a brother of Jane Porter, the famous novelist. He studied painting at the Royal Academy under Benjamin West; and early gained distinction for his great paintings, among the earlier of which were "Moses and Aaron," "Christ Allaying the Storm," "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness;" and among the more famous of his later pictures were "The Storming of Seringapatam," "The Siege of Acre," "Agincourt," "The Battle of Alexandria," "The Death of Sir Ralph Abercromby." He went to Russia in 1804, where he became painter to the Emperor, and where he married the Princess Mary de Sherbatoff. He went with Sir John Moore to the Peninsula in 1808. Later, he travelled in the East; and from 1826 to 1841 he was British Consul at Venezuela. While living at Caracas he painted "Christ at the Last Supper," "Our Saviour Blessing the Little Child," and "Ecce Homo." He died very suddenly while on a visit to Russia. His literary works include *Travels in Russia and Sweden* (1809); *Letters from Portugal and Spain* (1809); *The Campaign in Russia* (1815); *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, and Ancient Babylonia* (1821), and *The Porter Correspondence*, being his diary and letters to his sister, published after his death.

The London *Monthly Review* said of his books of travel: "Were we inclined to season our commendation with any rebuke, we should condemn the inflated style of Sir Robert Porter; a fault which is strikingly conspicuous in his *Travels Through Russia and Sweden*." Dibdin says that "his narratives are executed in a pleasing and lively style; and his volumes form, on the whole, a valuable addition to our stock of knowledge of the countries described."

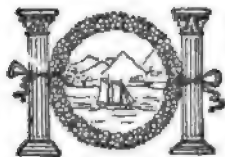
AN EVENING MEAL IN BAGDAD.

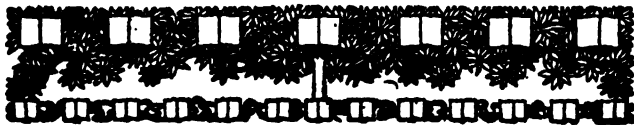
When all are assembled in some gay saloon of Bagdad, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show, which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night. At twelve o'clock, supper is produced, when pillaus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavor, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between the second banquet and the preceding, the perfumed narguilly is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers or the subject of the singers' madrigals. No respite is given to the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and loud clangor of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making in all a full concert of distracting sounds.

As soon as daylight appears the faithful slaves rouse their respective mistresses to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water and the mutterings of prayers, presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before.

BAGDAD LADIES.

The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia ; and to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissue muslins not only form their turbans, but frequently their under-garments. In summer, the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawls, and in cold weather lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open before, and of a gray color. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, etc., in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment the poor damsel of Irak-Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak-Ajemi. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips ; and to complete her savage appearance, thrusts a ring through the right nostril, pendent with a flat, button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.





PRAED, ROSA MURRAY-PRIOR, an Australian novelist, born at Bromelton Station, Queensland, March 27, 1852. She is descended from Colonel Murray-Prior, who served in the 18th Hussars at Waterloo, and her father was an Australian squatter, who took active part in political life in Queensland. Mrs. Praed spent her early life in Australia, and was married in 1872 to Campbell Mackworth Praed, a nephew of the poet Praed. In 1876 she went to London, where she now resides. Her first book was *An Australian Heroine* (1880). It was followed by *Policy and Passion*, *Nadine*, *Moloch*, *Zero*, *Affinities*, *The Head Station*, *Australian Life*, *Black and White*, *Miss Jacobson's Chance*, and *The Bond of Wedlock*. *The Brother of the Shadow* was produced in 1886; *Soul of Countess Adrian* (1891); *Romance of a Châlet* (1892); *Outlaw and Lawmaker* (1893), and *Christina Charo* (1894). Also (in collaboration with Justin McCarthy) *The Right Honorable*, *The Rebel Rose* (now published as *The Rival Princess*), *The Ladies' Gallery*, and an *edition de luxe* of sketches of the Thames, entitled *The Grey River*.

AFFINITIES.

Mrs. Borlase was joined in her temporary studio by Esmé Colquhoun. She had asked him to come. Her attitude was one of expectancy. She stood by the fireplace, her face turned sideways to him as he entered, holding a screen of feathers between her cheeks and the

blaze. Her robe of pale-green plush, confined at the waist with an old enamelled girdle, and with soft lace falling away from her neck and arms, suited the almost girlish lines of her figure, while its color harmonized with her golden hair and dead-white skin. There was a luxuriousness in her dress, in the subdued light, the rich draperies of the chimney-piece, the faintly scented atmosphere, which was more than pleasing, in contrast with the bleak wintry landscape from which a little while before they had entered.

Upon a little table near her there stood in a blue china bowl the crushed bouquet of hot-house blossoms, still fragrant, which she had carried upon the previous night. Esmé Colquhoun took up the bouquet, which was composed almost entirely of yellow roses, and drew forth one of the flowers with a preoccupied air.

"I have hurt you," he repeated with remorse in his voice. And then he rose and looked down yearningly upon her. "Christine, are you still so proud? Will you always face the world with your frank cynicism—your high-spirited independence—artist and woman of the world in one, giving just so much and giving no more? Christine, will you accept no sacrifice? Will you make none—not even now?"

Christine returned his gaze unshrinkingly; but a tear rose and lay on her lower lashes, held there glittering.

"No, Esmé—not even now. There can never be any question of sacrifice between you and me."

"There should be none. You are right. Love should be a free sacrament, and its own justification." . . .

She laughed a little, joyous laugh. "How much more so if you were confined in a prison! Applause and adulation are the breath of existence to you. The love and loyalty of one woman would never satisfy your nature, except under conditions which would enable you to take impressions from numerous other sources. You will secure for yourself these conditions. I want you to love your wife; I want you to have the world's incense as well. I want you to touch every point possible in existence. You are the true creature of your own philosophy. You require a thousand sensations in quick succession, and you must analyze each before you can decide whether

it is worth experiencing. You profess to worship the ideal; but in reality you are an utter materialist. You have all the weakness, all the inconsistency, all the greatness of a poetic nature. The greatness and the fire kindle in my intellect a spark of the incense you crave. The weakness and the inconsistency touch my woman's heart and make me love you. Being what we both are, sorrow and evil can only come from indulging in our love. This I pointed out to you before you went away; and now I am going to place it beyond our power of indulgence."

"That is impossible. You cannot crush down your love for me, nor can I, married or free, prevent myself from loving you. I would not try to do so. You are my inspiration. You are to me the ideal woman."

She was silent for several moments, and her head dropped upon her breast. Presently she looked up, with a strange smile upon her lips and a bright light in her eyes.

"I will remain so. An ideal love is a great and glorious possession. An ideal love is divine and actual, and it exists, it *must* exist, apart from material life. Are not love, faith, will, forces more potent than brute strength? Ah, my Esmé! you, a poet and an artist, know, as I do, that the realities of existence are not the things we see and touch. Human passion is but the stream in which pure, divine passion is reflected. The more muddy the stream the more distorted the image. Drag down the star and it disappears. Oh, teach the world this truth in your books! Let me try to show it dimly forth in my pictures. It is the force of our inner lives. It is the pearl of great price, which has been given to us artists. Let us cherish the Ideal." . . .

Her voice vibrated with a passionate tremor. She rose and moved away from him, all the time her gaze never forsaking his face. An exceeding softness and beauty crept over her features, and she went on in a more gentle tone: "I will be your ideal, Esmé. When you need sympathy in your work, ask it from me. When you have beautiful dreams, tell them to me. When the fire burns within you, come to me and I will fan it into flame. Give your love to Judith Fountain.

She has attracted you already. In time, she will captivate you completely; for she has a subtle charm that must appeal to your artistic perceptions. She can reinstate you in popular favor. She is rich, and can supply the sensuous atmosphere—of dim rooms, Oriental perfumes, soothing music, without which you have often said to me your muse is dumb. But give *me* your soul."

Colquhoun seemed infected by her enthusiasm. His dramatic instinct seized the conception of a sublime *role*. The poet is a paradox. In a moment, he may ascend from the depths of earth to the heights of heaven. His mind seems the tenement of some fantastic Protean spirit with a passion for impersonation, to which truth and falsehood are of equal value. His potentialities appear capable of manifesting themselves in either good or evil as the wind blows or the sun shines.

"You are a noble woman," he said slowly. "You are very strong. If we could have been married we might have conquered the world together. What is it that you are going to do?"

"I am going away in a day or two. I shall leave you here with Judith Fountain."

"And I—what am I to do?"

"What your impulses prompt," she answered, with the least touch of bitterness. "It is not for me to guide them."

"I think," he said, after a minute's pause, "that perhaps your enthusiasm gilds merely trite facts and commonplace sentiment. That is the way with us—we artists. Is your star anything higher than the respect of the world?"

"Oh!" she cried. "You can't see. You don't comprehend. It is my own self-respect. It is your love. If you were a god, Esmé—instead of being a poet; and I an angel, and not a battered, hardened woman of the world, we would fly aloft and seek our star."



PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH, an English poet, born in London, July 26, 1802; died there, July 15, 1839. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won many prizes for Greek odes and epigrams, and for clever verses in English, and was chief contributor to the *Etonian*, a monthly paper. He was called to the bar in 1829, and in 1830 was returned to Parliament for St. Germain, in Cornwall, and subsequently for several other constituencies. He was a zealous Conservative and a successful debater. His poetical works were written rather for amusement than as serious efforts; but they manifest keen wit and a great mastery in versification. A complete edition of them was issued in 1864, edited by his sister, Lady Young, with a Memoir by Derwent Coleridge. Praed wrote many charades which are among the cleverest in our language.

"His poems," says Miss Mitford, "are the most graceful and finished verses of society that can be found in our language." Mr. Whitmore believes that "while few poets have written purer verse than he, few satirists have done their task with more gentleness." "His fancy," says *The London Athenæum*, "was airy, bright, and arabesque. It enabled him, with his easy command of poetical expression, to produce picturesque sketches with equal grace and facility. His prose is almost as quaintly and as pensively playful as his verse."

CHARADE : "CAMP-BELL."

Come from my *First*, ay, come ;
 The battle dawn is nigh,
 And the screaming tramp and the thundering drum
 Are calling thee to die.
 Fight, as thy father fought ;
 Fall, as thy father fell.
 Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought ;
 So forward, and farewell.

Toll ye my *Second*, toll ;
 Fling high the flambeau's light ;
 And sing the hymn for a parted soul
 Beneath the silent night ;
 The helm upon his head,
 The cross upon his breast ;
 Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed ;
 Now take him to his rest.

Call ye my *Whole* : go call
 The lord of lute and lay,
 And let him greet the sable pall
 With a noble song to-day.
 Ay, call him by his name ;
 No fitter hand may crave
 To light the flame of a soldier's fame
 On the turf of a soldier's grave.

CHARADE : "KNIGHTHOOD."

Alas for that unhappy day
 When chivalry was nourished,
 When none but friars learned to pray,
 And beef and beauty flourished !
 And fraud in kings was held accurst,
 And falsehood sin was reckoned,
 And mighty chargers bore my *First*,
 And fat monks wore my *Second*.

Oh, then I carried sword and shield,
 And casque with flaunting feather.

And earned my spurs on battle-field,
In winter and rough weather ;
And polished many a sonnet up
To ladies' eyes and tresses,
And learned to drain my father's cup,
And loose my falcon's jesses.

But dim is now my grandeur's gleam ;
The mongrel mob grows prouder ;
And everything is done by steam,
And men are killed by powder ;
And now I feel my swift decay,
And give unheeded orders,
And rot in paltry state away,
With Sheriffs and Recorders.

The following is a good example of Praed's more serious productions :

THE VICAR.

Some years ago, ere Time and Taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
Saint Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath ;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipped rows of box and myrtle ;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlor-steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
" Our master knows you—you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Doctor Brown,
Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow ;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow.

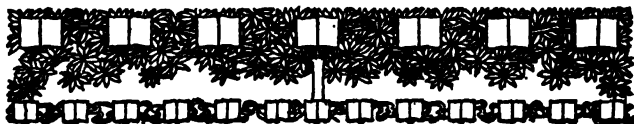
Sit in the Vicar's seat : you'll hear
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
 Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
 Whose phrase is very Ciceronian—
 Where is the old man laid ?—Look down,
 And construe on the slab before you,
"Hic jacet GVLIELMVS BROWN,
Vir non donandus lauru."

QUINCE.

I found him at threescore and ten
 A single man, but bent quite double ;
 Sickness was coming on him then
 To take him from a world of trouble.
 He prosed of sliding down the hill,
 Discovered he grew older daily ;
 One frosty day he made his will,
 The next he sent for Dr. Baillie.

And so he lived, and so he died ;
 When last I sat beside his pillow,
 He shook my hand : " Ah, me ! " he cried,
 " Penelope must wear the willow !
 Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
 While life was flickering in the socket,
 And say that when I call again
 I'll bring a license in my pocket.

" I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
 I hope his master's shoes will suit him !—
 And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
 To feed him for my sake, or shoot him.
 The vicar's wife will take old Fox ;
 She'll find him an uncommon mouser ;
 And let her husband have my box,
 My Bible, and my Assmanshaüser." . . .



PRATT, ELLA (FARMAN), an American juvenile writer, born in the State of New York. She has been the editor of the juvenile magazine *The Wide Awake*, from its establishment. Among her books are *A Little Woman* (1873); *Anna Maylie* (1873); *A Girl's Money* (1874); *A White Hand* (1875); *The Cooking Club of Tuwhit Hollow* and *Mrs. Hurd's Niece* (1876); *Good-for-nothing Polly* (1877), and *How Two Girls Tried Farming* (1879).

PLANNING.

Louise did not wait for my mysterious three days to expire. The afternoon of the second she came down to the school-house. It was just after I had "dismissed."

"Now, Miss Dolly Shepherd!" demanded she.

Well, I had gone through the new plan in detail, had thought and thought, read and read, had found there was no sex in brains; for out of the mass of agricultural reading I saw that even I, should I have the strength, could, in one way or another, reduce whatever was pertinent to practice. I resolutely had cast money-making out of the plan, but I believed we could raise enough for our own needs; and I had thought, "Oh, Lou Burney, if we should be able to establish the fact that women can buy land and make themselves a home, just as men do, what a ministry of hope even our humble lives may become!"

In my earnestness I had tried various absurd little experiments. In my out-of-door strolls I think I had managed to come upon every farming implement on the place. Out of observation, I had lifted, dragged turned,



PRENTICE, GEORGE DENISON, an American journalist, born at Preston, Conn., December 18, 1802; died at Louisville, Ky., January 22, 1870. He was graduated at Brown University in 1823, and in 1828 established the *New England Weekly Review*, at Hartford, Conn., which he conducted for two years, when he went West, and soon became editor of the *Louisville Journal*. Under his editorial management the *Journal* became one of the leading papers in the country, the fearless exponent of Henry Clay Whigism, the violent opponent of the Democratic party, and the receptacle of Prentice's inexhaustible wit and satire. He wrote many poems which appeared in his own journal and other periodicals, but no complete collection of them has been made. A volume entitled *Prenticeana; or, Wit and Humor in Paragraphs*, was published in 1860; and an enlarged edition, with a *Memoir*, in 1870.

In speaking of his energetic and brilliant editorials against his political opponents, Duyckinck has this to say: "If collected and published, with appropriate notes, these *mots* would form an amusing and instructive commentary on the management of elections, newspaper literature, and political oratory, of permanent value as a memorial of the times."

THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

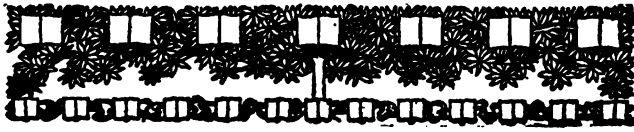
Gone ! gone forever ! like a rushing wave
 Another year has burst upon the shore
 Of earthly being ; and its last, low tones,
 Wandering in broken accents on the air,
 Are dying to an echo. . . .

Yet, why muse
 Upon the Past with sorrow ? though the year
 Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
 Of old Eternity, and borne along
 Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
 Of glory and of beauty—yet, why mourn
 That such is destiny ? Another year
 Succeedeth to the past ; in their bright round
 The seasons come and go, and the same blue arch
 That hath hung o'er us will hang o'er us yet ;
 The same pure stars that we have loved to watch
 Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
 Like lilies on the tomb of Day ; and still
 Man will remain to dream as he hath dreamed,
 And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
 From the lone tomb of old Affections ; Hope
 And Joy and great Ambition will rise up
 As they have risen, and their deeds will be
 Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
 Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
 Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
 Life's great events are heaving into birth,
 Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
 Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths,
 And struggling to be free.

Weep not that Time
 Is passing on ; it will ere long reveal
 A brighter era to the nations. Hark !
 Along the vales and mountains of the earth
 There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
 Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
 Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
 When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous wing,
 Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,

And hurries onward with his might of clouds
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant Freedom ; and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
From every hill-top of her Western home :
And, lo ! it breaks across old Ocean's flood,
And " Freedom ! Freedom ! " is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The Day-spring !—see, 'tis brightening in the heavens !
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign :
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free ;
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing ! Yon glorious bow
Of freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.





PRENTISS, ELIZABETH (PAYSON), an American juvenile writer, born at Portland, Me., October 26, 1818; died at Dorset, Vt., August 13, 1878. She was a daughter of the Rev. Edward Payson, pastor of the Congregational Church in Portland from 1807 till 1827. After receiving her education in Portland and Ipswich, she taught for several years, and in 1845 was married to George Lewis Prentiss, pastor of the Church of the Covenant in New York City from 1862 till 1873, and afterward Professor of Theology and Church Polity in Union Theological Seminary. After the death of her two children, Mrs. Prentiss devoted herself to writing. Her chief book, *Stepping Heavenward*, which was published first in the *Chicago Advance* in 1869, has been translated into various languages. Her other works are: the *Little Susy Series* (1853-56); *The Flower of the Family* (1854); *Only a Dandelion, and Other Stories* (1854); *Fred, Maria, and Me* (1868); *The Percys* (1870); *The Home at Greylock* (1876); *Pemaquid, a Story of Old Times in New England* (1877), and *Avis Benson, with Other Sketches* (1879).

LAST WORDS.

Everybody wonders to see me once more interested in my long-closed Journal, and becoming able to see the dear friends from whom I have been in a measure cut off. We cannot ask the meaning of this remarkable increase of strength.

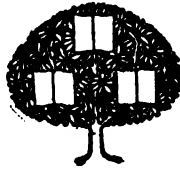
I have no wish to choose. But I have come to the last page of my Journal, and, living or dying, shall write in this volume no more. It closes upon a life of much childishness and great sinfulness, whose record makes me blush with shame, but I no longer need to relieve my heart with seeking sympathy in its unconscious pages, nor do I believe it well to go on analyzing it as I have done. I have had large experience of both joy and sorrow; I have seen the nakedness and the emptiness, and I have seen the beauty and sweetness of life. What I have to say now, let me say to Jesus. What time and strength I used to spend in writing here, let me spend in praying for all men, for all sufferers, for all who are out of the way, for all whom I love, and their name is Legion, for I love everybody. Yes, I love everybody! That crowning joy has come to me at last. Christ is in my soul; He is mine; I am as conscious of it as that my husband and children are mine; and His spirit flows forth from mine in the calm peace of a river, whose banks are green with grass and glad with flowers. If I die, it will be to leave a wearied and worn body and a sinful soul, to go joyfully to be with Christ, to be weary, and to sin no more. If I live, I shall find much blessed work to do for Him. So, living or dying, I shall be the Lord's.

But I wish, oh, how earnestly, that whether I go or stay, I could inspire some lives with the joy that is now mine. For many years I have been rich in faith; rich in an unflinching confidence that I was beloved of my God and Saviour. But something was wanting; I was ever groping for a mysterious grace, the want of which made me often sorrowful in the very midst of my sacred joy, imperfect when I most longed for perfection. It was that *personal love to Christ* of which my precious mother so often spoke to me, which she had often urged me to seek upon my knees. If I had known then, as I know now, what this priceless treasure could be to a sinful human soul, I would have sold all that I had to buy the field wherein it lay hidden. But not till I was shut up to prayer and to the study of God's word by the loss of earthly joys—sickness destroying the flavor of them all—did I begin to penetrate the mystery

that is learned under the cross. And, wondrous as it is, how simple is this mystery ! To love Christ, and to know that I love Him—this is all.

And when I entered upon the sacred yet oft-times homely duties of married life, if this love had been mine, how would that life have been transfigured ! The petty faults of my husband under which I chafed would not have moved me ; I should have welcomed Martha and her father to my home and made them happy there ; I should have had no conflicts with my servants, shown no petulance to my children. For it would not have been I who spoke and acted, but Christ who lived in me.

Alas ! I have had less than seven years in which to atone for a sinful, wasted past, and to live a new and Christ-like life. If I am to have yet more, thanks be to Him who has given me the victory that life will be Love. Not the love that rests in the contemplation and adoration of its object ; but the love that gladdens, sweetens, solaces other lives.—*Stepping Heavenward.*



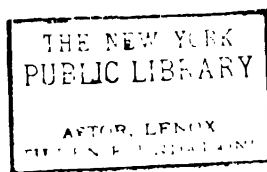


PRESCOTT, WILLIAM HICKLING, an American historian, born at Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796; died in Boston, January 28, 1859. He was graduated at Harvard in 1814; but in the last year of his college life a fellow-student playfully threw a crust of bread at him, striking one of his eyes, which was rendered almost sightless. Inflammation set in in the other eye, resulting in almost total loss of vision. He visited Europe, mainly with the hope of receiving benefit from eminent oculists. But practically for nearly all the remainder of his life his eyes were of little use in reading or writing. Returning to Boston in 1819, he resolved to devote the next ten years to the study of ancient and modern literature, and the ensuing ten years to the composition of a history. His studies in literature led to the publication of several essays in the *North American Review*, which were in 1845 collected into a couple of volumes entitled *Miscellanies*.

As early as 1825 he had fixed upon the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain as the subject of his first historical work. The history of the *Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, after fully ten years of continuous labor, was published in 1837. The next six years were devoted to the *History of the Conquest of Mexico* (1843), and the four subsequent years to the *History of the Conquest of Peru* (1847). After a visit to Europe, he set himself to writing



WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.



the history of the *Reign of Philip II. of Spain*, for which he had already made an extensive collection of documents. Of this work Volumes I. and II. appeared in 1855, and Volume III. in 1858. The work was to have consisted of six volumes, but the remaining three were never written. In February, 1858, he experienced a slight shock of paralysis. Eleven months afterward, while at work in his library with his secretary, he was struck speechless by a second shock, and died within an hour.—A revised edition of Prescott's Works, edited by John Foster Kirk, who had been his secretary for more than ten years, was published in 1875. The *Life of Prescott* has been written by George Ticknor Curtis (1864).

EXPULSION OF THE JEWS FROM SPAIN.

The edict for the expulsion of the Jews was signed by the Spanish sovereigns at Granada, March 30, 1492. The preamble alleges, in vindication of the measure, the danger of allowing further intercourse between the Jews and their Christian subjects, in consequence of the incorrigible obstinacy with which the former persisted in their attempts to make converts of the latter to their own faith, and to instruct them in their heretical rites, in open defiance of every legal prohibition and penalty. When a college or corporation of any kind—the instrument goes on to state—is convicted of any great or detestable crime, it is right that it should be disfranchised; the less suffering with the greater, the innocent with the guilty. If this be the case in temporal concerns, it is much more so in those which affect the eternal welfare of the soul.

It finally decrees that all unbaptized Jews, of whatever age, sex or condition, should depart from the realm by the end of July next ensuing; prohibiting them from returning to it on any pretext whatever, under penalty

of death and confiscation of property. It was moreover interdicted to every subject to harbor, succor, or minister to the necessities of any Jew after the expiration of the term fixed for his departure. The persons and property of the Jews, in the meantime, were taken under the royal protection. They were allowed to dispose of their effects of every kind on their own account, and to carry the proceeds along with them, in bills of exchange, or merchandise not prohibited, but neither in gold nor silver. . . .

While the gloomy aspect of their fortunes pressed heavily on the hearts of the Israelites, the Spanish clergy were indefatigable in the work of conversion. They lectured in the synagogues and public squares, expounding the doctrines of Christianity, and thundering forth both argument and invective against the Hebrew heresy. But their laudable endeavors were in a great measure counteracted by the more authoritative rhetoric of the Jewish Rabbins, who compared the persecutions of their brethren to those which their ancestors had suffered under Pharaoh. They encouraged them to persevere, representing that the present afflictions were intended as a trial of their faith by the Almighty, who designed in this way to guide them to the promised land, by opening a path through the waters, as he had done to their fathers of old.

The more wealthy Israelites enforced the exhortations by liberal contributions for the relief of their indigent brethren. Thus strengthened, there were found but very few, when the day of their departure arrived, who were not prepared to abandon their country rather than religion. This extraordinary act of a whole people for conscience's sake may be thought, in the nineteenth century, to merit other epithets than those of "perfidy, incredulity, and stiff-necked obstinacy," with which the worthy curate of Los Palacios, in the charitable feeling of that day, has seen fit to stigmatize it.

When the period of departure arrived, all the principal routes through the country might be seen swarming with emigrants—old and young, the sick, men, women, and children, mingled promiscuously together—some mounted on horses or mules, but far the greater part

undertaking their painful pilgrimage on foot. The sight of so much misery touched even the Spaniards with pity, though none might succor them; for the Land-inquisitor, Torquemada, enforced the ordinance to that effect, by denouncing heavy ecclesiastical censures on all who should presume to violate it.

The fugitives were distributed along various routes, being determined by accidental circumstances much more than any knowledge of the respective countries to which they were bound. Much the largest division—amounting, according to some estimates, to 80,000 souls, passed into Portugal, whose wise monarch, John the Second, dispensed with his scruples so far as to give them a free passage through his dominions, on their way to Africa, in consideration of a tax of a *crusado* a head. He is even said to have silenced his scruples so far as to allow certain ingenious artisans to establish themselves permanently in the kingdom. . . .

The whole number of Jews expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella is variously computed from 160,000 to 800,000 souls; a discrepancy indicating the paucity of authentic data. Most modern writers, with the usual predilection for startling results, have assumed the latter estimate; and Llorente has made it the basis of some important estimates in his *History of the Inquisition*. A view of all the circumstances will lead us without much hesitation to adopt the more moderate computation. There is little reason for supposing that the actual amount would suffer diminution in the hands of either Jewish or Castilian authority; since the one might naturally be led to exaggerate in order to heighten sympathy with the calamities of his people; and the other to magnify, as far as possible, the glorious triumph of the Cross.

The detriment incurred by the state, however, is not founded so much on any numerical estimate as on the subtraction of the mechanical skill, intelligence and general resources of an orderly, industrious population. In this view, the mischief was incalculably greater than that inferred by the mere number of the exiled. And although even this might have been gradually repaired in a country allowed the free and healthful development

of its energies, yet in Spain this was so effectually counteracted by the Inquisition, and other causes in the following century that the loss may be deemed irretrievable. . . .

It cannot be denied that Spain at this period surpassed most of the nations of Europe in religious enthusiasm, or, to speak more correctly, in bigotry. This is doubtless imputable to the long war with the Moslems, and its recent glorious issue, which swelled every heart with exaltation, disposing it to consummate the triumphs of the Cross by purging the land from a heresy which, strange as it may seem, was scarcely less detested than that of Mohammed. Both the sovereigns partook largely of these feelings. With regard to Isabella, moreover, it must be borne constantly in mind that she had been used constantly to surrender her own judgment, in matters of conscience, to those spiritual guardians who were supposed in that age to be its rightful depositaries, and the only casuists who could safely determine the doubtful line of duty. Isabella's pious disposition, and her trembling solicitude to discharge her duty, at whatever cost of personal indignation, greatly enforced the precepts of education. In this way her very virtues became the source of her errors. Unfortunately she lived in an age and station which attached to these errors the most momentous consequences.—*Ferdinand and Isabella.*

IN SIGHT OF THE VALLEY AND CITY OF MEXICO.

The Spaniards, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma. They had not advanced far when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the valley of Mexico—or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives—which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy

hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them.

In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore and cedar; and, beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens: for flowers—in such demand for their religious festivals—were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of the surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and in the midst—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed “Venice of the Aztecs.”

High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck—the rival capital of Tezcuco; and, still further on, the dark belt of porphyry girdling the valley around like a rich setting which Nature has devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the Conquistadors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low; and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility, when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins; even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on

them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture. What then must have been the emotions of the Spaniards when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld all these fair scenes in their pristine magnificence and beauty ! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah ; and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the Promised Land !"

But these feelings of admiration were very soon followed by others of a very different complexion, as they saw in all this the evidences of a civilization and power far superior to anything they had yet encountered. The more timid, disheartened by the prospect, shrunk from a contest so unequal, and demanded—as they had done on some former occasions—to be led back again to Vera Cruz. Such was not the effect produced on the sanguine spirit of the General. His avarice was sharpened by the display of the dazzling spoil at his feet ; and if he felt a natural anxiety at the formidable odds, his confidence was renewed as he gazed on the lines of his veterans, whose weather-beaten visages and battered armor told of battles won and difficulties surmounted ; while his bold barbarians, with appetites whetted by the view of their enemies' country, seemed like eagles on the mountains, ready to pounce upon their prey.

By argument, entreaty, and menace, Cortes endeavored to restore the faltering courage of the soldiers, urging them not to think of retreat, now that they had reached the goal for which they had panted, and the golden gates were opened to receive them. In these efforts he was well seconded by the brave cavaliers, who held honor as dear to them as fortune ; until the dullest spirits caught somewhat of the enthusiasm of their leaders, and the General had the satisfaction to see his hesitating columns, with their usual buoyant step, once more on their march down the slopes of the sierra.—*Conquest of Mexico.*

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan, or open litter, on which was a

sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. Round the monarch's neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command. As the leading lines of the procession entered the great square, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the plaza in silence, and not a Spaniard was visible. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the plaza, Atahuallpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vincente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterward Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his Breviary (or, as other accounts say, a Bible) in one hand and a crucifix in the other, and approaching the Inca told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The Friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity; and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his Fall, to his subsequent Redemption, to the Crucifixion, and the Ascension when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth.

This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle—good and wise men who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all Powers and Potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish Emperor—the most mighty monarch in the world—to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The Friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch

to receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians, now proffered to him—the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker, as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your Emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity—then alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—"my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The Friar pointed as authority to the book which he held. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment; then, as the insult which he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence and exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The Friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, "Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you."

Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air—the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them!" It was

answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as rushing from the avenues of the halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing; while their swords, flashing fire through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now for the first time saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors.

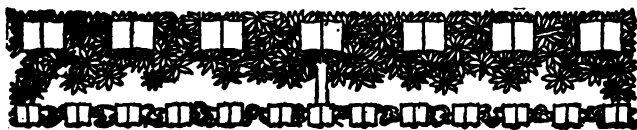
They made no resistance, as indeed they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed the boundary of the plaza. It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight—or rather massacre—continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or at least by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay; that they

did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down another taking the place of a fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro as the mighty press swayed backward and forward; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin like some mariner who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary of the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate effort to end the fray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca," and stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound in his own hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever around the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some of his cavaliers who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded.—*Conquest of Peru.*



PRESTON, HARRIET WATERS, an American novelist and translator, born at Danvers, Mass., in 1843. She has made many translations from the French, especially from Sainte-Beuve and De Musset, and is particularly noted for her translation of Mistral's *Mirèio* (1873). Among her own works are *Aspendale* (1870); *Love in the Nineteenth Century* (1874); *Troubadours and Trouvères* (1876); *Is That All?* (1878); *A Year in Eden* (1886); *A Question of Identity* (1887); *The Guardians* (1888). For several years she has resided in England, and has furnished critical essays to American periodicals, notable among which is an article upon "Russian Novelists," in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

The re-reading and readjustment of Christianity proposed by Count Leo Tolstoi in his *Ma Religion* has its fantastic features. It recalls the earliest presentation of that doctrine, at least in this, that it can hardly fail to prove a "stumbling-block" to one-half of the well-instructed world, and an epitome of foolishness to the other. It consists merely in a perfectly literal interpretation of the fundamental principles, Resist not evil; Be not angry; Commit no adultery; Swear not; Judge not. Even the qualification which our Lord himself is supposed to have admitted in the passage, "Whosoever is angry with his brother *without a cause*," and in the one excepted case to the interdict against divorce, our amateur theologian rejects as the glosses or uncandid commentators, or the concessions of an interested priesthood.

He then proceeds to show that the logical results of his own rigid interpretations, if they were reduced to practice, would be something more than revolutionary. They would involve the abolition of all personal and class distinctions; the effacement of the bounds of empire; the end alike of all the farce of formally administered justice and of the violent monstrosity of war; the annihilation of so much even of the sense of individuality as is implied in the expectation of personal rewards and punishments, here or hereafter. For all this he professes himself ready. The man of great possessions and transcendent mental endowments, the practised magistrate, the trained soldier, the consummate artist, the whilom statesman, having found peace in the theoretic acceptance of unadulterated Christian doctrine, as he conceives it, offers himself as an evidence of its perfect practicability.

Ma Religion was given to the world as the literary testament of the author of *Guerre et Paix* and *Anna Karénine*. From the hour of the date that was inscribed upon its final page—Moscow, February 22, 1884—he disappeared from the field of his immense achievements and the company of his intellectual and social peers. He went away to his estates in Central Russia, to test in his own person his theories of lowly mindedness, passivity, and universal equality. He undertook to live henceforth with and like the poorest of his own peasants, by the exercise of a humble handicraft. Those who knew him best say that he will inevitably return some day; that this phase will pass, as so many others have passed with Tolstoi; and that we need by no means bemoan ourselves over the notion that he has said his last word at fifty-seven. Indeed, he seems to have foreshadowed such a return in his treatment of the characters of Bezouchof and Lenine, with both of whom we instinctively understand the author himself to be closely identified. We are bound, I think, to hope that Tourguéneff's last prayer may be granted—those of us at least who are still worldly minded enough to lament the rarity of great talents in this last quarter of a century.

And yet, there is a secret demurrer; there are coun-

ter-currents of sympathy. A suspicion will now and then arise of something divinely irrational ; something—with all reverence be it said—remotely Messianic in the sacrifice of this extraordinary man. The Seigneur would become a slave, the towering intelligence a folly, if by any means the sufferer may be consoled, the needy assisted. Here, at any rate, is the consistency of the apostolic age. And is it not time, when all is said, when we have uttered our impatient protest against the unconditional surrender of the point of honor, and had our laugh out, it may be, at the flagrant absurdity of *any* doctrine of non-resistance, a quiet inner voice will sometimes make itself heard with inquiries like these : “ Is there anything, after all, on which you yourself look back with less satisfaction than your own self-permitted resentments, your attempted reprisals for distinctly unmerited personal wrong ? What is the feeling with which you are wont to find yourself regarding all public military pageants and spectacles of warlike preparation ? Is it not one of sickening disgust at the ghastly folly, the impudent anachronism, of the whole thing ?—In Europe, at all events, the strain of the counter preparations for martial destruction, the heaping of armaments on one side or the other, has been carried to so preposterous and oppressive a pitch that even plain, practical statesmen like Signor Bonghi at Rome are beginning seriously to discuss the alternative of general disarmament, the elimination altogether of the appeals to arms from the future international policy of the historic states.—*Russian Novelists.*





PRESTON, MARGARET (JUNKIN), an American poet, born in Philadelphia in 1825. Her father, Rev. George Junkin (1790-1868), was the founder of Lafayette College, Easton, Penn., and became president of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., being succeeded by Gen. R. E. Lee. The daughter married Professor John T. L. Preston, of the Military Institute at Lexington, and her sister became the wife of "Stonewall" Jackson, then a professor in the Institute. In 1856 Mrs. Preston published *Silverwood; a Book of Memories*; subsequently she has written many in verse, contributing frequently to periodicals North and South. Her collected poems are *Beechenbrook* (1865); *Old Songs and New* (1870); *Cartoons* (1876); *For Love's Sake: Poems of Faith and Comfort* (1886); *Colonial Ballads, Sonnets and Other Verses* (1887).

Though a Northern woman by birth, Mrs. Preston has always been considered a Southern writer.

The Nation considers that "her verse deserves praise for all its minor qualities, and if judged by any common standard of average performance may stand creditably among the year's productions." "Mrs. Preston shows herself a ballad writer of high gifts," says *The Critic*. "Some of the miscellaneous ballads are most musical, and many of the sonnets show complete mastery over this wheel-within-wheel of verse-mechanism."

DEDICATION TO OLD SONGS AND NEW.

Day-duty done—I've idled forth to get
 An hour's light pastime in the shady lanes,
 And here and there have plucked with careless pains
 These way-side waifs—sweetbrier and violet
 And such-like simple things that seemed indeed
 Flowers—though, perhaps, I knew not flower from
 weed.

What shall I do with them? They find no place
 In stately vases where magnolias give
 Out sweets in which their faintness could not live;
 Yet, tied with grasses, posy-wise, for grace,
 I have no heart to cast them quite away,
 Though their brief bloom should not outlive the day.

Upon the open pages of your book
 I lay them down. And if within your eye
 A little tender mist I may descry,
 Or a sweet sunshine flicker in your look,
 Right happy shall I be, though all declare
 No eye but love's could find a violet there.

THE MORROW.

Of all the tender guards that Jesus drew
 About our frail humanity to stay
 The pressure and the jostle that alway
 Are ready to disturb whate'er we do,
 And mar the work our hands would carry through,
 None more than this environs us each day
 With kindly wardenship:—"Therefore I say,
 Take no thought for the morrow."—Yet we pay
 The wisdom scanty heed, and, impotent
 To bear the burden of the imperious Now,
 Assume the Future's exigence unsent.
 God grants no overplus of power; 'tis shed
 Like morning manna. Yet we dare to bow
 And ask—"Give us to-day our Morrow's bread!"

MORNING.

It is enough. I feel this golden morn,
 As if a royal appanage were mine,
 Through Nature's queenly warrant of divine
 Investiture. What princess, palace-born,
 Hath right of rapture more, when skies adorn
 Themselves so grandly ; when the mountains shine
 Transfigured ; when the air exalts like wine ;
 When pearly purples steep the yellowing corn ?
 So, satisfied with all the goodliness
 Of God's good world—my being to its brim
 Surcharged with utter thankfulness no less
 Than bliss of beauty, passionately glad
 Through rush of tears that leaves the landscape dim—
 "Who dares," I cry, "in such a world be sad ?"

NIGHT.

I press my cheek against the window-pane,
 And gaze abroad into the blank, blank space,
 Where earth and sky no more have any place,
 Wiped from existence by the expunging rain ;
 And, as I hear the worried winds complain,
 A darkness darker than the murk whose trace
 Invades the curtained room, is on my face,
 Beneath which life and life's best ends seem vain ;
 My swelling aspirations viewless sink
 As yon cloud-blotted hills ; hopes that shone bright
 As planets yester-eve, like them, to-night
 Are gulfed, the impenetrable mists before.
 "O weary world," I cry, "how dare I think
 Thou hast for me one gleam of gladness more ?"

SAINT CECILIA.

Haven't you seen her ? and don't you know
 Why I dote on the darling so ?
 Let me picture her as she stands
 There, with the music-book in her hands,
 Looking as ravishing, rapt, and bright
 As a baby Saint Cecilia might,
 Lipping her bird-notes—that's Belle White,

Watch as she raises her eyes to you—
 Half-crushed violets dipped in dew,
 Brimming with timorous, coy surprise
 (Doves have just such glistening eyes);
 But, let a dozen of years have flight,
 Will there be then such harmless light
 Warming these luminous eyes—Belle White?

Look at the pretty, feminine grace,
 Even now, on the small young face;
 Such a consciousness as she speaks,
 Flushing the ivory of her cheeks;
 Such a maidenly, arch delight
 That she carries me captive quite,
 Snared with her daisy chain—Belle White.

Many an ambushed smile lies hid
 Under that innocent, downcast lid;
 Arrows will fly with silvery tips,
 Out from the bow of those arching lips,
 Parting so guilelessly, as she stands
 There with the music-book in her hands,
 Chanting her bird-notes, soft and light,
 Even as Saint Cecilia might,
 Dove with folded wings—Belle White!

A GRAVE IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, VA

[*J. R. T.—Died 1872.*]

I read the marble-lettered name,
 And half in bitterness I said,
 "As Dante from Ravenna came
 Our poet came, in exile—dead!"
 And yet, had it been asked of him
 Where he would rather lay his head,
 This spot he would have chosen. Dim
 The city's hum drifts o'er his grave,
 And green above the hollies wave
 Their jagged leaves, as, when a boy,
 On blissful summer afternoons
 He came to sing the birds his runes,
 And tell the river of his joy.

What dreams that in his wanderings wide,
 By stern misfortunes tossed and driven
 His soul's electric strands were riven
 From home and country?—Let betide
 What might, what would, his boast, his pride
 Was in his stricken Mother-Land,
 That could but bless, and bid him go,
 Because no crust was in her hand
 To stay her children's need. We know
 The mystic cable sank too deep
 For surface-storm or stress to strain,
 Or from his answering heart to keep
 The spark from flashing back again.

Think of the thousand mellow rhymes
 The pure idyllic passion-flowers,
 Wherewith in far-gone happier times,
 He garlanded this South of ours.
 Provençal-like he wandered long
 And sang at many a stranger's board;
 Yet 'twas Virginia's name that poured
 The tenderest pathos through his song.
 We owe the Poet praise and tears
 Whose ringing ballad sends the brave,
 Bold Stuart riding down the years:—
 What have we given him?—Just a grave.

GOD'S PATIENCE.

Of all the attributes whose starry rays
 Converge and centre in one focal light
 Of luminous glory, such as angels' sight
 Can only look on with a blench'd amaze,
 None crowns the brow of God with purer blaze,
 Nor lifts His grandeur to more infinite height,
 Than His exhaustless patience. Let us praise
 With wondering hearts this strangest, tenderest grace,
 Remembering, awe-struck, that the avenging rod
 Of Justice must have fallen, and Mercy's plan
 Been frustrate, had not Patience stood between
 Divinely meek. And let us learn that man,
 Toiling, enduring, pleading—calm, serene,
 For those who scorn and slight, is likest God.



PRIESTLEY, JOSEPH, physicist and theologian, born at Fieldhead, near Birstal, Yorkshire, England, March 13, 1733; died at Northumberland, Penn., February 6, 1804. He was the son of a woollen-cloth dresser. He was educated at an endowed school near his birthplace and at a Non-conformist academy at Daventry, where he studied for the ministry. By private study he became proficient in the modern languages, Hebrew, and the Chaldaic, Syriac, and Arabic. In 1755 he was ordained an Independent minister at Needham Market, Suffolk, but having become a Unitarian in his views, he left that church in 1758. It was while preaching and teaching that he made his researches in chemistry. His first published works, *Scripture Doctrine of Remission* and the *Rudiments of English Grammar*, appeared in 1761. His first scientific work, *The History and Present State of Electricity, with Original Experiments*, was published in 1767, *The Doctrine of Phlogiston established, and that of the Composition of Water refuted*, in 1800. Among his chief theological works are *The Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion* and *A History of the Corruptions of Christianity and a General History of the Christian Church to the Fall of the Western Empire*. His chief metaphysical work is *Disquisitions Relating to Matter and Spirit*. The works of Dr. Priestley comprise twenty-five octavo volumes

OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

In order to understand the nature and origin of those corruptions of Christianity which now remain, it will be proper to consider those which took their rise in a more early period, and which bore some relation to them, though they are now extinct, and therefore, on that account, are not, of themselves, deserving of much notice. The doctrine of the *deification of Christ*, which overspread the whole Christian world, and which is still the prevailing opinion in all Christian countries (but which is diametrically opposite to the genuine principles of Christianity, and the whole system of revealed religion), was preceded by that system of doctrines which is generally called *Gnosticism*. For these principles were introduced in the very age of the apostles, and constituted the only heresy that we find to have given any alarm to them, or to the Christian world in general, for two or three centuries.

That these principles of the Gnostics were justly considered in a very serious light, we evidently perceive by the writings of the apostles. For that the doctrines which the apostles reprobated were the very same with those which were afterward ascribed to the Gnostics cannot but be evident to every person who shall compare them in the most superficial manner.

The authority of the apostles, which, in all its force, was directly pointed against the principles of these Gnostics, seems to have borne them down for a considerable time, so that they made no great figure till the reign of Adrian, in the beginning of the second century. But at that time, some persons of great eminence, and very distinguished abilities, having adopted the same, or very similar principles, the sect revived, and in a remarkably short space of time became very prevalent.
—*History of Corruptions of Christianity.*



PRIME, SAMUEL IRENÆUS, an American journalist and religious writer, born at Ballston, N. Y., November 4, 1812; died at Manchester, Vt., July 18, 1885. He was graduated at Williams College in 1829, studied at the Princeton Theological Seminary, and entered the Presbyterian ministry. His voice having partially failed, he retired from pastoral labor in 1840, and became connected with the *New York Observer*, a religious journal, of which he subsequently became editor and proprietor. For several years he also conducted the department known as the "Editor's Drawer" in *Harper's Magazine*. He made several foreign tours, and published *Travels in Europe and the East* (1855); *Letters from Switzerland* (1860); *The Alhambra and the Kremlin* (1873). Among his separate works are *The Old White Meeting-house*, reminiscences of a country congregation; *Life in New York*; *Annals of the English Bible*; *Thoughts on the Death of Little Children*; *Memoirs of the Rev. Nicholas Murray*; *The Bible in the Levant*; *The Power of Prayer*, and *Five Years of Prayer and the Answers*. He wrote many works of a devotional character, and several series of his newspaper contributions have been collected and published separately under the title of *The Irenæus Letters*.

The North American Review thinks his accounts

of foreign lands "of great interest and value as a faithful record of all the experiences of travel."

"His style is characterized," says *Harper's Weekly*, "by an unstudied ease and simplicity, often blending the tender or pathetic. An occasional stroke of playful humor relieves the gravity of the subject or invests it with new attraction."

SAMUEL HANSON COX.

His faculty for using large words was remarkable. It was attributed to a slight impediment in his speech, which led him to take a word that he could utter without difficulty in preference to a smaller one on which he was inclined to stumble ; but that was not the reason. In writing he had the same habit ; and, if possible, he made use of larger words than he did in public speech. He was as natural as he was brilliant ; and he was the most brilliant clergyman of his generation. As flashes of lightning vanish in an instant, so the coruscations of his splendid genius were transient ; beautiful, magnificent for the moment, but gone as suddenly as they came. There is melancholy in the thought that the best and brightest things he ever said are not on record, and, with his contemporaries, will pass from the memory of man. They passed even from his own memory, most of them, as soon as they were spoken.

He was always ready—or, as he would say, *semper paratus*, and was never taken at a disadvantage. The best illustration of his readiness is his famous address before the Bible Society in London, which I will not repeat, it is so familiar. But it is hardly probable that a more splendid example of extempore rhetoric can be found in the whole range of English literature.

In the later years of his life, when his powers were not at their best and brightest, he went into St. Paul's Methodist Church in New York, to worship there as a stranger. He was recognized by a gentleman, who went to the pulpit and informed the preacher that Dr. Cox was in the congregation. He was invited to

preach ; and taking a text, which he gave in two or three languages, he preached two hours with such a variety of learning, copiousness of illustration, and felicity of diction, as to entertain, delight, instruct, and move the assembly. This habit of long preaching grew upon him, and he became tedious in his old age ; many others do likewise. It is the last infirmity of great preachers.

Especially is this true of those who, like Dr. Cox, are fond of preaching expository sermons. There is no convenient stopping-place for a man who takes a chapter, and attempts a sermon on each clause and word. Dr. Cox rarely approved of the translation of the Bible before him. His Greek Testament was always at hand, and after a severe, and sometimes a fierce denunciation of the text in the Received Version, he would give his own rendering, and enforce that with the ardor of genius and the power of Christian eloquence.—*The Irenæus Letters.*





PRIME, WILLIAM COWPER, an American lawyer, journalist, and traveller, brother of Samuel I. Prime, born at Cambridge, N. Y., October 31, 1825. He was graduated at Princeton in 1843; studied law, and after having been admitted to the bar in 1846, practised in New York until 1861, when he became one of the editors of the *New York Journal of Commerce*. In 1855 he visited Egypt and the Holy Land, and in 1857 published *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia* and *Tent Life in the Holy Land*. He has put forth several volumes, partly made up from his articles in periodicals. Among these are *The Owl-Creek Letters* (1848); *The Old House by the River* (1853); *I Go a-Fishing* (1873); *Holy Cross* (1879). He has devoted much attention to archæology, numismatics, and ceramics, and has published *Coins, Medals, and Seals* (1861); *Pottery and Porcelain of All Times and Nations* (1878), and an annotated edition of the hymn "O Mother dear, Jerusalem." He was the literary executor of General George B. McClellan, editing *McClellan's Own Story*, to which he prefixed a biographical sketch (1886).

Tuckerman says that "although the traveller's experience in Palestine is now quite familiar, he furnishes so many special descriptions and useful hints in so agreeable a way that his book scarcely seems like a twice-told tale." "We have found

his books," says *The London Athenæum*, "occasionally extravagant, but amusing, and not wanting in originality."

PISCATORIAL MEDITATIONS.

While I listened to the wind in the pine-trees, the gloom had increased, and a ripple came stealing over the waters. There was a flapping of one of the lily-pads as the first wave struck them; and then, as the breeze passed over us, I threw two flies on the black ripple. There was a swift rush, a sharp dash and plunge in the water. Both were struck at the instant, and then I had work before me that forbade me listening to the voice of the pines. It took five minutes to kill my fish, two splendid specimens, weighing each a little less than two pounds. Meantime the rip had increased, and the breeze came fresh and steady. It was too dark now to see the opposite shore, and the fish rose at every cast; and when I had half a dozen of the same sort, and one that lacked only an ounce of being full four pounds, we pulled up the killeck and paddled homeward round the wooded point.

The moon rose, and the scene on the lake became magically beautiful. The mocking laugh of the loon was the only cause of complaint in that evening of splendor. Who can sit in the forest in such a night, when earth and air are full of glory—when the soul of the veriest blockhead must be elevated, and when a man begins to feel as if there were some doubt whether he is even a little lower than the angels—who, I say, can sit in such a scene and hear that fiendish laugh of the loon, and fail to remember Eden and the Tempter? Did you ever hear that laugh? If so, you know what I mean. That mocking laugh rang in my ears as I reeled in my line, and, lying back in the bottom of the canoe, looked at the still and glorious sky.

"Oh, that I could live just here forever," I said, "in this still forest home, by the calm lake, in this undisturbed companionship of earth and sky! Oh, that I could leave the life of labor among men, and rest serenely here, as my sun goes down in the sky!"

"Ho ! ho ! ha ! ha !" laughed the loon across the lake, under the great rock of the old Indian. Well, the loon was right ; and I was, like a great many other men, mistaken in fancying a hermit's life, or what I rather desired—a life in the country, with a few friends—as preferable to life among crowds of men. There is a certain amount of truth, however, in the idea that man made cities and God made the country.

Doubtless we human creatures were intended to live upon the products of the soil, and the animal food which our strength or sagacity would enable us to procure. It was intended that each man should, for himself and those dependent upon him, receive from the soil of the earth such sustenance and clothing as he could compel it to yield. But we have invented a system of covering miles square of ground with large flat stones, or piles of brick and mortar, so as to forbid the product of any article of nourishment, forbidding grass or grain or flowers to spring up, since we need the space for our intercommunication with each other in all the ways of traffic and accumulating wealth, while we buy for money, in what we call markets, the food and clothing we should have procured for ourselves from the common mother earth. Doubtless all this is a perversion of the original designs of Providence. The perversion is one that sprang from the accumulation of wealth by a few, to the excluding of the many, which in time resulted in the purchasing of the land by the few, and the supply of food in return for articles of luxury manufactured by artisans who were not cultivators of the soil. But who would listen now to an argument in favor of returning to the nomadic mode of life ?—*I Go a-Fishing.*

O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM !

This old hymn needs no words of praise to commend it. It is a grand poem, and one or another portion of it will reach every heart with its power and beauty. It has been a comfort and a joy to very many people, both in this form and in the numerous variations, abbreviations, and alterations in which it has from time to time appeared among the sacred poems of the Christian

world. . . . It was sung by the martyrs of Scotland in the words we have here. It has been sung in triumphant tones through the arches of mighty cathedrals ; it has been chanted by the lips of kings, and queens, and nobles ; it has ascended in the still air above the cottage roofs of the poor ; it has given utterance to the hopes and expectations of the Christian in every continent, by every seashore, in hall and hovel, until it has become in one or another of its forms the possession of the whole Christian world.





PRINGLE, THOMAS, a Scottish poet, born at Blaiklaw, in Teviotdale, in January, 1789; died in 1834. During his infancy an accident occurred to him which rendered him a cripple for life. He was graduated at the University of Edinburgh, and was appointed to a small position under the government. In 1816 he wrote *The Autumnal Excursion*, a poem which secured for him the friendship of Sir Walter Scott. In 1817 he commenced the publication of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, out of which subsequently grew *Blackwood's Magazine*. This and other literary enterprises which he had undertaken proving unsuccessful, he, with his father and several brothers, emigrated to South Africa in 1820, and established a little settlement among the Kaffirs. He soon went to Cape Town, the capital of Cape Colony, where he set up a private school, and became the editor of the *South African Journal*. This paper was discontinued in consequence of the censorship of the Colonial Governor. Pringle returned to Great Britain in 1826, and became secretary to the African Society. His *Narrative of a Residence in South Africa* was published in 1835, soon after his death; and a collection of his *Poems*, edited by Leitch Ritchie, appeared in 1838. His poems are much admired for their elegance.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
 And, sick of the Present, I turn to the Past ;
 When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former years ;
 And the shadows of things that long since have fled
 Flit over the brain like the ghost of the dead ;
 And my native land whose magical name
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame ;
 The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime ;
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
 When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
 Like the fresh flowers of Eden unfolding to view :—
 All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone,
 And I, a lone exile, remembered of none ;
 My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
 A-weary of all that is under the sun ;
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
 I fly to the desert, afar from man ! . . .

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
 Away, away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen ;
 By the valleys remote where the oribi plays,
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
 And the koodoo and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine ;
 Where the elephant browses at peace in the wood,
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
 O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
 Of the springbock's fawn sounds plaintively ;
 And the timorous quagga's whistling neigh
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray ;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,

With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain ;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
Away, away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna and Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan ;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear ;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink :
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye ;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
A still small voice comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, " Man is distant, but God is near ! "



PRIOR, MATTHEW, an English poet and diplomatist, born probably in East Dorset, July 21, 1664; died at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, September 18, 1721. In 1686 he was graduated at Cambridge, where he formed an intimacy with Charles Montague, afterward Earl of Halifax. To ridicule Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, Prior and Montague wrote a poem entitled *The City Mouse and the Country Mouse*. In 1700 he produced *Carmen Seculare*, a poetical panegyric on William III., which Johnson calls "one of his most splendid compositions." He held various civil and diplomatic positions, and was returned to Parliament in 1701. In 1711 he was made Ambassador at Paris; but when the Whigs came into power, in 1714, he was recalled, and imprisoned on a charge of treason. After his release he published by subscription a folio volume of his *Poems*, from which he realized 4,000 guineas—equivalent to some \$60,000 at the present time. Lord Harley added an equal sum for the purchase of an estate. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory, for which he left £500 in his will. Prior's attempts at serious verse are of little value; but some of his lighter poems are graceful, and there are a few clever epigrams.

"Prior has written with great variety," says Dr. Johnson, "and his variety has made him popu-

lar. If his poetry be considered generally, his praise will be that of correctness and industry rather than that of compass and comprehension or activity of fancy. He never made any effort of invention."

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY OF QUALITY.

Lords, Knights, and 'Squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passion by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five-year-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silk-worms' beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair:

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

FOR HIS OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
 Matt, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
 For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
 May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then, take Matt's word for it—the sculptor is paid;
 That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
 Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
 For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
 His virtues and vices were as other men's are:
 High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
 In a life parti-colored—half pleasure—half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
 He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
 In public employments, industrious and grave,
 And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
 Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
 And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
 He found riches had wings, and knew man was but
 dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,
 Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
 It says that his relics collected lie here;
 And no mortal yet knows if this may be true. . . .

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
 To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same:
 And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
 He cares not:—yet prithee, be kind to his fame.

EPIGRAMS.

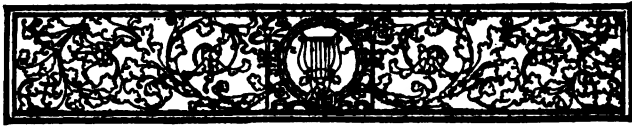
To John I owed great obligation;
 But John unhappily thought fit

To publish it to all the nation —
Sure, John and I are quit.

Yes, every poet is a fool ;
By demonstration Ned can show it :
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve :
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher ?





PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE, an English poet, daughter of "Barry Cornwall," born in London, October 30, 1825; died there, February 3, 1864. She became a convert to Roman Catholicism in 1851. Early in 1853 *Household Words* received a poem, bearing the signature "Mary Berwick," which Charles Dickens, the editor, thought "very different from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit." The author was requested to send more; and she soon became a frequent contributor. It was not until nearly two years after that Dickens learned that "Mary Berwick" was Adelaide Procter, whom he had known from childhood, and who was the daughter of one of his oldest literary friends. With the exception of a few early verses, a little volume entitled *A Chaplet of Verses*, published in 1862 for the benefit of a charitable association, all of her poems originally appeared in periodicals edited by Dickens, who prefixed a biographical introduction to a complete edition issued shortly after her death.

George Saintsbury, speaking of Miss Procter's mild and unassuming style, says her sentimental ballads, while not up to a high literary standard, at least pleased the composers, especially *The Message*, which was very popular in its day.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

Girt round with rugged mountains the fair Lake Con-
stance lies ;
In her blue heart reflected shine back the starry skies ;
And, watching each white cloudlet float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven lies on our earth below.

Midnight is there : and Silence enthroned in Heaven,
looks down
Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping town.
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance a thousand years and
more.

Her battlements and towers, from off their rocky steep
Have cast their trembling shadows for ages o'er the
deep.
Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night, three hundred
years ago.

Far from her home and kindred a Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread ;
And every year that fled so silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the
Past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or
change ;
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech
seemed no more strange ;
And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz
lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz, with longing and with
tears ;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep mist of years ;
She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war and strife ;
Each day she rose, contented, to the calm toils of life.

Yet when her master's children would clustering round
her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads of her own native land ;
And when at morn and evening she knelt before God's
throne,
The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt :—the valley more peaceful year by
year,
When suddenly strange portents of some great deed
seemed near.
The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and
down in talk.

The men seemed strange and altered, with looks cast
on the ground ;
With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered
round.
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put away ;
The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow, with strangers from the
town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and
down ;
Yet now and then seemed watching a strange, uncer-
tain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below
the stream.

At eve they all assembled ; then care and doubt were
fled ;
With jovial laugh they feasted ; the board was nobly
spread.
The Elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, " We drink the downfall of an accursed land !

" The night is growing darker ; ere one more day is
flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our
own ! "

The women shrank in terror (yet Pride, too, had her part ;)
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz ; once more her towers
arose ;
What were the friends around her ?—only her country's
foes !
The faces of her kinsfolk, the days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains, reclaimed her as their
own.

Nothing she heard around her—though shouts rang
forth again ;
Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture, and the
plain.
Before her eyes one vision ; and in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and then, if need
be, die !"

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless
step, she sped.
Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed ;
She loosed the strong, white charger that fed from out
her hand ;
She mounted, and she turned his head toward her na-
tive land.

Out—out into the darkness ; faster, and still more fast ;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut-wood
is past.
She looks up ; clouds are heavy : Why is her steed so
slow ?—
(Scarcely the wind beside them could pass them as they
go.)

"Faster !" she cries, "Oh faster !"—Eleven the church-
bells chime :
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz, and bring me there
in time !"
But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop
check ?—

The steed draws back in terror ; she leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness. The bank is high and
steep ;

One pause—he staggers forward, and plunges in the
deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness, and looser throws
the rein ;

Her steed must breast the waters that dash above his
mane.

How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the
foam ;

And see : in the far distance shine out the lights of
home !

Up the steep bank he bears her ; and now they rush
again

Toward the heights of Bregenz, that tower above the
plain.

They reach the gates of Bregenz, just as the midnight
rings ;

And out come serf and soldier to meet the news she
brings.

Bregenz is saved ! Ere daylight her battlements are
manned ;

Defiance greets the army that marches on the land.

And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be paid,

Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished ; and yet upon the hill

An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor still.

And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the
shade,

They see in quaint old carving the charger and the
maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway, street,
and tower,

The warder paces all night long, and calls each passing
hour ;

"Nine!" "Ten!" "Eleven!" he cries aloud, and then
—Oh crown of fame!—
When midnight pauses in the skies, he calls *the Maiden's*
name.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee, or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel a shadow of regret :
Is there one link within the Past that holds thy spirit yet ?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee ?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams a possible Future
shine,
Wherein thy life should henceforth breathe, untouched,
unshared by mine ?
If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh, tell me, before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel within thy inmost
soul
That thou hast kept a portion back, while I have staked
the whole ;
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need that mine cannot fulfil ?
One chord that any other hand could better wake or
still ?
Speak now—lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid the demon-spirit
Change,
Shedding a passing glory still on all things new and
strange ?—
It may not be thy fault alone ;
But shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day, and answer
to my claim
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—not thou—had
been to blame?—
Some soothe their conscience thus ; but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*—I dare not hear—the words would
come too late.
Yet I would spare thee all remorse ; so comfort thee,
my Fate—
Whatever on my heart may fall—
Remember, I would risk it all.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"What is Life, father?"
"A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail,
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er ;
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more ;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease ;
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."





PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER, an English lawyer and poet, born in London, November 21, 1790; died there, October 4, 1874. He is best known by his *nom de plume*, "Barry Cornwall," a partial anagram of his real name. He was educated at Harrow, was for a while employed in the office of a solicitor in the country, from which he went to London, entered Gray's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1831. From 1832 to 1861 he was a commissioner of lunacy. Mr. John Kenyon died in 1857, and left legacies, amounting in all to £149,000, to his personal and literary friends. Elizabeth Barrett Browning received £4,000, Robert Browning and Procter £6,500 each. "Barry Cornwall" commenced his literary career in 1819 by the publication of *Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems*. The next year he put forth *A Sicilian Story*. His tragedy *Mirandola*, produced at the Covent Garden Theatre in 1821, met with success. This was followed by several other volumes, lyrical and dramatic, including *The Flood of Thessaly*, *English Songs and Other Small Poems*. He also wrote *Life of Edmund Kean* (1835) and *Life of Charles Lamb* (1866). In 1851 he put forth a collection of *Essays and Tales in Verse*. He is, however, best known by his numerous lyrics, of which Mr. Gosse says: "They do not possess passion or real pathos, or any very deep magic of melody,

but he has written more songs that deserve the comparative praise of *good* than any other modern writers except Shelley and Tennyson."

THE SEA.

The Sea ! the Sea ! the open Sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea ! I'm on the Sea !
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh, how I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest :
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open Sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child.

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and power to range
 But never have sought or sighed for change;
 And Death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wide, unbounded Sea!

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

Rest! This little Fountain runs
 Thus for aye! It never stays
 For the look of summer suns
 Nor the cold of winter days.
 Whosoe'er shall wander near
 When the Syrian heat is worst,
 Let him hither come, nor fear
 Lest he may not slake his thirst.
 He will find this little river
 Running still, as bright as ever.
 Let him drink and onward hie
 Bearing but in thought that I—
 Erotas—bade the Naiad fall,
 And thank the great god Pan for all.

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
 Let us glide adown thy stream
 Gently—as we sometimes glide
 Through a quiet dream!
 Humble voyagers are we,
 Husband, wife, and children three;
 (One is lost—an angel, fled
 To the azure overhead.)

Touch us gently, Time!
 We've not proud or soaring wings;
 Our ambition, our content,
 Lies in simple things.
 Humble voyagers are we,
 O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
 Seeking only some calm clime.
 Touch us gently, gentle Time!

LIFE.

We are born ; we laugh ; we weep,
 We love, we droop, we die !
 Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep ?
 Why do we live or die ?
 Who knows that secret deep ?—
 Alas, not I !

Why doth the violet spring
 Unseen by human eye ?
 Why do the radiant seasons bring
 Sweet thoughts that quickly fly ?
 Why do our fond hearts cling
 To things that die ?

We toil through pain and wrong ;
 We fight and fly ;
 We love ; we lose ; and then, ere long,
 Stone-dead we lie ;
 O Life ! is all thy song
 "Endure and—die ?"

TO ADELAIDE PROCTER.

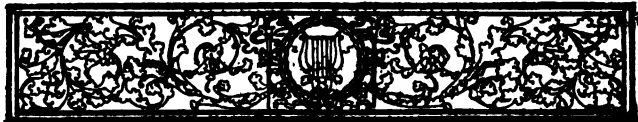
Child of my heart ! my sweet, beloved First-born !
 Thou dove, who tidings bringst of calmer hours !
 Thou rainbow, who dost shine when all the showers
 Are past, or passing ! Rose which hath no thorn,
 No spot, no blemish—pure and unforlorn !
 Untouched, untainted ! O my Flower of flowers !
 More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,
 To stranded seamen life-assuring morn !
 Welcome—a thousand welcomes ! Care, who clings
 Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold ;
 New hope springs upward, and the bright world
 seems
 Cast back into a youth of endless Springs !
 Sweet mother, is it so ? or grow I old,
 Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams ?

COME, LET US GO TO THE LAND.

Come ;—let us go to the land
Where the violets grow !
Let's go thither hand in hand,
Over the waters and over the snow,
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets grow !

There, in the beautiful south,
Where the sweet flowers lie,
Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
Under the light of the evening sky,
That love never fades, though violets die !





PROCTOR, EDNA DEAN, an American poet, born at Henniker, N. H., October 10, 1838. She received her early education at Concord, N. H., subsequently taking up her residence at Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1858 she put forth a volume of *Life Thoughts*, consisting mainly of passages from the discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. She became a frequent contributor to periodicals, and in 1867 published a volume of *Poems, National and Miscellaneous*. Shortly afterward she accompanied a party of friends on an extensive foreign tour, visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, traversing every country in Europe except Portugal. In Russia she travelled by routes not usually taken by tourists; of this portion of her tour she gave a poetical account in her *Russian Journey* (1873). In 1888 she compiled *A Genealogy of the Storrs Family*.

MOSCOW.

Across the Steppes we journeyed,
The brown, fir-darkened plain,
That rolls to east and rolls to west
Moved as the billowy main ;
When, lo, a sudden splendor
Came shining through the air,
As if the clouds should melt, and leave
The height of heaven bare.

A maze of rainbow domes and spires
Fell glorious on the sky,

With wafted chimes from many a tower,
As the south-wind went by ;
And a thousand crosses, lightly hung,
That shone like morning-stars :
'Twas the Kremlin's wall ! 'twas Moscow,
The jewel of the Czars !
—*A Russian Journey.*

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

Low hung the moon, the wind was still,
And slow I climbed the midnight hill,
And passed the ruined garden o'er,
And gained the barred and silent door
Sad welcomed by the lingering rose,
That, startled, shed its waning snows.

The bolt flew back with sudden clang,
I entered—wall and rafter rang,
Down dropped the moon, and clear and high
September's wind went wailing by ;
"Alas !" I sighed, "the love and glow
That lit this mansion long ago !"

And groping up the threshold stair,
And past the chambers cold and bare,
I sought the room where, glad of yore,
We sat the blazing fire before,
And heard the tales a father told,
Till glow was gone and evening cold. . . .

My hand was on the latch, when, lo !
'Twas lifted from within ! I know
I was not wild, and could I dream ?
Within I saw the wood-fire gleam,
And, smiling, waiting, beckoning there,
My father in his ancient chair !

Oh, the long rapture, perfect rest,
As close he clasped me to his breast !
Put back the braids the wind had blown,
Said I had like my mother grown,

And bade me tell him, frank as she,
All the long years had brought to me.

Then, by his side, his hand in mine,
I tasted joy, serene, divine,
And saw my griefs unfolding fair
As flowers, in June's enchanted air,
So warm his words, so soft his sighs,
Such tender lovelight in his eyes ! . . .

And still we talked. O'er cloudy bars
Orion bore his pomp of stars ;
Within, the wood-fire faintly glowed,
Weird on the wall the shadows showed,
Till in the east a pallor born,
Told midnight melting into morn. . . .

'Tis true, his rest this many a year
Has made the village church-yard dear ;
'Tis true, his stone is graven fair,
" Here lies, remote from mortal care."
I cannot tell how this may be,
But well I know he talked with me.

HEAVEN, O LORD, I CANNOT LOSE.

Now summer finds her perfect prime ;
Sweet blows the wind from western calms ;
On every bower red roses climb ;
The meadows sleep in mingled balms.
Nor stream nor bank the way-side by
But lilies float and daisies throng,
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
That is not cleft with soaring song.
O flowery morns, O tuneful eves,
Fly swift ! my soul ye cannot fill !
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
The drifting snows on plain and hill.
Alike to me fall frosts and dews ;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose !

Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine ;
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share ;

And over Hope's horizon line,
 The future dawns serenely fair.
 Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
 I know the rapture will not stay ;
 Some wind of grief or doubt will rise,
 And turn my rosy sky to gray.
 I shall awake, in rainy morn,
 To find my hearth left lone and drear.
 Thus half in sadness, half in scorn,
 I let my life burn on as clear,
 Though friends grow cold or fond love wooes ;
 But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose !

In golden hours the angel Peace
 Comes down and broods me with her wings ;
 I gain from sorrow sweet release,
 I mate me with divinest things.
 When shapes of guilt and gloom arise,
 And far the radiant angel flees,
 My song is lost in mournful sighs,
 My wine of triumph left but lees.
 In vain for me her pinions shine,
 And pure, celestial days begin ;
 Earth's passion-flowers I still must twine,
 Nor braid one beauteous lily in,
 Ah ! is it good or ill I choose ?
 But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose !

TAKE HEART.

All day the stormy wind has blown
 From off the dark and rainy sea ;
 No bird has past the window flown,
 The only song has been the moan
 The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial-time ;
 She died when dropped the earliest leaves :
 And cold upon her rosy prime
 Fell down the Autumn's frosty rime ;
 Yet I am not as one that grieves.

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies ;
And at the roots of forest trees
The may-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier,
Take heart ! thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year !





PROCTOR. RICHARD ANTHONY, a distinguished English astronomer, born at Chelsea, March 23, 1834; died in New York, September 12, 1888. He was graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1860, and devoted himself especially to the study of astronomy, and to elucidating its leading facts and principles, frequently in popular lectures. He visited America for this purpose several times, and in 1885 became a citizen of the United States. He had passed the summer of 1888 in Florida; where the yellow fever broke out with great violence. He had not been in any district supposed to be infected, and set out for New York with the purpose of sailing to England; but he had only reached New York when the disease manifested itself, and he died on the day on which he had expected to embark. His practical work in measuring the rotation of Mars and charting the 324,198 stars of Argelander's catalogue is worthy of mention. Among his most important astronomical works are *Saturn and Its System* (1865); *Handbook of the Stars* (1866); *Half-hours with the Telescope* (1868); *Other Worlds than Ours* (1870); *Myths and Marvels of Astronomy* (1877); *Old and New Astronomy* (1888). He also put forth several works of a semi-scientific character, among which are *Light Science for Leisure Hours*, three series (1871, 1873, 1878); *The Great Pyramid; Observatory*,

Tomb, Temple (1883); *How to Play Whist* (1885); *Chance and Luck* (1887), and numerous *Essays* upon miscellaneous topics.

BETTING ON THE ODDS IN HORSE-RACING.

Suppose there are two horses (among others) engaged in a race, and that the odds are 2 to 1 against one, and 4 to 1 against the other—what are the odds that one of the two horses will win the race? This case will doubtless remind the reader of an amusing sketch by Leech, entitled, "Signs of the Commission." Three or four undergraduates are at a "wine," discussing matters equine. One propounds to his neighbor the following question: "I say, Charley, if the odds are 2 to 1 against Rataplan, and 4 to 1 against Quick March, what's the betting about the pair?" "Don't know, I'm sure," replies Charley; "but I'll give you 6 to 1 against them."

The absurdity of the reply is, of course, very obvious; we see at once that the odds cannot be heavier against a pair of horses than against either singly. Still, there are many who would not find it easy to give a correct reply to the question. What has already been said, however, will enable us at once to determine the just odds in this or any similar case. Thus, the odds against one horse being 2 to 1, his chance of winning is equal to that of drawing one white ball out of a bag of *three*, one only of which is white. In like manner, the chance of the second horse is equal to that of drawing one white ball out of a bag of *five*, one only of which is white. Now we have to find a number which is a multiple of both the numbers three and five. Fifteen is such a number. The chance of the first horse, modified after the principle already explained, is equal to that of drawing a white ball out of a bag of fifteen of which *five* are white. In like manner the chance of the second is equal to that of drawing a white ball out of a bag of fifteen, of which *three* are white. Therefore, the chance that one of the two will win is equal to that of drawing a white ball out of a bag of fifteen balls of which *eight* (five added to three) are white. There remain seven

black balls, and therefore the odds are 8 to 7 *on* the pair.

To impress the method of treating such cases, on the mind of the reader, we take the betting about three horses—say 3 to 1, 7 to 2, and 9 to 1 *against* the three horses respectively. Then their respective chances are equal to the chance of drawing (1) one white ball out of *four*, one only of which is white; (2) a white ball out of *nine* of which two are only white; and (3) one white ball out of *ten*, one only of which is white. The least number which contains four, nine, and ten is 180; and the above chances, modified according to the principle already explained, become equal to the chance of drawing a white ball out of a bag containing 180 balls, when 45, 40, and 18 (respectively) are white. Therefore, the chance that one of the three will win is equal to that of drawing a white ball out of a bag containing 180 balls, of which 103 (the sum of 45, 40, and 18) are white. Therefore the odds are 103 to 77 *on* the three.

One does not hear in practice of such odds as 103 to 77. But betting men (whether or not they apply just principles of computation to such questions is unknown to us) manage to run very near the truth. For instance, in such a case as the above, the odds on the three would probably be given as 4 to 3; that is, instead of 103 to 77—or, which is the same thing, 412 to 308—the published odds would be 412 to 309.

It is often said that a man may so lay his wagers upon a race as to make sure of gaining money, whichever horse wins the race. This is not strictly the case. It is of course possible to make sure of winning if the bettor can only get persons to lay or take the odds he requires to the amount he requires. But this is precisely the problem which would remain insoluble if all bettors were equally experienced. Suppose, for instance, that there are three horses engaged in a race with equal chances of success. It is readily shown that the odds are 2 to 1 against each. But if a bettor can get a person to take even betting against the first (A), a second person to do the same about the second horse (B), and a third to do the like about the third horse (C), and if all the bets are made to the same

amount—say £1,000—then, inasmuch as only one horse can win, the bettor loses £1,000 on that horse (say A), and gains the same amount on each of the two horses C and B. Thus, on the whole, he gains £1,000—the sum laid out on each horse. If the layer of the odds had laid the true odds to the same amount on each horse, he would neither have gained nor lost. Suppose, for instance, that he had laid £1,000 to £500 against each horse, and A won ; then he would have to pay £1,000 to the backer of A, and to receive £500 from each of the backers of B and C. In like manner a person who had backed each horse to the same extent would neither lose nor gain by the event. Nor would a backer or layer who had wagered *different* sums necessarily gain or lose according to the event. This will at once be seen on trial.

Let us take the case of horses with unequal prospects of success ; for instance take the case of four horses against which the odds were respectively 3 to 2, 2 to 1, 4 to 1, and 14 to 1. Here suppose the same sum laid against each, and for convenience let this sum be £84 (because 84 contains the numbers 3, 2, 4, and 14). The layer of the odds wagers £84 to £56 against the leading favorite, £84 to £42 against the second horse, £84 to £21 against the third, and £84 to £6 against the fourth. Whichever horse wins, the layer has to pay £84, but if the favorite wins, he receives only £42 on one horse, £21 on another, and £6—that is £69 on all ; so that he loses £15. If the second horse wins, he has to receive £56, £21, and £6—or £83 in all ; so that he loses £1. If the third horse wins, he receives £56, £42, and £6—or £104 in all ; and thus gains £20. And lastly, if the fourth horse wins he has to receive £56, £42, and £21—or £119 in all ; so that he gains £35. He clearly risks much less than he has a chance (however small) of gaining. It is also clear that in all such cases the worst event for the layer of the odds is that the favorite should win. Accordingly as professional book-makers are nearly always the layer of odds, one often finds the success of a favorite spoken of in the papers as “a great blow for the book-makers,” while the success of a rank outsider will be described as a “misfortune to backers.”—*Light Science for Leisure Hours.*

PRAYER AND WEATHER.

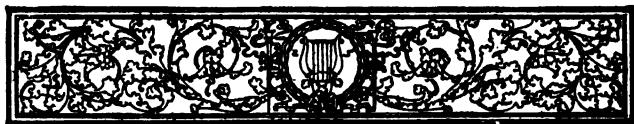
Some say, "The weather may be changed in response to prayer, not by controlment of the Laws of Nature, but by means of them." Let them try to think what they really mean by this, and they will see what it amounts to. What sort of law do they understand by a Law of Nature? Do they suppose that somewhere or other in the chain of causation, on which weather and weather-changes depend, there is a place where the Laws of Nature do not operate in a definite way, but might act in one or other of several different ways? This would correspond to the belief of the savage, that an eclipse of the sun is not caused by the operation of definite natural laws. In point of fact—speaking from the scientific point of view—prayer that coming weather may be such and such is akin to prayer that an unopened letter may contain good news. So regarded, it is proper enough. But prayer proceeding on the assumption that, in the natural order of things, bad weather would continue, and that in response to prayer it will be changed, is improper and wrong for all who consider and understand what it implies. What real difference is there between praying that weather may change, and praying that a planet or comet may take a specified course, except that we have not yet mastered the laws according to which the weather varies, while we have mastered those which govern the movements of the heavenly bodies?

The savage who sees the sun apparently encroached upon, or, as he thinks, devoured, prays lustily that the destruction of the great luminary may be prevented. He would doubtless regard an astronomer who should tell him that the sun would disappear in a very little while—let him pray his hardest—as a very wicked person. One who was not quite so well informed as the astronomer, but not quite so ignorant as the savage, might not know how near the eclipse would be to totality, yet he would see the absurdity of praying for what he knew to be a natural phenomenon. He would reason that, if the eclipse was *not* going to be total, prayer

that it might not be so must be useless, unless a miracle was to be performed in response to it. The meteorologist of to-day is in somewhat the position of our supposed middle-man : he knows the progress of a bad season is a natural phenomenon, and that to pray for any change, however desirable the change may be, is to pray for what is either bound to happen or bound not to happen, unless a miracle is prayed for. . . .

The possible influence of prayer in modifying the progress of events is a purely scientific question. On the other hand, the propriety of the prayerful attitude—which really expresses only desire, coupled with submission, is a religious question on which I have not touched at all. As a scientific question the matter has been debated over and over again, with no particular result, because the student of science can have only one opinion on the subject.—*Miscellaneous Essays.*





PRUDHOMME, SULLY, a French poet, born in Paris, March 16, 1839. He was educated at the Lycée Bonaparte, and was a brilliant student. Having taken his degrees of Bachelor of Science and of Literature, he entered the manufactory at Creuzot. Compelled by ophthalmia to abandon engineering, he studied law; law proving distasteful to him, he chose literature as his profession. He was one of the original "Parnassiens," or "impossibles," a set of young authors who professed a devotion to art for art's sake. His first volume, *Stances et Poèmes* (1865), which includes that *chef d'œuvre* "*Le Vase Fêlé*," was highly praised by Sainte-Beuve. Among his later volumes of poetry are *Les Épreuves* (1866); *Les Solitudes* (1869); *Les Destins* (1872); *La France* (1874); *Les Vaines Tendresses* (1875); *La Justice* (1878); *La Bonheur* (1888). He published several volumes of philosophic verse, including a translation of a part of Lucretius's *De Natura*, with an able preface. His *Expression in the Fine Arts* (1884) has a high value. He is a member of the French Academy.

Prudhomme has been called the French Matthew Arnold. Graceful translations of several of his poems have been given by E. and R. E. Prothero in the *English Illustrated Magazine* of June, 1890.

THE MISSAL.

A Missal of the first King Francis' reign,
Rusted by years, with many a yellow stain,
And blazons worn, by pious fingers pressed—
Within whose leaves, enshrined in silver rare,
By some old goldsmith's art in glory dressed,
Speaking his boldness and his loving care,
This faded flower found rest.

How very old it is ! You plainly mark
Upon the page its sap in tracery dark.
"Perhaps three hundred years ?" What need be said ?
It has but lost one shade of crimson dye ;
Before its death, it might have seen that flown ;
Needs naught save wing of wand'ring butterfly
To touch the bloom—'tis gone.

It has not lost one fibre from its heart,
Nor seen one jewel from its crown depart ;
The page still wrinkles where the dew once dried,
When that last morn was sad with other weeping ;
Death would not kill—only to kiss it tried,
In loving guise above its brightness creeping,
Nor blighted as it died.

A sweet, but mournful, scent is o'er me stealing,
As when with Memory wakes long-buried feeling ;
That scent from the closed casket slow ascending
Tells of long years o'er that strange herbal sped.
Our bygone things have still some perfume blending,
And our lost loves are paths, where Roses' bloom,
Sweet e'en in death, is shed.

At eve, when faint and sombre grows the air,
Perchance a lambent heart may flicker there,
Seeking an entrance to the book to find,
And, when the Angelus strikes on the sky,
Praying some hand may that one page unbind,
Where all his love and homage lie—
The flower that told his mind.

Take comfort, knight, who rode to Pavia's plain,
But ne'er returned to woo your love again ;
Or you, young page, whose heart rose up on high
To Mary and thy dame in mingled prayer !
This flower which died beneath some unknown eye
Three hundred years ago—you placed it there,
And there it still shall lie.

—*Les Épreuves ; translation of E. and R. E.*
PROTHERO.





PURCHAS, SAMUEL, an English clergyman and compiler of works of travel, born at Thaxtad, Essex, in 1577; died in London in September, 1626. He was educated at Cambridge, and in 1604 became Vicar of Eastwood; subsequently went to London, where he was made Rector of St. Martin's and chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He busied himself in the compilation of a vast series of voyages and travels, many of which would otherwise have been lost. His principal works are *Purchas, his Pilgrimage, or Relations of the Worlds, and the Religions Observed in all Ages and Places Discovered unto this Present* (1613); *Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas, his Pilgrims, containing a History of the World in Sea Voyages and Land Travels, by Englishmen and Others* (5 vols. fol., 1625); *Microcosmus, or the History of Man: a Series of Meditations on Man in all Ages and Stations* (1627). In the Preface to his first collection he gives an account of the materials of which he had made use.

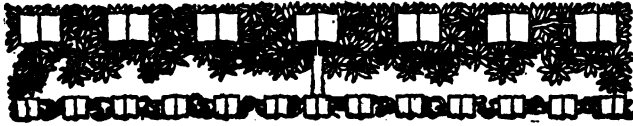
PURCHAS'S AUTHORITIES.

This, my first Voyage of Discovery, besides mine own poor stock laid thereon, hath made me indebted to above twelve hundred authors, of one or other kind, in I know not how many hundreds of their treatises, epistles, relations, and histories, of divers subjects and languages, borrowed by myself; besides what (for want of authors themselves) I have taken upon trust of other men's goods in their hands.

The following, from the *Pilgrims*, is a good example of Purchas's own style:

THE SEA.

Now for the services of the sea, they are innumerable. It is the great purveyor of the world's commodities to our use; conveyer of the excess of rivers; uniter, by traffic, of all nations; it presents the eye with diversified colors and motions; and is, as it were with rich brooches, adorned with various islands. It is an open field for merchandise in peace; a rich field for the most dreadful fights of war. It yields diversity of fish and fowls for diet; materials for wealth, medicine for health, simples for medicines, pearls and other jewels for ornament, amber and ambergris for delight; "the wonders of the Lord in the deep" for instruction, variety of creatures for use, multiplicity of natures for contemplation, diversity of accidents for admiration, compendiousness to the way, to full bodies healthful evacuation, to the thirsty earth healthful moisture, to distant friends pleasant meeting, to weary persons delightful refreshing, to studious and religious minds a map of knowledge, mystery of temperance, exercise of continence; school of prayer, meditation, devotion, and sobriety; refuge to the distressed, portage to the merchant, passage to the traveller, customs to the prince; springs, lakes, rivers to the earth. It hath on it tempests and calms to chastise the sins, to exercise the faith of seamen; manifold affections in itself to affect and stupefy the subtlest philosopher; sustaineth movable fortresses for the soldiers; maintaineth (as in our island) a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state; entertains the sun with vapors, the moon with obsequiousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass, the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility; containeth most diversified matter for meteors, most multiform shapes, most various, numerous kinds; most immense difformed, deformed, unformed monsters. At once (for why should I detain you?) the sea yields action to the body, meditation to the mind; the world to the world, all parts thereof to each part, by this art of arts—navigation.



PYLE, HOWARD, an American juvenile writer and artist, born at Wilmington, Del., March 5, 1853. He received a good education, studied art in Philadelphia, and removed to New York in 1876, where he wrote and illustrated for magazines. In 1879 he returned to Wilmington. He is one of the best authors in juvenile fiction, and has adopted a quaint style for the designs of his illustrations. He is the author of the text and drawings of *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood* (1883); *Pepper and Salt* (1885); *Within the Capes* (1885); *The Wonder Clock* (1887); *The Rose of Paradise* (1887), and *Otto of the Silver Hand* (1889).

THE TREASURE RESTORED.

I cannot tell the bitter disappointment that took possession of me when my search proved to be of so little avail; for I had felt so sure of finding the jewel or some traces of it, and had felt so sure of being able to secure it again, that I could not bear to give up my search, but continued it after every hope had expired.

When I was at last compelled to acknowledge to myself that I had failed, I fell into a most unreasonable rage at the poor, helpless, fever-stricken wretch, though I had but just now been doing all that lay in my power to aid him and to help him in his trouble and sickness. "Why should I not leave him to rot where he is?" I cried in my anger; "why should I continue to succor one who has done so much to injure me and to rob me of all usefulness and honor in this world?" I ran out of the cabin, and up and down, as one distracted, hardly know-

ing whither I went. But by and by it was shown me what was right with more clearness, and that I should not desert the poor and helpless wretch in his hour of need : wherefore I went back to the hut and fell to work making a broth for him against he should awake, for I saw that the fever was broken, and that he was like to get well.

I did not give over my search for the stone in one day, nor two, nor three, but continued it whenever the opportunity offered and the pirate was asleep, but with as little success as at first, though I hunted everywhere. As for Captain England himself, he began to mend from the very day upon which I came, for he awoke from his first sleep with his fever nigh gone, and all the madness cleared away from his head ; but he never once, for a long while, spoke of the strangeness of caring for him in his sickness, nor how I came to be there, nor of my reasons for coming. Nevertheless, from where he lay he followed me with his eyes in all my motions whenever I was moving about the hut. One day, however, after I had been there a little over a week, against which time he was able to lie in a rude hammock, which I had slung up in front of the door, he asked me of a sudden if any of his cronies had lent a hand at nursing him when he was sick, and I told him no.

"And how came you to undertake it ?" says he.

"Why," said I, "I was here on business, and found you were lying nigh dead in this place."

He looked at me for a little while, in a mightily strange way, and then suddenly burst into a great, loud laugh. After that he lay still for a while, watching me, but presently he spoke again. "And did you find it?" says he.

"Find what?" I asked, after a bit, for I was struck all aback by the question, and could not at first find one word to say. But he only burst out laughing again.

"Why," says he, "you psalm-singing, Bible-reading, strait-laced Puritan skippers are as keen as a sail-needle ; you'll come prying about in a man's house looking for what you would like to find, and all under pretence of doing an act of humanity, but after all you find an honest devil of a pirate is a match for you."

I made no answer to this, but my heart sank within me; for I perceived, what I might have known before, that he had observed the object of my coming thither.

He soon became strong enough to move about the place a little, and from that time I noticed a great change in him, and that he seemed to regard me in a very evil way. One evening when I came into the hut, after an absence in the town, I saw that he had taken down one of his pistols from the wall, and was loading it and picking the flint. He kept that pistol by him for a couple of days, and was forever fingering it, cocking it, and then lowering the hammer again.

I do not know why he did not shoot me through the brains at this time; for I verily believe that he had it upon his mind to do so and that more than once. And now, in looking back upon the business, it appears to me to be little less than a miracle that I came forth from this adventure with my life. Yet, had I certainly known that death was waiting upon me, I doubt that I should have left the place; for in truth, now that I had escaped from the *Lavinia*, as above narrated, I had nowhere else to go, nor could I ever show my face in England, or amongst my own people again.

Thus matters stood, until one morning the whole business came to an end so suddenly and so unexpectedly that for a long while I felt as though all might be a dream from which I should soon awake. We were sitting together silently, he in a very moody and bitter humor. He had his pistol lying across his knees, as he used to do at that time.

Suddenly he turned to me as though in a fit of rage. "Why do you stay about this accursed fever-hole?" cried he; "what do you want here, with your saintly face and your godly airs?"

"I stay here," said I bitterly, "because I have nowhere else to go."

"And what do you want?" said he.

"What, you know," said I, "as well as I myself."

"And do you think," said he, "that I will give it to you?"

"No," said I, "that I do not."

"Look'ee, Jack Mackra," said he, very slowly, "you are the only man hereabouts who knows anything of that red pebble" (here he raised his pistol, and aimed it directly at my bosom); "why shouldn't I shoot you down like a dog, and be done with you forever? I've shot many a better man than you for less than this."

I felt every nerve thrill as I beheld the pistol set against my breast, and his cruel, wicked eyes behind the barrel; but I steeled myself to stand steadily, and to face it.

"You may shoot if you choose, Edward England," said I, "for I have nothing more to live for. I have lost my honor and all except my life, through you, and you might as well take that as the rest."

He withdrew the pistol, and sat regarding me for a while with a most baleful look, and for a time I do believe that my life hung in a balance with the weight of a feather to move it either way. Suddenly he thrust his hand into his bosom, and drew forth the ball of yarn which I had observed, amongst other things, in his pocket. He flung it at me with all his might, with a great cry as though of rage and anguish. "Take it," he roared, "and may the devil go with you! And now, away from here, and be quick about it, or I will put a bullet through your head even yet."

I knew as quick as lightning what it was that was wrapped in the ball of yarn, and leaping forward I snatched it up and ran as fast as I was able away from that place. I heard another roar, and at the same time the shot of a pistol and the whiz of a bullet, and my hat went spinning off before me as though twitched from off my head. I did not tarry to pick it up, but ran on without stopping; but even yet, to this day, I cannot tell whether Edward England missed me through purpose or through the trembling of weakness; for he was a dead-shot, and I myself once saw him snap the stem of a wine-glass with a pistol bullet at an ordinary in Jamaica.

As for me, the whole thing had happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that I had no time either for joy or exultation, but continued to run on, bareheaded, as though bereft of my wits; for I knew I held in my

hand not only the great ruby, but also my nonor, and all that was dear to me in my life.

But although England had so freely given me the stone, I knew that I must remain in that place no longer. I still had between five and six guineas left of the money which I had brought ashore with me when I left the *Lavinia*. With this I hired a French fisherman to transport me to Madagascar, where I hoped to be able to work my passage either to Europe or back to the East Indies.

As fortune would have it, we fell in with an English bark, the *Kensington*, bound for Calcutta, off the north coast of that land, and I secured a berth aboard of her, shipping as an ordinary seaman ; for I had no mind to tell my name, and so be forced to disclose the secret of the great treasure which I had with me.—*The Rose of Paradise.*





PYTHAGORAS, a Grecian philosopher, the founder of the Italic School of Philosophy (so called because he promulgated it at the Greek city of Crotona in Southern Italy), born, probably on the island of Samos, about 570 B.C.; died about 504 B.C. Beyond these bare facts we know almost nothing of his life, except that he travelled widely, going at least as far as Egypt. It is altogether uncertain whether the doctrine of metempsychosis and some others propounded by the later Pythagoreans were taught by him. What we really know of his teachings is their ethical phase. They are embodied in the thirty-nine *Symbols* ("Ensigns" or "Watch-words") of *Pythagoras*; and, although there is no good reason for supposing that he ever committed his teachings to writing, it may be fairly assumed that the *Symbols* are the words of Pythagoras, handed down from generation to generation of his followers. In some of these *Symbols* the meaning intended to be conveyed is clearly shown by the words themselves, though leaving much room for amplification and comment. In others, while the words are perfectly intelligible, and convey a meaning, this is wholly different from the real esoteric meaning, which could be known only by an interpretation. Our Saviour was wont to employ both these modes of presentation; the par-

able of "The Wheat and the Tares" is an example of the latter mode. We present sufficient of these *Symbols* to show their general character; when necessary appending the interpretations given by several ancient writers to certain enigmatical passages.

THE "SYMBOLS" OF PYTHAGORAS.

Symbol 1.—*When you go to the Temple, worship; neither do nor say anything concerning your life.*

Symbol 4.—*Decline the highways, and take the foot-paths.*

Symbol 6.—*Above all things, govern your tongue when you worship the gods.*

Symbol 7.—*When the winds blow, worship the noise.*—"This," says Iamblichus, "implieth that we ought to love the similitude of divine nature and powers; and when they make a reason suitable to their efficiency, it ought to be exceedingly honored and revered."

Symbol 8.—*Cut not fire with a sword.*

Symbol 10.—*Help a man to take up a burthen, but not to put it down.*

Symbol 16.—*Wipe not a seat with a torch.*—This is interpreted to mean: "We ought not to mix things proper to Wisdom with those which are proper to Animality. A torch, in respect of its brightness, is compared to Philosophy; a seat, in respect of its lowness, to Animality."

Symbol 19.—*Breed nothing that hath crooked talons.*

Symbol 24.—*Look not in a glass by candle-light.*

Symbol 25.—*Concerning the gods, disbelieve nothing wonderful; nor concerning divine doctrine.*

Symbol 34.—*Deface the print of a pot in the ashes.*—This is variously interpreted. According to Iamblichus, "It signifies that he who applies his mind to Philosophy must forget the demonstrations of Corporeals and Sensibles, and wholly make use of demonstrations of Intelligibles; by *ashes* are meant the dust or sand in mathematical tables, where the demonstrations and figures are drawn." But Plutarch gives a much more simple interpretation. He says, "It adviseth that upon

the reconciliation of enmities, we utterly abolish, and leave not the least print or remembrance of them."

Symbol 37.—*Abstain from beans.*—This Symbol has received almost innumerable explanations. According to Iamblichus, "It adviseth to beware of everything that may corrupt our discourse with the gods and prescience."—Aristotle gives wide room for choice of interpretation. He says: "Pythagoras forbade beans, for that they resemble the gates of Hades; or, for that they breed worms; or, for that they are oligarchic, being used in suffrages." This last is the explanation accepted by Plutarch, who tells us that "The meaning is, Abstain from suffrages, which of old were given by beans." Clemens Alexandrinus agrees with Plutarch. —But far more exhaustive is the explanation of Porphyry, the Syrian, who lived wellnigh a thousand years after Pythagoras, who says, "He interdicted beans, because the first beginning and generation being confused, and many things being commixed and condescendent together and compulsified in the earth by little and little, the generation and discretion broke forth together, and living creatures being produced together with plants, then out of the same pulsification arose both men and beans; whereof he alleged manifest arguments. For if anyone should chew a bean, and having mixed it small with his teeth, lay it abroad in the warm sun, and so leave it for a little time, returning to it, he shall perceive the scent of human blood. Moreover, if at any time when beans sprout forth the flower, one shall take a little of the flower, which then is black, and put it into an earthen vessel, and cover it close, and bury it in the ground ninety days, and at the end take it up and take off the cover, he shall find either the head of an infant or *gunaikos aidon*."

Symbol 39.—*Abstain from flesh.*

The *Golden Verses* of Pythagoras, or rather of the Pythagoreans, are of very ancient, though of altogether uncertain, date. One might style them the Nicene Creed of Pythagoreanism, in its purely ethical aspect.

THE GOLDEN VERSES.

First, in their ranks, the Immortal Gods adore—
Thy oath keep ; next great Heroes ; then implore
Terrestrial Dæmons, with due sacrifice.
Thy parents reverence, and near allies.
Him that is first in virtue make thy friend,
And with observance his kind speech attend ;
Nor, to thy power, for light faults cast him by :
Thy power is neighbor to Necessity.

These know, and with attentive care pursue ;
But anger, sloth, and luxury subdue :

In sight of others, or thyself, forbear
What's ill ; but of thyself stand most in fear.
Let Justice all thy words and actions sway ;
Nor from the even course of Wisdom stray ;
For know that all men are to die ordained.

Crosses that happen by divine decree
(If such thy lot) bear not impatiently ;
Yet seek to remedy with all thy care,
And think the Just have not the greatest share.
'Mongst men discourses good and bad are spread ;
Despise not those, nor be by these misled.
If any some notorious falsehood say,
Thou the report with equal judgment weigh.
Let not men's smoother promises invite,
Nor rougher threats from just resolves thee fright.
If aught thou shouldst attempt, first ponder it—
Fools only inconsiderate acts commit ;
Nor do what afterward thou may'st repent :
First know the thing on which thou'rt bent.
Thus thou a life shalt lead with joy replete.

Nor must thou care of outward health forget.
Such temperance use in exercise and diet,
As may preserve thee in a settled quiet.
Meats unprohibited, not curious, chuse ;
Decline what any other may accuse.
The rash expense of vanity detest,
And sordidness : a mean in all is best.

Hurt not thyself. Before thou act, advise ,
Nor suffer sleep at night to close thy eyes
Till thrice thy acts that day thou hast o'errun .

How slipped ? what duty left undone ?—
 Thus, thy account summed up from first to last,
 Grieve for the ill, joy for what good hath past.

These study, practise these, and these affect ;
 To Sacred Virtue these thy steps direct :—
 Eternal Nature's fountain I attest,
 Who the *Tetractis* on our souls imprest.
 Before thy mind thou to this study bend,
 Invoke the gods to grant it a good end.
 These, if thy labor vanquish, thou shalt then
 Know the connexure both of gods and men ;
 How everything proceeds, or by what stayed ;
 And know (as far as fit to be surveyed)
 Nature alike throughout ; that thou may'st learn
 Not to hope hopeless things, but all discern ;
 And know those wretches whose perverser wills
 Draw down upon their hearts spontaneous ills,
 Unto the good that's near them deaf and blind ;
 Some few the cure of these misfortunes find.
 This only is the Fate that harms, and rolls
 Through miseries successive human souls.
 Within is a continual hidden sight,
 Which we to shun must study, not excite.

Great Jove ! how little trouble should we know,
 If thou to all men wouldst their Genius show !—
 But fear not thou—man come of heavenly race,
 Taught by diviner Nature what to embrace,
 Which, if pursued, thou all I named shall gain,
 And keep thy soul clean from thy body's stain.
 In time of prayer and cleansing, meats denied
 Abstain from ; thy mind's reins let Reason guide ;
 Then, stripped of flesh up to free æther soar,
 A deathless god—divine—mortal no more.

—*Translation of* THOMAS STANLEY.



QUARLES, FRANCIS, a quaint old English poet, born in Rumford, Essex, in 1592; died September 8, 1644. He was for a while cup-bearer to Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and wife of the Elector of the Palatinate, who was subsequently for a few months the nominal King of Bohemia. Through her the English Crown devolved upon the House of Hanover, after the deposition of the Stuarts. Quarles afterward went to Ireland as secretary to Archbishop Usher. Still later he became chronologer to the city of London. When the troubles broke out between the Parliament and King Charles I., Quarles embraced the royalist cause, and suffered severely in consequence. He was a favorite poet in his day. His principal works are the *Divine Emblems* (1635) and the *Enchiridion* (1641). He also wrote *Hadassa* and a *History of Samson*.

Saintsbury calls him a poetic journalist, and doubts if twenty consecutive lines of good poetry could be found in 120,000 metrical verses.

"We find in Quarles," says Headley, "original imagery, striking sentiment, fertility of expression, and happy combinations."

His son, JOHN QUARLES (1624-65), was the author of several works somewhat in the quaint style of his father.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth :
 She is my Maker's creature—therefore good ;
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
 She is my tender nurse—she gives me food :
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee
 Or what's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love the air : her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me :
 Her full-mouthed quire sustain me with their flesh, .
 And with their polyphonian notes delight me :
 But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal compared to Thee ?

I love the sea : she is my fellow-creature ;
 My careful purveyor ; she provides me store ;
 She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore :
 But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
 What is the ocean or her wealth to me ?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky :
 But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee ?
 Without Thy presence heaven's no heaven to me.

Without Thy presence, earth gives no reflection,
 Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure ;
 Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection ;
 Without Thy presence heaven itself no pleasure :
 If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me ?

The brightest honors that the world can boast
 Are subjects far too low for my desire ;
 The brightest beams of glory are at most
 But dying sparkles of Thy living fire :

The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares ;
Wisdom, but folly ; joy, disquiet sadness ;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
Pleasures but pains, and mirth but pleasing madness :
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be
Nor have they being when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I ?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got ?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I ?
And having Thee alone, what have I not ?
I wish nor sea nor land ; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven—heaven unpossessed of Thee.





QUINCY, JOSIAH, an American statesman, historian, and orator, born in Boston, February 4, 1772; died at Quincy, Mass., July 1, 1864. He was graduated at Harvard in 1790, and soon afterward entered upon the practice of law in Boston. In 1804 he was elected to Congress, holding that position till 1813, when he declined a re-election, and was thereupon chosen to the State Senate, of which he was a member until 1820. While in Congress he opposed the measures of the dominant party with energy and decision. His speech against the admission of Louisiana, in 1811, was a notable effort. He vigorously opposed the War of 1812. He was Mayor of Boston for six years, ending in 1828, when he declined a re-election. In 1829 he was called to the Presidency of Harvard University, a position which he resigned in 1845. On September 17, 1830, that being the close of the second century from the first settlement of Boston, Mr. Quincy delivered in that city a *Bi-Centennial Address*. Besides his *Speeches* in Congress and the Legislature, and Orations delivered on various occasions, Mr. Quincy published several books, among which are *Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr.*, his father (1825); *History of Harvard University* (1840); *History of the Boston Athenæum* (1851); *Life of John Quincy Adams* (1858); *Essays on the Soiling of Cattle* (1859).

"He was equal to the emergency," says Griswold, "and sustained himself on all occasions with manly independence, sound argument, and fervid declaration."

THE LESSONS TAUGHT BY NEW ENGLAND HISTORY.

What lessons has New England, in every period of her history, given to the world! What lessons do her condition and example still give! She has proved that all the variety of Christian sects may live together in harmony under a government which allows equal privileges to all, exclusive pre-eminence to none. She has proved that ignorance among the multitude is not necessary to order; but that the surest basis of order is the information of the people. She has proved the old maxim to be false that "no government except a despotism, with a standing army, can subsist where the people have arms." . . .

Such are the true glories of the institutions of our fathers. Such the natural fruits of that patience in toil, that frugality of disposition, that temperance of habit, that general diffusion of knowledge, and that sense of religious responsibility, inculcated by the precepts and exhibited in the example of every generation of our ancestors. . . .

What then, in conclusion, are the elements of the liberty, prosperity, and safety which the inhabitants of New England at this day enjoy? In what language, and concerning what comprehensive truths, does the wisdom of former times address the inexperience of the future? These elements are simple, obvious, and familiar.

Every civil and religious blessing of New England—all that here gives happiness to human life, or security to human virtue—is alone to be perpetuated in the form and under the auspices of a free Commonwealth.—The Commonwealth itself has no other strength or hope than the intelligence and virtue of the individuals that compose it.—For the intelligence and virtue of individuals there is no other human assurance than laws pro-

viding for the education of the whole people.—These laws themselves have no strength or efficient sanction except in the moral and accountable nature of man, disclosed in the records of the Christian faith ; the right to read, to construe, and to judge concerning which belongs to no class or caste of men ; but exclusively to the individual, who must stand or fall by his own acts and his own faith, and not by those of another.

The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of living light on every page of our history—the language addressed by every past age of New England to all future ages, is this : Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom ; freedom none but virtue ; virtue none but knowledge ; and neither freedom nor virtue nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanction of the Christian religion.

Men of Massachusetts ! Citizens of Boston ! descendants of the early emigrants ! consider your blessings ; consider your duties. You have an inheritance acquired by the labors and sufferings of six successive generations of ancestors. They founded the fabric of your prosperity in a severe and masculine morality, having intelligence for its cement, and religion for its groundwork. Continue to build on the same foundation, and by the same principles ; let the extending temple of your country's freedom rise in the spirit of ancient times, in proportions of intellectual and moral architecture—just, simple, and sublime. As from the first to this day, let New England continue to be an example to the world of the blessings of a free government, and of the means and capacity of man to maintain it. And in all times to come, as in all times past, may Boston be among the foremost and the boldest to exemplify and uphold whatever constitutes the prosperity, the happiness, and the glory of New England.—*From the Boston Bi-Centennial.*



QUINTILIAN (**MARCUS FABIUS QUINTILLANUS**), a celebrated Roman rhetorician and critic, born in Spain about A.D. 40; died about 118. He was educated at Rome, where he became an advocate and teacher of oratory, and opened a school, which flourished for more than twenty years under his charge. Among his pupils were the younger Pliny and two grandnephews of Domitian, who invested him with the consular dignity. He also had a large allowance from the imperial treasury, granted by Vespasian, the father of Domitian. He has come down to after ages by his *Institutiones Oratoriæ*. This work, which is divided into twelve books, comprises a complete system for the training of a young orator from the time when he is placed in the care of a nurse, through school, and his strictly professional studies, until he is fairly launched into practice. It contains instructions as to the method of examining witnesses, sifting testimony, and preparing the plea. The cardinal idea running through the whole is that the true orator must be a good man. This principle is enunciated at the very outset, is continually repeated, and is emphatically set forth in the closing paragraphs. Our quotations are in the translation of Patsall.

THE PERFECT ORATOR.

The perfect orator must be a man of integrity—a good man—otherwise he cannot pretend to that character; and we therefore not only require in him a consummate talent for speaking, but all the virtuous endowments of the mind. An honest and upright life cannot, in my opinion, be restricted to Philosophers alone, for the man who acts in a real civil capacity—who has talents for the administration of public and private concerns, who can govern cities by his counsels, maintain them by his laws, and meliorate them by his judgments—cannot be anything but the Orator.

Though I shall use some things contained in books of philosophy, I assert that they belong by right to our work, and in a peculiar manner to the art of Oratory. And if often I must discuss some questions of moral philosophy—such as Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, and the like—scarce a cause being found in which there may not be some debate or other upon these subjects—and all requiring to be set in a proper light by invention and elocution—shall it be doubted that wherever the force of genius and a copious dissertation are required, there in a particular degree is pointed out the business of the Orator?—*Institutiones, Book I.*

HINTS FOR THE EARLIEST TRAINING OF THE ORATOR.

Nurses should not have an ill accent. Their morals are first to be inspected; next the proper pronunciation of their words ought to be attended to. These are the first the child hears, and it is their words his imitation strives to form. We are naturally tenacious of the things we imbibe in our younger years. New vessels retain the savor of things first put into them; and the dye by which the wool loses its primitive whiteness cannot be effaced. The worse things are, the more stubbornly they adhere. Good is easily changed into bad; but when was bad ever converted into good? Let not the child, even while an infant, accustom himself to a manner of speech which he must unlearn.—*Institutiones, Book I.*

HOW SOON EDUCATION SHOULD BEGIN.

Some were of opinion that children under seven years of age ought not to be made to learn, because that early age can neither conceive the meaning of methods, nor endure the restraints of study. But I agree with those—as Chrysippus—who think that no time ought to be exempted from its proper care; for though he assigns three years to the nurse, he judges that even then instruction may be of singular benefit. And why may not years, which can be mended by manners, be improved also by learning? I am not ignorant that one year will afterward effect as much as all the time I speak of will scarce be able to compass. What better can they do, when once they can speak? They must necessarily do something. Or why must we despise this gain, how little soever, till seven years have expired? For, though the advantage of the first years be inconsiderable, a boy will, notwithstanding, learn a greater matter that very year in which he has learned a less. Such yearly advances will at length make up something considerable; and the time well spent and saved in infancy will be an acquisition to youth. The following years may be directed by the same precepts, that whatever is to be learned may not be learned too late. Let us not, therefore, lose this first time; and the rather because the elements of learning depend upon memory, which most commonly is not only very ripe, but also very retentive in children.—*Institutiones, Book I.*

THE TRAINING IN BOYHOOD.

As the boy grows up, he must insensibly be weaned from all infantile toys and indulgences, and begin to learn in earnest. Let the future orator, who must appear in the most solemn assemblies, and have the eyes of a whole republic fixed on him, early accustom himself not to be abashed at facing a numerous audience; the reverse of which is a natural consequence of a recluse and sedentary life. His mind must be excited, and kept in a state of constant elevation; otherwise

retreat and solitude will force it to droop in languor. It will contract rust, as it were, in the shade; or, on the contrary, become puffed up with the vanity of self-love; for one that compares himself with none cannot help attributing too much to himself. Afterward, when obliged to make a show of his studies, he is struck mute; he is blind in daylight; everything is new to him; and the reason is because he has breathed only the air of his cabinet, and learned in private what he was to transact before the world.—*Institutiones, Book I.*

EMULATION TO BE ENCOURAGED.

I remember a custom observed by my masters, not without success. They distributed the pupils into classes, and every one declaimed in his place, which was more advanced, according as he had excelled others, and made a greater progress. Judgment being to be passed on the performances, the contention was great for the respective degrees of excellence; but to be the first of the class was esteemed something very grand. This was not a division to continue always. Every thirtieth day renewed the contest, and made the vanquished more eager for again entering the lists. He who had the superiority slackened not his care; and he who was worsted was full of hopes to wipe off the disgrace. I was persuaded that this gave us a more ardent desire and a greater passion for learning than all the advice of masters, care of tutors, and wishes of parents.—*Institutiones, Book I.*

Much the greater portion of the *Institutiones* is devoted to instructions and suggestions to the orator, for the performance of his duties after he had entered upon his career of an advocate, which it is assumed was the one for which he had been preparing himself.

EXAMINING WITNESSES.

A principal constituent of the interrogation is to have a knowledge of the nature of the witness. If he

is timid, terrify him ; silly, lead him into deception ; ambitious, puff up ; tedious, make him more disgusting by his prolixity. But if the witness should be found prudent and consistent with himself, he is either to be set aside instantly as an obstinate enemy ; or is to be refuted, not by questioning him in form, but by holding some short dialogue with him. Or, if possible, his ardor is to be cooled by some pleasantry ; and if some handle can be made of his vicious conduct in life, he may on that account be charged home, and branded with infamy. Honest and modest witnesses should meet with mild treatment ; for, often proof against rude behavior, they relent by affability and complaisance.—*Institutiones, Book IV.*

ARGUMENTS DERIVED FROM THE PERSONALITY OF A PARTY.

Arguments are often to be drawn from the person—all questions being reducible to *things and persons*. I shall touch only upon such as afford places for argument. These places are :—

Birth : For children are generally believed to be like their parents and ancestors ; and hence are derived the causes of their honest or scandalous lives.—*Nation* : For all nations have their peculiar manners ; and the same is not probable in a Barbarian, Roman, or Greek.—*Country* : Because there is some difference in the constitution of government, laws, and usages of every state.—*Sex* : As robbery is more probable in man, poisoning in woman.—*Age* : Because all degrees of age are characterized by what is suitable to them.—*Education and Discipline* : As it is of some consequence by whom and how everyone is brought up.—*Habit of Body* : Because comeliness or beauty of person is frequently suspected of a propensity to lust, as is strength of rude carriage. The opposite qualities are differently thought of.—*Fortune* : The same is not credible in a rich and a poor man ; in one that has many friends and dependants, and another is destitute of all these blessings.—*Conditions* : For it much signifies whether one is of an eminent or mean occupation ; a magistrate or private man ;

a father or a son ; a denizen or alien ; a free man or a slave : a married man or a bachelor ; a father of children or childless.—*Passions and Inclinations* : For avarice, anger, severity, and the like, determine often to the belief or disbelief of many occurrences.—*The Way of Living* : Whether it be luxurious, frugal, or sordid.—*Professions or Occupations* : The peasant, citizen, merchant, soldier, seaman, physician, think and act differently.—*Institutiones, Book V.*

WHEN A GOOD MAN MAY DEFEND A BAD CAUSE.

It cannot be doubted, if the wicked can be reclaimed and brought to a better course of life—as it is granted they sometimes may—that it would be more to the advantage of the commonwealth to have them saved than punished. If, therefore, the orator is convinced that the delinquent will approve himself for the future a man of integrity, will he not use his best endeavors to save him from the rigor of the law ; and still come within our definition that “an Orator is an honest man, skilled in the art of speaking ?” . . .

It is not less necessary to teach and to be informed how things difficult to be proved ought to be treated ; as frequently the best causes resemble bad ones ; and a man may be accused unjustly, though all appearances are against him. In a case of this sort, the defence is to be conducted as if there were no real guilt. There are also many things common to good and bad causes, as witnesses, letters, suspicions, prejudices ; and probabilities are corroborated and refuted in much the same way as truth. Therefore, everything may be made to tend in the pleading to the good of the cause, and so far as it will be able to bear ; yet always with a reserve to the purity of intention.—*Institutiones, Book XII.*

CONCLUSION OF THE “INSTITUTIONES.”

It is difficult to perfect so great a work as becoming the Orator, and none yet have brought it to perfection. Yet one should think it a fully sufficient invitement to the study of sciences that there is no negation in nature against the practicability of a thing which has not

hitherto been done ; since all the greatest and most admirable works have had some time or other in which they were first brought to a degree of perfection. For by how much Poetry is indebted for its lustre to Homer and Virgil, by so much Eloquence is to Demosthenes and Cicero. And, indeed, what is now excellent was not so at first. Now, though one should despair of reaching to the height of perfection—a groundless despair in a person of genius, health, talents, and who has masters to assist him—yet it is noble, as Cicero says, to have a place in the second or third rank.

Let us, therefore, with all the affections of our heart, endeavor to attain the very majesty of Eloquence, than which the immortal gods have not imparted anything better to mankind ; and without which all would be mute in nature, and destitute of the splendor of a present glory and future remembrance. Let us likewise always make a continued progress toward perfection ; and by so doing we shall either reach the height, or at least shall see many beneath us.

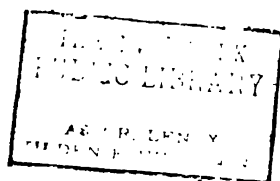
This is all, as far as in me lies, I could contribute to the perfection of the art of eloquence ; the knowledge of which, if it does not prove of any great advantage to studious youth, will at least—what I more ardently wish for—give them a more ardent desire for doing well.—*Institutiones, Book XII.*





RABELAIS, FRANÇOIS, a French ecclesiastic and humorist, born at Chinon about 1490; died at Paris in 1553. He was educated at monastic schools, and was ordained as priest in 1511. In 1524 he received papal permission to enter a Benedictine monastery; six years afterward he abandoned the monastic life, studied medicine, and entered upon practice at Lyons. In 1536 his former school-fellow, Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, and afterward a Cardinal, was made French Ambassador at Rome. He engaged Rabelais as his physician, and obtained for him from the Pope a remission of the ecclesiastical penalties which he had incurred by abandoning his orders. Subsequently he became a member of the Abbey of St. Maur des Fosses at Paris, where he remained until 1542, when he received the comfortable living of Meudon. He faithfully performed his ecclesiastical duties, but devoted all his leisure to the enlargement of his most notable work, *Les Faits et Dicts du Géant Gargantua et de son Fils Pantagruel*, some portions of which had appeared as early as 1533. This work, like Swift's *Gulliver*, is partly a political and social satire, though authorities are not fully agreed as to many of the characters depicted. It is, however, pretty well settled that Gargantua is meant for King Francis I.; Pantagruel is his son, Henry II.; Panurge is





the Cardinal de Lorraine; Friar John des Entommeures is the Cardinal du Bellay. Rabelais and Swift are often classed together; but the distinguishing characteristic of *Gargantua* is its exuberant fun and jollity, and the total lack of that cynicism which runs through every page of *Gulliver*. Bacon has fitly styled Rabelais "the great jester of France;" others, less appositely, style him "the prose Homer."

THE INFANT GARGANTUA.

It did one good to see him, for he was a fine boy with about eight or ten chins, and cried very little. If it happened that he was put out, angry, vexed, or cross—if he fretted, if he wept, if he cried—if drink was brought to him, he would be restored to temper, and suddenly become quiet and joyous. One of his governesses told me that at the very sound of pints and flagons he would fall into an ecstasy, as if he were tasting the joys of paradise; and upon consideration of this, his divine complexion, they would every morning, to cheer him, play with a knife upon the glasses, or the bottles with their stoppers, and on the pint-pots with their lids; at the sound whereof he became gay, would leap for joy, and would rock himself in the cradle, lolling with his head and monochordizing with his fingers.—*Translation of* WALTER BESANT.

THE ABBEY OF THELEMA.

All their life was spent not by statutes, law, or rules, but according to their free will and pleasure. They rose when they thought good; they ate, drank, worked, slept when the desire came to them. No one woke them up; no one forced them to eat, drink, nor to do any other thing whatever. So had Gargantua established it. In their Rule there was but this one clause: "*Fay ce què voudras*—Do what you will." By this liberty they entered into a laudable emulation to do all of them what

they saw pleased anybody else. If one of them—either a monk or a sister—said, "Let us play," they all played ; if one said, "Let us go and take our pleasure in the fields," they all went. . . .

Never were seen ladies so handsome, less whimsical, more ready with hand, needle, or every honest and free womanly action than these. For this reason when the time came that any man of said Abbey had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies, and they were married. And if they had formerly lived in Thelema, in good devotion and amity, they continued therein, and increased it to a greater height in their state of matrimony ; so that they entertained that mutual love till the end of their days, just as on the day of their marriage.—*Translation of* WALTER BESANT.

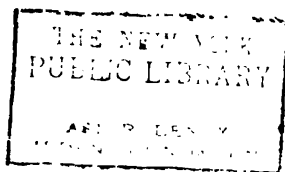
MONKS AND MONKEYS.

"If," said Friar John, "you understand why a monkey in a family is always mocked and worried, you will understand why monks are abhorred of all, both old and young. The monkey does not watch the house, like a dog ; he does not drag the cart, like the ox ; he gives no wool, like the sheep ; he does not carry burdens, like the horse. So with the monk. He does not cultivate the soil, like the peasant ; he does not guard the land, like the soldier ; he does not heal the sick, like the physician ; he does not teach like the evangelical doctor or the school-master ; he does not import goods and necessary things, like the merchant."

"But the monks pray for all," objects Grandgoosier.

"Nothing less," says Gargantua. "They only annoy the neighborhood with ringing their bells."

"Truly," says Friar John, "a mass, a matin, and a vesper with many are half-said. They mumble great store of legends and psalms of which they understand nothing. They count plenty of Paternosters and Ave Marias, without thinking and without understanding ; and that I call mocking God, and not making prayers. But God help them if they pray for us and not for fear of losing their fat soups."—*Translation of* WALTER BESANT.





JEAN RACINE.



RACINE, JEAN, a French dramatic poet, born at La Ferté-Milon, December 21, 1639; died in Paris, April 26, 1699. His father was a collector of the salt-tax, a lucrative office which had by purchase become hereditary in the family. He studied at the College of Beauvaise, at Port Royal, and at the College of Harcourt, became known to Boileau and Molière, and at twenty-one won the favor of Louis XIV. by an ode upon the occasion of the marriage of the monarch, who bestowed a pension upon him. In 1667 he produced his tragedy of *Andromaque*, which placed him at the head of the French dramatists. His subsequent dramas are *Les Plaideurs*, a comedy (1668); *Britannicus* (1669); *Bérénice* (1670); *Bajazet* (1672); *Mithridate* (1673); *Iphigénie en Aulide* (1674); *Phèdre* (1677). This last, which is generally considered his masterpiece, met with a reception so hostile that he gave up writing for the stage, and confined himself wholly to his duties as Royal Historiographer. But at the request of Madame de Maintenon he wrote in 1689 the Scriptural drama of *Esther* for the young ladies of the Seminary of St. Cyr, and in 1689 the lyrical drama *Athalie*, founded on the narrative in 2 Kings xi. and 2 Chron. xxiii. This was recited, not acted, at the Théâtre Française. In 1697, at the request of Madame de Maintenon, he presented a *Memoir* on the then miserable con-

dition of France. Louis XIV. was greatly displeased with this; and it is said that the life of Racine was shortened by the royal disfavor. Racine also wrote some vigorous prose, and a few poems of considerable merit.

The scene of *Andromaque* is laid at the Court of Epirus, reigned over by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. Pyrrhus holds as captive Andromache, the widow of Hector, and their young son, Astyanax. Pyrrhus wishes to marry Andromache, notwithstanding his betrothal to Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen. Orestes, the son of the murdered Agamemnon, comes to the Epirus to demand, in the name of all the Greeks, that Astyanax be delivered up to them. Orestes is in love with Hermione; Hermione is in love with Pyrrhus; and Pyrrhus is in love with Andromache. Our extracts from *Andromaque* are in the prose translation of Henry M. Trollope, which gives the sense and spirit of the original better than has been done in any metrical version.

HERMIONE AND ORESTES

Herm.—There have even been moments when I have wished for you.

Orest.—Wished for me! O divine Princess, for pity remember to whom you are speaking. Open your eyes; think that Orestes is before you—Orestes, so long the subject of their angry glances.

Herm.—Yes: you, whose love lit by their light first taught them their power. You, whose virtues taught me to esteem you. You, whom I have pitied, whom I would fain love—

Orest.—I understand you too well. This is my melancholy portion: the heart is for Pyrrhus, and the wish only for Orestes.

Herm.—Ah, desire not the fate of Pyrrhus ! I should hate you too much.

Orest.—You would love me the more. Ah, with what different looks you would regard me ! You wish to love me, yet I please you not. If love only ruled your heart, you would love me even in wishing to hate me. Oh, heaven, so much on my side ! A love so tender ; so many reasons for me, if you would but listen to them ! And for Pyrrhus you alone, perhaps in spite of yourself, without doubt in spite of him ; for he hates you ; his soul, possessed by another, has no more—

Herm.—Who has told you that he disdains me ? Have you learned it by his looks or by his words ? Judge if the sight of me inspires disdain—if the impression I make lasts so short a time. Perhaps other eyes are more favorable to me.

Orest.—Go on ! It is fine to insult me thus. Cruel ! It is I, then, that disdain you ! Your eyes have not tried my constancy enough. I am witness of their want of power. It is I that have despised them ! Ah, how it would please them to see my rival despise their power as I do !

Herm.—What matters his hate or his tenderness to me ? Go, arm all Greece against the rebel. Go, make Epirus a second Ilion. Go ! After that you will say that I loved him !

Orest.—My Lady, do more. Come with me yourself. Let your eye speak to all hearts.

Herm.—But what if he marries Andromache ? Think what shame it would be if he married a Phrygian !

Orest.—And you hate him ! Confess it, Lady. Love is not a fire which can be hidden. Everything betrays it—the voice, eyes, silence itself.

Pyrrhus wavers back and forth, as to whether he will comply with the demand of the Greeks. But at length he promises Andromache to protect her son, and even make him King of Troy, on condition that she will become his wife. She loathingly consents to this ; but Pyrrhus, having

thus pledged himself to protect her child, she will stab herself at the very foot of the altar. Hermione, learning of this, promises to marry Orestes upon condition that he will avenge her by killing Pyrrhus. The day of the nuptials of Pyrrhus and Andromache arrives. The temple is thronged by the Grecians. Pyrrhus announces Andromache as his queen and successor, and Astyanax as the future King of Troy. The enraged Greeks break out into tumult; Pyrrhus is slain; Orestes, who has witnessed the deed, hastens back to Hermione.

Herm.—What have they done?

Orest.—Pardon their impatience. They have, I know, forestalled your revenge. You would that my hand had struck the first blow, that he should have known that he died on your account. But it was my zeal that was their example. For you I led them to the temple. Yours is the glory of a deed which their arms have merely executed. You alone inspired the blow—

Herm.—Silence, traitor! This vile deed is thine alone. Go among the Greeks and vaunt your deed! Go! Go! I disown it and you! Savage! what have you done? With what fury have you cut the thread of a lovely life! Who made you the arbiter of his fate? Why have you killed him? By what right? What has he done to you?

Orest.—Gods above! What! Have not you yourself—you here—a moment since ordained his death?

Herm.—Ah, who would believe an outraged lover? You should have read my soul better! Saw you not, through all my rage, that my heart gave the lie to my lips? Even if I said it, should you have consented? You should have made me repeat it an hundred times. You should have returned to consult me before giving the blow. You should have left to myself the care of my revenge. Farewell! You may take your departure. I remain in Epirus. I give up Greece, Sparta, my country, my family! It is enough for me, traitor, that

they have brought forth a monster like you !—*Andromaque.*

The plot of *Phèdre* is extremely complicated. It hinges upon the uncontrollable passion conceived by Phædra, the spouse of Theseus, King of Athens, for Hippolytus, his son by a former wife. This guilty passion, which she herself abhors, and which she hides under a pretended show of aversion for him, is indeed a sort of madness inflicted upon her by Venus, in vengeance for some wrong done to her by Apollo, from whom Phædra is remotely descended. At the opening of the play, Theseus has been a long time absent, and is thought to be dead. Phædra, who is apparently inconsolable for his loss, sends for Hippolytus upon some urgent necessity, and in that interview, quite against her own will, discloses her infatuation for him. She begs pardon for all her rudeness to him. He courteously ignores it ; attributes it all to her overmastering grief for the loss of her husband ; and endeavors to console her with the hope that he will yet return. To which she makes reply, which we give in the prose version of Mr. Henry M. Trollope :

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS.

Phæd.—No : a man does not visit the shores of the dead a second time. Since Theseus has seen these sombre shores, it is vain to hope that a god may send him back. The greedy Acheron does not let go its prey. What say I ? He is not dead, for he lives in you. I think I now see my husband before me. I see him ; I speak to him. My heart—[*aside*]. Ah, I know not what I say ; my mad passion betrays me.

Hippol.—I see how strong is your love. Though Theseus is indeed dead, he is present to your eyes.

Phad.—Yes, Prince, I long, I pine for Theseus. I love him not as he appeared in Hades—light lover of a thousand different objects of passion—ready to rob of his spouse the God of the dead; but faithful—nay, wildly simple; young, splendid, drawing all hearts after him; but proud, as all our gods are painted, and as you now appear. When he crossed the seas to Crete, he had your look, your manner: the same noble modesty shone upon his face. Where were you then, Hippolytus? Why were you absent when all the Greek heroes assembled? Why were you too young to sail with them? If it had been yours to slay the Minotaur, my sister Ariadne would have given to you the fatal clew. But no: for that I would have forestalled her; love would have shown me the way. I know I would have guided you through the Labyrinth. How many cares that noble head would have cost me then! No thread should have satisfied your lover. Companion of the dangers you were bound to dare, I should have pressed on before you; and Phædra, descending to the Labyrinth with you, would there with you have been found or lost.

Hippol.—Great gods! What do I hear? Do you forget, madam, that Theseus is my father, and your husband?

Phad.—By what right, Prince, do you judge me, or think that I have forgotten it? Cannot I guard my own honor?

Hippol.—Pardon me, madam. I blush to avow it: I understood amiss an innocent speech. I am ashamed to meet your eye. I go——

Phad.—Ah, Prince, you have understood me too well! Know, then, Phædra in all her passion. I love. Think not because I love thee that, innocent in my own eyes, I approve myself, or that in fond weakness I have nourished the poison that disturbs my reason. No: unfortunate object of celestial vengeance, I abhor myself more than you can abhor me. The gods are witnesses—those gods that have lighted this fatal fire in my veins—the gods who take pleasure in seducing a

miserable human heart! And thou, recall to thy recollection the past. It were little to have fled thee. I drove thee away. I have sought to appear odious to thee, and inhuman. To resist thee better I sought thy hate. But what have these useless efforts done for me? Thou but hatest me the more, and I love thee none the less. What say I? This confusion, this shameful avowal—think you I meant to make it? Trembling for the child I dared not betray, I came to ask thy pity for him. Vain project of a heart too full of the image it loves! Alas! I have spoken to thee only of myself. And now avenge thyself on this odious love. Punish me! Worthy son of a hero, deliver the world of a monster; let her not escape! Here is my heart, on which the blow should fall. Strike! Or, if I am unworthy of even a blow from thee—if my blood is too vile to stain thy hand—instead of thy arm lend me thy sword! quick!

The entrance of a servant interrupts this mad scene. Theseus, however, is not dead. In time he comes back. The drama evolves itself. Theseus is led to suspect that his son has been guilty of a base passion for his stepmother. Finally Hippolytus meets with a sudden and violent death. Tidings of this are brought to Theseus; and while the messenger is in the act of delivering them, Phædra bursts in, confesses all, and dies.

THE DEATH OF PHÆDRA.

Phæd.—My moments are few. Listen to me, Theseus. It was I who looked with profane eyes upon your chaste and virtuous son. Heaven put a fatal passion into my bosom; the hateful CEnone carried out its plans. Fearing lest Hippolytus should reveal to you my love, which filled his mind with horror, she, the traitress, abusing my weakness, hastened first to accuse him. She is punished. Flying from my anger, she has found under the waves a fate more merciful than she deserves. My life

should before this have been cut short by the sword ; but that would have left a stain upon his slandered virtue. That you might know my remorse, I have chosen to die a slower way. I have infused into my burning veins a poison which Medea brought to Athens. The venom has touched my heart, and thrown there an unknown chill. Already I see, as through a cloud, the heavens and the husband whom my presence insults. And death in withdrawing the light from my eyes, gives back all its purity to the day which they polluted.—*Phèdre.*

Athalie is by some considered as the masterpiece of Racine ; he himself is said to have so regarded it. Apart from its unquestioned dramatic merits, it is notable for the beauty of its lyrical choruses, which conclude each act, filling up the intervals between them, so that the stage is never unoccupied. The Chorus consists of Hebrew maidens, who sing, sometimes in unison, sometimes in responsive parts. We give portions of four of these choruses ; the first two in the translation of Charles Randolph, the last two in that of J. C. Knight.

CHORUS TO ACT I.

Chorus.

The God whose goodness filleth every clime,
Let all his creatures wonder and adore ;
Whose throne was reared before the birth of time,
To Him be glory now and evermore.

First Voice.

The sons of violence in vain
Would check his people's grateful strain,
And blot his sacred name :

Yet day to day His power declares,
His bounty every creature shares,
His greatness all proclaim.

Second Voice.

Dispensing light, at His behest,
Bursts forth the sun in splendor drest ;
But of Almighty Love a brighter sign
Shone forth Thy Law, pure, perfect, and divine.

CHORUS TO ACT II.

Chorus.

What star of lustre strikes our eyes !
How bright does this young wonder rise !
With what a noble scorn
He dares seduction's charms despise,
To high achievements born !

First Voice.

While at the impious Queen's decree
Thousands to Baal basely bowed the knee,
An infant's voice has dared proclaim
The one Adorable, Eternal Name.
Thus before Jezebel defiled with blood,
Denouncing vengeance, great Elijah stood.

Second Voice.

Happy, thrice happy must he prove,
The child who shares his Heavenly Father's love,
Who in a blessed hour His voice has heard,
And yields obedience to His sacred word.
'Tis his within the sacred shrine,
By impious footsteps never trod,
To own the bounteous hand benign,
The guardian care of Israel's God.

Oh, happy youth, so early blest !
On Heaven's eternal truth forever rest.

JEAN RACINE

CHORUS TO ACT III.

Leader of the Chorus.

Alas, my sisters, what sad fears,
What consternation now appears !
O God ! must we such incense pay
To Thee on this renowned day !

First Voice.

What do our timid eyes behold ?
Alas ! who ever could divine
That in this peaceful house of God,
Our swords or lances e'er would shine ?

Chorus.

Strange mystery ! What evils, yet what good ;
What curses, yet what blessings, do we hear !
Discord amid the promises of love :
Do not these fearful menaces appear ?

Third Voice.

We will not form conjectures which are vain ;
Some future day will God the mystery explain.

CHORUS TO ACT IV.

Chorus.

Go forth, ye sons of Aaron, go !
Never did your father's bosom glow
To assert a nobler cause.
Go forth, exert your utmost right,
It is your King for whom ye fight ;
Your King, your God, your Laws !

First Voice.

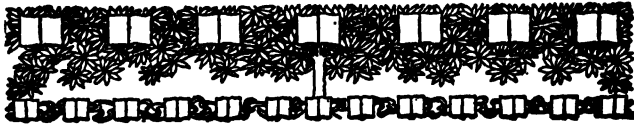
Where are Thy favors to our fathers given ?
Will nothing reach Thine ear in our distress,

Except the cry of Judah's wickedness?
Alas! hath mercy left the abode of heaven?

Second Voice.

Of Judah's kings the sole remain!
Of David's stem thou lovely flower!
Must we behold thee fall again
Within a cruel mother's power?
Say, did an angel of the Lord
Thee, when a helpless infant, save?
Or did the mighty voice of God
Recall thy ashes from the grave?





RADCLIFFE, ANN (WARD), an English novelist, born in London, July 9, 1764; died there, February 7, 1823. In 1786 she married William Radcliffe, editor of the *English Chronicle*. She wrote numerous novels, which were more popular than any others published near the close of the last century. She stands at the head of the terror-and-mystery class of romance writers. In 1789 she published *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, a very immature novel. The next year she brought out *A Sicilian Romance*, which was better received, and the following year *The Romance of the Forest* appeared. But the work, perhaps, by which Mrs. Radcliffe will be best remembered is her *Mysteries of Udolpho*, which was published in 1795. In 1794 she made a tour on the Continent, of which she gives a pleasant account in her *Journey through Holland*, etc. Although her powers were unabated, she published nothing during the last twenty-six years of her life.

The actual literary value of Mrs. Radcliffe's works is, on the whole, low, though they are not without some flashes of genius. In all of them castles with secret passages, trap-doors, sliding panels, forests, banditti, and abductions form the main part. The supernatural is mainly, if not entirely, what has been called "the explained supernatural," that is, the ghastly, and apparently

ghostly effects are traceable to natural causes. In this respect, as well as in her powers of imagination and invention, she stood above her imitators, who in most cases left their devils and witches as they created them presumably through lack of ability to explain them on any plausible ground.

THE CASTLE OF UDOLPHO.

Toward the close of the day the road wound into deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy sides seemed to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits, rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any which Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountain she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendor upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendor of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

"There," said Montoni, speaking for the first time for several hours, "is Udolpho."

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's; for though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark gray stone rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapor crept up the mountain, while the battlements were still tipped with splendor. From these, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn darkness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of

the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriage began soon after to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriage emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice, but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the many walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her leading into the court was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates; from these the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravage of war. Beyond these all was lost in the obscurity of evening.—*The Mysteries of Udolpho.*

AN EVENING AND MORNING IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

It was not pleasant to watch the progress of evening and its effects on the waters; streaks of light scattered among the dark western clouds after the sun had set, and gleaming in long reflection on the sea, while a gray

obscurity was drawing over the east, as the vapors rose gradually from the ocean. The air was breathless; the tall sails of the vessel were without motion, and her course upon the deep scarcely perceptible; while the planet Jupiter burned with steady dignity, and threw a tremulous light on the sea, whose surface flowed in a smooth, waveless expanse. Three other planets appeared, and countless stars spangled the dark waters. Twilight now pervaded air and ocean; but the west was still luminous where one solemn gleam of dusky red edged the horizon from under heavy vapors.

The vessel made little progress during the night. With the earliest dawn of the morning we were on the deck, with the hope of seeing the English coast; but the mist veiled it from our view. A spectacle, however, the most grand in nature, repaid us for our disappointment. The moon, bright, and nearly at her meridian, shed a strong lustre on the ocean, and gleamed between the sails upon the deck; but, the dawn beginning to glimmer, contended with the light, and soon touching the waters with a cold, gray tint, discovered them spreading all around to the vast horizon.

As the dawn strengthened, it discovered white sails stealing along the distance, and then the flight of some sea-fowls as they uttered their slender cry, and then dropping upon the waves, sat floating on the surface. Meanwhile the light tints in the east began to change, and the skirts of a line of clouds below to assume a tawny red, which gradually became a rich purple. We could then perceive a long tract of the coast of France, like a dark streak of vapor, hovering in the south while that of England was still invisible. The moonlight faded fast upon the waters, and soon the long traces of the sun shot their lines upward through the clouds, and into the clear sky above, and all the sea below glowed with fiery reflections for a considerable time before his disc appeared. At length he rose from the waves, looking from under clouds of purple and gold; and as he seemed to touch the water a distant vessel passed over his disc, like a dark speck. We rose soon after, cheered by the faintly seen coast of England.—

Tour through Holland.

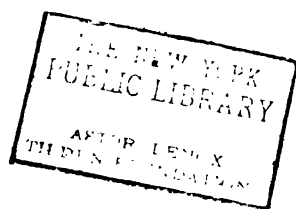


RALEIGH, SIR WALTER, an English courtier and traveller, born at Hayes, in Devonshire, in 1552; beheaded at Westminster, October 29, 1618. The story of the manner in which he came into favor with Queen Elizabeth runs thus: One day he saw that the Queen in her walk was approaching a miry spot; he flung down his gay cloak in the mud, so that she could pass over it dry-shod. The Queen, then a woman of middle age, was charmed with the gallantry of the handsome young cavalier, twenty years her junior, and took many occasions to advance his fortunes. Among other things she granted him a patent for a large tract in the region now known as Virginia and North Carolina, with the title of "Lord Proprietor." During the ensuing twenty years Raleigh took an active part in the irregular hostilities between England and Spain; and, what with valuable monopolies and large landed grants, he became a very wealthy man.

The accession of James I. to the English throne, in 1603, put an end to the prosperity of Raleigh. He was stripped of his preferments and forbidden to appear at Court. Not long afterward he was arrested upon charge of having conspired to place Lady Arabella Stuart upon the English throne. He was convicted; but, instead of being put to death at once, the execution of the sen-



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.



tence was deferred, and he was committed to the Tower, where he was kept a prisoner for thirteen years. During his imprisonment he wrote his *History of the World*, which was published in 1614. The *History* commences with the creation, but is brought down only to the end of the Macedonian empire, 167 B.C. The following are the concluding sentences of this work :

AMBITION AND DEATH.

If we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add that the kings and princes of this world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope of it ; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. . . .

It is, therefore, Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and the insolent that they are but objects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their fore-passed happiness. He takes account of the rich, and proves him a beggar—a naked beggar—which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death ! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; what none hath dared, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these true words, *Hic jacet !—History of the World.*

The following piece of counsel for Prince Henry, eldest son of James I., bears date August 12, 1611, and so was written during this imprisonment. The Prince, then a child, died eight years afterward, and his brother Charles became heir to the Crown. It is not probable that this wise letter of counsel ever reached Prince Henry.

COUNSEL FOR PRINCE HENRY OF ENGLAND.

The following lines are addressed to your Highness from a man who values his liberty and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honors that he could anywhere enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, Sir, the doctrines that have lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained of calling your royal father God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonor of God and the impeachment of his Majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His Majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulation; but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my Prince! hear them not; fly from their deceit. You are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you; but all good must be conveyed from you.

Your father has been called the vicegerent of Heaven; while he is good he is the vicegerent of Heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my Prince. Let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince—with reverence be it spoken—it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas which do not

carry in them the mutual happiness of Prince and People will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous Prince, against such sycophants, in the cause of liberty; from a condition as much below that of brutes as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my Prince, there is no other right can flow from God.

While your Royal Highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many commonplaces in your study of the Science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and a help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellation of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance without applauding it as a benefit.

Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your Highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended. The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentences have a force of beauty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not over the bodies, of men. The soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Choose, therefore, to be the king or the conqueror of your people. It may be submission, but it cannot be obedience, that is passive.

For some reason, Raleigh was released from the Tower in 1615. The probable explanation is that he had persuaded Villiers, afterward Duke of Buckingham, who had become the royal favorite, that in a former voyage to Guiana he had discovered a rich gold-bearing region, the occupa-

tion of which by the English would be profitable to the King and Court. A fleet of fourteen vessels was fitted out, of which Raleigh was made Admiral. The expedition reached Guiana late in 1617. They attacked the Spanish town of St. Thomas, far up the Orinoco, but were repulsed. The ships were assailed by a Spanish fleet, and the expedition was completely broken up. Raleigh himself made his way back to England, where he arrived in June, 1618, and was at once committed to the Tower. The Spanish ambassador demanded his punishment, which King James was quite willing to accord, for the attack upon the Spanish town had been made in violation of the express injunctions of James, who hoped to get a Spanish Infanta as wife for his son, and so wished to be on good terms with the Court of Madrid. By some curious oversight, while Raleigh was made an Admiral the old offence of which he had been convicted was not pardoned, and the sentence of death, pronounced in 1603, still hung over him. The Judges decided that being still under sentence of death he could not be put to trial upon any new charge. So he was beheaded under the old sentence.

The separate works of Raleigh have been several times reprinted. A complete edition of them, in eight volumes, was published in 1829. Among his works are several short poems. The longest of these, entitled *The Lie*, consists of about a hundred lines. It has been attributed to several persons, but the weight of evidence is in favor of its being the work of Raleigh.

THE LIE.

Go, Soul, the body's guest
Upon a thankless arrant :
Fear not to touch the best ;
The truth must be thy warrant :
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood ;
Say to the Church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good :
If Court and Church reply,
Then give them both the lie. . . .

Tell men of high condition
That manage the Estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate :
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie. . . .

Tell Zeal it wants devotion ;
Tell Love it is but lust ;
Tell Time it is but motion ;
Tell Flesh it is but dust :
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie. . . .

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness :
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness ;
Tell Skill it is pretension ;
Tell Charity of coldness ;
Tell Law it is contention :

And as they do reply,
Go give them still the lie. . . .

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing—
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing—
Stab at thee, he that will,
No stab the Soul can kill

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth toward the land of Heaven,
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains;
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill,
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And When our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel—
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl ;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser, bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney ;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees ;
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder !
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms—
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head ;
Then am I, like a palmer, fit
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think must needs die well.





RAMBAUD, ALFRED NICHOLAS, a French educator and historian, born at Besançon, July 2, 1842. His life is a record of brilliant achievements. Admitted to the Normal High School in 1861, of which he became a Fellow in 1864, he has held the professorship of history at Nancy, Bourges, and Colmar. Returning to Paris in 1868, he took his degree in law, and the following year became an occasional lecturer in history at the Lyceum of Charlemagne, and received his LL.D. in 1870. The next year saw him professor of history in the faculty of Caen, which position he relinquished in 1875, to accept a similar one at Nancy. In 1879 he became head of the cabinet of M. Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction; and in 1881 he took charge of the course in literature at Paris, where in 1884 he occupied the chair of contemporaneous history. Collaborator of scientific, historical, archæological, and critical reviews, and of *Le Temps*, he has directed *La Revue Bleue* since 1888. He is a member of many learned societies both at home and abroad. In addition to articles published in *La Revue Politique et Littéraire*, *Le Progrès de l'Est*, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, etc., he has published a thesis entitled *De Byzantino Hippodromo et Circensibus Factionibus* (1869); *L'Empire Grec au X^e Siècle, Constantin Porphyrogénète* (1870), a thesis, which ob-

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tained the prize of the French Academy in 1872; *La Domination Française en Allemagne, Les Français sur le Rhin* (1873); *L'Allemagne Sous Napoléon I^{er}* (1874); *La Russie Épique* (1876); *Français et Russes, Moscou et Sébastopol* (1877). The greater part of the material for these last two works was gathered during his scientific appointments under the Administration of Public Instruction in 1872 and 1874. In 1878 appeared his *Révolution Française et l'Aristocratie Russe*, followed in 1883 by a history of the French Revolution and a history of French civilization, in three volumes (1885-88). In 1886 appeared *La France Coloniale*, a series of monographs due to the collaboration of specialists, and which he prefaced by a remarkable history of French colonization. "He holds a most elevated rank among contemporaneous historians," says Larousse; "his *L'Allemagne Sous Napoléon I^{er}* and *Français et Russes* have established his reputation, which justly deserves the honor reflected upon it by his very remarkable *Histoire de la Civilisation Française*. M. Rambaud's investigations of the empire of the Czars have been equally happy. His *Histoire de la Russie*, which completes his former exhaustive study of *La Russie Épique*, is one of the most estimable precis, and ranks among the very best of any that have appeared for a long time."

Of the *Histoire de la Russie*, Mr. Ralston said, upon its appearance: "We gladly recognize in the present volume a trustworthy history of Russia, and one based not merely on what foreigners have written about it, but compiled by a scholar

who is competent to deal with the works which Russian historians have recently produced. M. Rambaud has long been known as a sound authority upon all subjects connected with the great Empire of which he has now written the history."

THE RELIGION OF THE SLAVS.

The religion of the Russian Slavs, like that of all Aryan races, was founded on nature and its phenomena. It was a pantheism which, as its original meaning was lost, necessarily became a polytheism. Just as the Homeric deities were preceded by the gods of Hesiod, Ouranos and Demeter, or Heaven and Earth, so the most ancient gods of the Russian Slavs seem to have been Svarog, the heaven, and "our mother, the dank earth." Then new conceptions appeared in the foreground in the historic period. Ancient poets and chroniclers, the Song of Igor, and Nestor, have preserved to us the names of Dazh-Bog, god of the sun, father of nature; Volos, a solar deity and, like the Greek Apollo, inspirer of poets and protector of flocks; Perun, god of thunder, another personification of the Sun at war with the Cloud; Stribog, the Russian Æolus, father of winds, protector of warriors; Khors, a solar god; Semargl and Mokosh, whose attributes are unknown. In some of the early hymns they sing of Kupalo and Iarilo, god of the summer sun, and Did-Lado, goddess of fecundity. In the epic songs are celebrated Sviatogor, the giant hero, whose weight the earth can scarcely bear; Mikula Selianinovitch, the good laborer, a kind of Slav Triptolemus, the divine personification of the race's passionate love of agriculture, striking with the iron share of his plough the stones of the furrow with a noise that is heard three days' journey off; Volga Vseslavitch, a Proteus who can take all manner of shapes; Polkan, a centaur; Dunai, Don Ivanovitch, Dnieper Korolevitch, who are rivers; then a series of heroes, conquerors of dragons, like Ilia of Murom, who seem to be solar gods degraded to the rank of paladins. In the stories which beguile

the village evening assemblies appear Morena, goddess of death ; Kosatchei and Moroz, personifications of the bitter winter weather ; Baba-Yaga, an ogress who lives on the edge of the forest, in a hut built so as to turn with the wind like a weathercock ; and the King of the Sea, who entices sailors to his watery palaces. Popular superstition continues to people nature with good and bad spirits : the Rusalki, water sprites ; Vodianoï, river genii ; the Lieshii and the Liesnik, forest demons ; the Domovoi, the brownie of the domestic hearth ; and the Vampires, ghosts who steal by night from their tombs and suck the blood of the living during their sleep.

Since mythology reproduces under so many forms the struggle of the heroes of the light with the monsters of darkness, it is possible that it admitted a bad principle at variance with a good principle, a malicious god, of whom Morena, Baba-Yaga, the dragon, the mountain-serpent, are only types. We cannot find any positive confirmation of this hypothesis, as far as the Russian Slavs are concerned, but Helmold asserts that the Baltic Slavs recognize Bieli-Bog, the White God, and Tchernobog, the Black God.

It has been the study of the Russian Church to combat paganism by purifying the superstitions it cannot uproot. It has turned to account any similarity in names or symbols. It has been able to honor Saint Dmitri and Saint Juri, the slayer of dragons ; Saint John, who thunders in the spring ; Saint Elias, who recalls Ilia of Murom ; Saint Blaise, or Vlaise, who has succeeded to Volos as guardian of the flocks ; Saint Nikolai, or Mikula, patron of laborers, like Mikula Selianinovitch ; Saint Kozma, or Kuzma, protector of blacksmiths, who has taken the place of Kuznets, the mysterious blacksmith in the mountains of the north, the forger of the destinies of man. In popular songs the Virgin Mary replaces Did-Lado, and then Saint John succeeds to Perun or Iarilo. Who can fail to recognize the myth of the spring and the fruitful rains accompanied by thunder in this White Russian song that is repeated at the festival of Saint John ? " John and Mary—bathed on the hill,—while John bathed

—the earth shook,—while Mary bathed—the earth germinated.” The Church took care to consecrate to the Saints of its calendar or to purify by holy rites the sacred trees and mysterious wells to which crowds of pilgrims continued to flock.—*From L'Histoire de la Russie ; translated by L. B. LANG.*

CATHERINE AND PETER THE GREAT.

In 1702, at the sack of Marienburg, the Russians had made prisoner a young girl, about whose condition, origin, and nationality original authorities differ. It seems most probable that she was a Livonian, the daughter of a gentleman named Von Rosen, that she was a privileged servant at the house of the pastor Glück, and that she had been betrothed to a Swedish dragoon. It was thus in obscurity that her imperial destiny began. Though ignorant and completely illiterate, she fascinated the Tsar by the vivacity of her mind, the correctness of her judgment, and something free and adventurous about her which contrasted with the manners of the Russian terein, and marked out this Lutheran slave as the future Empress of Russia. Their marriage, secretly contracted, received a final consecration under the fire of the Ottoman batteries on the Pruth. In memory of the services then rendered by Catherine to the Tsar and to the country, Peter founded the Order “for love and fidelity,” and solemnly married her in 1712. He did not, however, dare to take her with him in his journey to France. The contrast would have been too obvious at Versailles between the ladies of the proud French nobility and this foreign slave ; between the cultivated wit of a Sévigné and a Deffaud and this empress who could not sign her name ; between the refinements of the French fine ladies and the awkward wench described by the Margravine of Baireuth. In May, 1724, Peter the Great published a manifesto, recalling the services Catherine had rendered, and solemnly crowned her Empress. This was the culmination of her strange destiny.—*From L'Histoire de la Russie ; translated by L. B. LANG.*



RAMSAY, ALLAN, a Scottish poet, born at Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, October 15, 1686; died in Edinburgh, January 7, 1758. He was a peasant by birth, and at the age of fifteen was apprenticed to a barber. He afterward set up as a wig-maker at Edinburgh, and began to write small poems, the earliest being produced at the age of twenty-six. About 1716 he established a book-store and circulating library, and was also an industrious editor. A volume of his collected *Poems* was published in 1721. His most important work, *The Gentle Shepherd* (1725), was suggested by the critique of Pope's *Windsor Forest* in *The Guardian*, April 7, 1713. It is a pastoral comedy and substitutes for the pseudo-pastoral poetry of the time the real life of the Scotch shepherds. It has been called "the first genuine pastoral after Theocritus." Among his other works are *The Table Miscellany*, and *The Evergreen*, the precursor of *Percy's Reliques* (1724); *Thirty Fables* (1730), and *Scots' Proverbs* (1737). Having attained a fair competence, he retired from business in 1755.

His son, likewise ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-84), became a portrait-painter in London, and was for a time thought to be a fair rival to Reynolds.

"The pictures of nature given in this charming work (*The Gentle Shepherd*)," says Professor Shaw, in his *Manual of English Literature*,

"equally faithful and ideal, the exact representation of real peasant life and sentiment, which Ramsay, with the true instinct of a poet, knew how to make strictly true to reality without a particle of vulgarity, and the light but firm delineations of character, render this poem far superior in interest, however inferior in romantic ideality, to the *Pastor Fido*, the *Galatea*, or the *Faithful Shepherdess*. The songs he has occasionally interspersed, though they may sometimes be out of place by retarding the march of the events, are often eminently beautiful, as are many of those scattered through Ramsay's voluminous collections, in which he combined the revival of older compositions with imitations and originals of his own. It is impossible to overrate the influence which Ramsay exerted in producing, in the following century, the unequalled lyric genius of his great successor Burns. The treasures of tenderness, beautiful description, and sly humor which Ramsay transmitted from Dunbar, James I., David Lyndsay, and a thousand nameless national bards, were concentrated into one splendid focus in the writings of the author of a *Tam O'Shanter*."

A DIALOGUE UPON LOVERS AND MARRIAGE.

Peggy.—We're far frae any road, and out o' sight;
The lads, they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me, now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The neebors a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye carena by;
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's worthy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny.—I dinna like him, Peggy—there's an end ;
 A herd mair sheepish yet I never kenned.
 He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right smug,
 Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet-lug,
 Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-gee,
 And spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee ;
 He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
 And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair ;
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except "How d' ye ?" or "There's a bonny day."

Peggy.—Ye dash the lad wi' constant, slighting pride ;
 Hatred for love is unco sair to bide.

But ye'll repent ye if his love grows cauld ;
 What likes a dorty maiden when she's auld ?

Jenny.—I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy.—Nor I. But love in whispers lets us ken
 That men were made for us, and we for men.
 Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge your sprouts are rife.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
 Now ! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee,
 When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
 Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss ?
 Can there be toil in tending, day and night,
 The like o' them when love maks care delight ?

Jenny.—But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary draw ;
 There little love or canty cheer can come
 Frae duddy doublets and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die ; the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the holms your dainty rucks o' hay ;
 The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
 May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewes.
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo', and cheese,
 But, on the day o' payment, breaks, and flees,
 Wi' gloomin' brow the laird seeks in his rent :
 It's no to gie ; your marchant's to the bent.
 His Honor maunna want : he pounds your gear ;
 Syne, driven frae house, and hald, where will ye
 steer ?—

Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life ;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy.—May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she
Who has sic fears—for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best ;
Nae mair's required—let Heaven mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle often say,
That lads should a' for wives that's honest pray ;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well-stored room unless his wife wad let.
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins I'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter and some woo',
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due ;
Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus without fear,
Wi' love and rowth, we through the world will steer
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny.—But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks and two bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kenned kisses, hardly worth a feg ?

Peggy.—Nae mair o' that ! Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we.
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blessed them wi' solidity o' mind.
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile ;
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.—
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearthstane ;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pats be ready to tak aff ;
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,

And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
 Good-humor and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face to keep his love for me.

Jenny.—A dish o' married love right soon grows
 cauld,
 And dosens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy.—But we'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
 The loss o' youth when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns, and their bairns, mak sure a firmer tie
 Than aught in love the like o' us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side ;
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride :
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest ;
 This shields the ither frae the eastlin blast,
 That, in return defends it frae the wast.
 Sic as stand single—a state sae liked by you—
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.

Jenny.—I've done. I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield ;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field.
 —*The Gentle Shepherd.*

THE CLOCK AND THE SUN-DIAL.

Ae day a Clock wad brag a Dial,
 And put his qualities to trial ;
 Spak to him thus : " My neighbor, pray,
 Canst tell me what's the time o' day ? "
 The Dial said, " I dinna ken. "—
 " Allack ! What stand ye there for then ? "—
 " I wait here till the sun shines bright,
 For naught I ken but by his light. "—
 " Wait on, " quoth Clock, " I scorn his help ;
 Baith day and night my lane I skelp :
 Wind up my weights but anes a week,
 Without him I can gang and speak ;
 Nor like ane useless sumph I stand,
 But constantly wheel round my hand :
 Hark, hark ! I strike just now the hour :
 And I am right—ane—twa—three—four. "
 Whilst thus the Clock was boasting loud,

The bleezing Sun brak through a cloud ;
 The dial faithful to his guide,
 Spak truth, and laid the thumper's pride :
 "Ye see," said he, "I've dung you fair ;
 'Tis four hours and three quarters mair.
 My friend," he added, "count again
 And learn a wee to be less vain ;
 Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,
 And that your answers never want ;
 For you're not aye to be believed,
 Wha trust to you may be deceived.
 Be counselled to behave like me ;
 For when I dinna clearly see,
 I always own I dinna ken—
 And that's the way of wisest men."

LOCHABER NO MORE.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been ;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ;
 Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained ;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained ;
 But beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;
 Since honor commands me how can I refuse ?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favor I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.



RAMSAY, EDWARD BANNERMAN, a Scottish ecclesiastic and literary critic, born at Aberdeen, January 31, 1793; died at Edinburgh, December 27, 1872. He was graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1816; took orders in the Anglican Church, and was for several years a curate in England. In 1824 he became curate of St. George's, Edinburgh, and in 1827 assistant of Bishop Sandford of St. John's. He succeeded Sandford in 1830, and remained pastor of that church till his death. In 1846 he was appointed by Bishop Terrot Dean of Edinburgh, afterward becoming familiarly known in Scotland as "The Dean." He published several volumes of literary lectures, sermons, biographies, and theological essays; his latest works being *Christian Responsibilities* (1864) and *Pulpit Table-Talk* (1868). His best-known work, *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, originally appeared in 1858, but was subsequently considerably enlarged, and numerous editions of it have been put forth in Great Britain and the United States.

"The book (*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*) had been recognized," says Sheriff Mackay, "as the best collection of Scottish stories and one of the best answers to the charge of want of humor made by Sydney Smith against the Scots. It is composed largely of stories and

anecdotes furnished by his own recollection or that of his friends of all classes, supplemented by contributions from ministers of the various churches into which Scotland is divided, and others of his countrymen. Those who heard the dean tell Scottish stories maintained that print weakened their flavor, but they were woven together in the *Reminiscences* in an artless personal narrative which has a charm of its own."

SOME PIOUS TRAITS OF SCOTTISH HUMOR.

There was at all times amongst the older Scottish peasantry a bold assertion of their religious opinions, and strong expression of their feelings. The spirit of the Covenanters lingered amongst the aged people whom I remember, and we have some recent authentic instances of the readiness in Scotchmen to bear testimony to their principles.

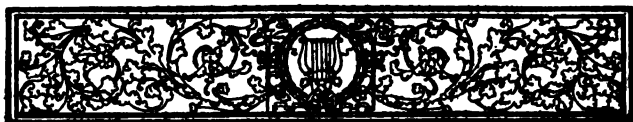
A friend has told me that the late Lord Rutherford often told with much interest of a rebuke which he received from a shepherd near Bonally, amongst the Pentlands. He had entered into conversation with him, and was complaining bitterly of the weather which prevented him from enjoying his visit to the country, and said, hastily and unguardedly, "What a d—d mist!" and then expressed his wonder how, or for what purpose, there should have been such a thing created as east wind. The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him—"What ails you at the mist, Sir? It weets the sod; it sockens the groves, and—" adding with much solemnity, "it's God's will," and turned away with lofty indignation. Lord Rutherford used to repeat this with much candor as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.

Something like this is reported of an eminent Professor of Geology who, visiting the Highlands, met an old man on the hills on Sunday morning. The Professor, partly from the effect of habit, and not adverting to the very strict notions on Sabbath desecration entertained

in Ross-shire had his pocket-hammer in hand, and was thoughtlessly breaking the specimens of minerals he picked up by the way. The old man for some time eyed the geologist, and going up to him, quietly said: "Sir, ye're breaking something there forbye the stanes."

The same feeling under a more fastidious form was exhibited to a traveller by a Scottish peasant. An English artist, travelling professionally through Scotland, had occasion to remain over Sunday in a small town in the north. To while away the time he walked out a short way in the environs, when the picturesque ruins of a castle met his eye. He asked a countryman who was passing to be so good as to tell him the name of the castle. The reply was somewhat startling: "It's no the day to be speering sic things." . . .

The Scottish peasants of the older school delighted in the expositions of doctrinal subjects, and in fact were extremely jealous of any minister who departed from the high standard of orthodox divinity by selecting subjects which involved discussions of strictly moral or practical questions. . . . It may well be supposed that a peasant with such religious opinions would be much shocked at any person whose religious principles were known to be of an infidel character. There is a story traditionary in Edinburgh regarding David Hume which illustrates this feeling in a very amusing manner, and which I have heard it said Hume himself often narrated. The philosopher had fallen from the path into the swamp then existing at the back of the Castle. He fairly stuck fast, and called to a woman who was passing, and begged her assistance. She passed on, apparently without attending to the request. At his earnest entreaty, however, she came where he was, and asked him: "Are na ye Hume, the Atheist?"—"Weel, weel, no matter," said Hume; "Christian charity commands you to do good to everyone."—"Christian charity here, or Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll do naething for you till ye ben a Christian yersell; ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or, faith, I'll let ye wallow there as I fand ye." The sceptic, really afraid for his life, repeated the required formulæ.



RANDALL, JAMES RYDER, an American songwriter and journalist, born at Baltimore, Md., January 1, 1839. He was educated at Georgetown College, D. C., and when quite young removed to New Orleans, where he obtained a position on the *Sunday Delta*. He is the author of a number of songs in behalf of the Confederate cause, including *Maryland*, *My Maryland* (his most popular work); *The Sole Sentry*; *There's Life in the Old Land Yet*, and *The Battle Cry of the South*. He is also the author of considerable fugitive verse. In 1866 he became editor-in-chief of the *Constitutionalist* of Augusta, Ga., and subsequently held other editorial positions in the South.

"Randall," says Professor Hart, "is the Tyræus of the late war. He has not published any volume, but his war lyrics, particularly his *Maryland*, *My Maryland*, and one or two others, spoke to the hearts of seven millions of people as nothing else, probably, that was written during the war."

MY MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland !
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland !
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland !
(162)

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
 Maryland !
 My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
 Maryland !
 For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
 Maryland, my Maryland !

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
 Maryland !
 Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
 Maryland !
 Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
 Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
 And all thy slumberers with the just,
 Maryland, my Maryland !

Come ! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
 Maryland !
 Come with thy panoplied array,
 Maryland !
 With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
 With Watson's blood at Monterey,
 With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
 Maryland, my Maryland !

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
 Maryland !
 Virginia should not call in vain,
 Maryland !
 She meets her sisters on the plain—
 "*Sic semper !*" 'tis the proud refrain
 That baffles minions back again,
 Maryland, my Maryland !

Come ! for thy shield is bright and strong,
 Maryland !
 Come ! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
 Maryland !
 Come to thine own heroic throng
 Vol. XIX.—11

Stalking with liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland !

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland !
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland !
But lo ! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland !

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland !
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland !
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland !

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland !
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland !
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb ;
Huzza ! she spurns the Northern scum—
She breathes ! She burns ! She'll come ! She'll come !
Maryland, my Maryland !





RANKE, FRANZ LEOPOLD VON, a German historian, born at Wiehe, near Nuremberg, Thuringia, December 21, 1795; died in Berlin, May 23, 1886. He was a student at Leipsic, then a teacher in the gymnasium at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and, from 1825, Professor of History at Berlin. He was sent by the government to examine the archives at Vienna, Rome, Venice, and Florence. His thorough researches made him the father of a school of historiography. A *History of the Roman and Teutonic Nations* was his first work (1824), covering the period 1494-1535; this was followed by a *History of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, *The Servian Revolution*, and the *Conspiracy Against Venice in 1688*. Then came his best known work, the *History of the Popes* (1834-37). After this, he produced a *History of Germany in the Time of the Reformation* (1839-47); *Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg* and *History of Prussia during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (1847-48); *Annals of the German Saxon Kings*, *French History, Especially in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, a *History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century* (1859-68); a *Life of Wallenstein* (1871); *The Origin of the Seven Years' War* (1877); *History of the World* (1881-86). His complete works comprise forty-seven volumes. From his *History of the Popes*,

the sketch of Cardinal Contarini is selected for its personal interest and the great crisis it narrates.

CARDINAL CONTARINI AND THE REFORMATION.

Messire Gaspar Contarini, the eldest son of a noble house in Venice that traded to the Levant, had especially devoted himself to philosophical pursuits; his mode of proceeding in regard to them is not unworthy of remark: he set apart three hours daily for his closer studies, never devoting to them more and never less; he began each time with exact repetition. Adhering to this method, he proceeded to the conclusion of each subject, never allowing himself to do anything lightly or with half-measures. He would not permit the subtleties of Aristotle's commentators to lead him into similar subtleties, perceiving that nothing is more astute than falsehood. He displayed the most remarkable talent, with a steadiness still more remarkable; he did not seek to acquire the graces of language, but expressed himself with simplicity and directly to the purpose—as in nature the growing plant is unfolded in regular succession, yearly producing its due results, so did his faculties develop themselves.

When, at an early age, he was elected into the council of the Pregadi, the senate of his native city, he did not for some time venture to speak; he wished to do so, and felt no want of matter, but he could not find courage for the effort; when at length he did prevail on himself to overcome this reluctance, his speech, though not remarkable for grace or wit, and neither very animated nor very energetic, was yet so simple and so much to the purpose, that he at once acquired the highest consideration.

His lot was cast in a most agitated period. He beheld his native city stripped of her territory, and himself aided in the recovery. On the first arrival of Charles V. in Germany, Contarini was sent to him as ambassador, and he there became aware of the dissensions then beginning to arise in the Church. They entered Spain at the moment when the ship *Vittoria* had

returned from the first circumnavigation of the globe, and Contarini was the first, so far as I can discover, to solve the problem of her entering the port one day later than she should have done according to the reckoning in her log-book. The Pope, to whom he was sent after the sack of Rome, was reconciled to the emperor, partly by his intervention. His sagacious and penetrating views of men and things, together with his enlightened patriotism, are clearly evinced by his short essay on the Venetian constitution, a most instructive and well-arranged little work, as also by the different reports of his embassies, which are still occasionally to be found in manuscript.

On a Sunday, in the year 1535, at the moment when the Imperial Council had assembled, and Contarini, who had meanwhile risen to the highest offices, was seated by the balloting urn, the intelligence came that Pope Paul, whom he did not know, and with whom he had no sort of connection, had appointed him cardinal. All hastened to congratulate the astonished man, who could scarcely believe the report. Aluise Mocenigo, who had hitherto been his opponent in affairs of estate, exclaimed that the republic had lost her best citizen.

For the Venetian noble there was nevertheless one painful consideration attached to this honorable event. Should he abandon his free, native city, which offered him its highest dignities, or in any case a sphere of action where he might act in perfect equality with the first in the state, for the service of a pope, often the mere slave of passion, and restricted by no effectual law? Should he depart from the republic of his forefathers, whose manners were in harmony with his own, to measure himself against others in the luxury and display of the Roman court? We are assured that he accepted the cardinalate principally because it was represented to him that, in times so difficult, the refusal of this high dignity (having the appearance of despising it) might produce an injurious effect.

And now the zeal that he had formerly devoted, with exclusive affection, to his native country, was applied to the affairs of the church generally. He was frequently opposed by the cardinals, who considered it extraordi-

nary that one but just called to the Sacred College, and a Venetian, should attempt reform in the court of Rome. Sometimes the pope himself was against him ; as when Contarini opposed the nomination of a certain cardinal. "We know," said the pontiff, "how men sail in these waters ; the cardinals have no mind to see another made equal to them in honor." Offended by this remark, the Venetian replied, "I do not consider the cardinal's hat to constitute my highest honor."

In this new position he maintained all his usual gravity, simplicity, and activity of life, all his dignity and gentleness of demeanor ; nature leaves not the simply formed plant without the ornament of its blossom, in which its being exhales and communicates itself. In man it is the disposition, the character, which, being the collective product of all his higher faculties, stamps its impress on his moral bearing, nay, even on his aspect and manners ; in Contarini this was evinced in the suavity, the inherent truthfulness, and pure moral sense by which he was distinguished ; but, above all, in that deep religious conviction which renders man happy in proportion as it enlightens him.

Adorned with such qualities, moderate, nearly approaching the Protestant tenets in their most important characteristics, Contarini appeared in Germany ; by a regeneration of Church doctrines, commencing from this point, and by the abolition of abuses, he hoped to reconcile the existing differences.

But had not these already gone too far ? Was not the breach too widely extended ? Had not the dissentient opinions struck root too deeply ? These questions I should be reluctant to decide.

There was also another Venetian, Marino Giustiniano, who left Germany shortly before this Diet, and who would seem to have examined the aspect of things with great care. To him the reconciliation appears very possible. But he declares that certain concessions are indispensable. The following he particularizes :—"The pope must no longer claim to be the vicerent of Christ in temporal as well as spiritual things. He must depose the profligate and ignorant bishops and priests, appointing men of blameless lives, and capable of guid-

ing and instructing the people, in their places ; the sale of masses, the plurality of benefices, and the abuse of compositions must no longer be suffered ; a violation of the rule as regards fasting must be visited by very light punishment at the most." If, in addition to these things, the marriage of priests be permitted, and the communion in both kinds be allowed, Giustiniano believes that the Germans would at once abjure their dissent, would yield obedience to the pope in spiritual affairs, resign their opposition to the mass, submit to auricular confession, and even allow the necessity of good works as fruits of faith—in so far, that is, as they are the consequence of faith. "The existing discord having arisen because of abuses, so there is no doubt that by the abolition of these it may be done away with."

In what degree this reconciliation was either possible or probable need not be made the subject of dispute ; it would in all cases have been extremely difficult ; but, if only the most remote probability existed, it was worth the attempt. Thus much is obvious, that a great wish for reunion had certainly arisen, and that many hopes and expectations were built on it. And now came the question as to how far the pope, without whom nothing could be done, was disposed to depart from the rigor of his demands. On this point a certain part of the instructions given to Contarini at his departure is worthy of attention.

The unlimited power with which the emperor had pressed Paul to invest the legate had not been accorded, the pope suspecting that demands might be made in Germany, which not only the legate, but even he, the pontiff, might find it dangerous to concede without first consulting the other nations ; yet he did not decline all negotiations. "We must first see," he remarks, "whether the Protestants are in accord with us as to essential principles ; for example, the supremacy of the Holy See, the sacraments, and some others." If we ask what these "others" were, we find that on this point the pope does not clearly express himself concerning them. He describes them generally as "whatever is sanctioned by the Holy Scriptures as well as by the

perpetual usage of the Church, with which the legate is well acquainted." "On this basis," he further observes, "attempts may be made for the arrangement of all differences."

This vague mode of expression was beyond all question adopted with design. Paul III. may have been willing to see how far Contarini could proceed toward a settlement of affairs, and reluctant to bind himself beforehand to a ratification of all his legate's acts; he chose, besides, to give Contarini a certain latitude. It would, without doubt, have cost the legate new efforts and infinite labor to have made those conditions pleasing to the intractable Roman Curia which he, with all his cares, had only wrung out by great effort at Ratisbon, but which yet were certain of being unsatisfactory at Rome. In the first instance everything depended on a reconciliation and union among the assembled theologians; the conciliatory and mediate tendency was still too weak and undefined to possess any great efficacy, as yet it could scarcely receive a name, nor until it had gained some fixed station could any available influence be hoped from it.

The discussions were opened on the 5th of April, 1541, and a plan of proceeding, proposed by the emperor, and admitted, after some slight alterations, by Contarini, was adopted; but even here, at the first step, the legate found it requisite to dissent in a certain measure from his instructions. The pope had required, in the first place, a recognition of his supremacy, but Contarini perceived clearly that on this point, so well calculated to arouse the passions of the assembly, the whole affair might be wrecked at the very outset; he therefore permitted the question of papal supremacy to be placed last, rather than first, on the list for discussion. He thought it safer to begin with subjects on which his friends and himself approached the Protestant opinions, which were besides questions of the highest importance, and touching the very foundations of the faith. In the discussions concerning these, he took himself most active part. His secretary assures us that nothing was determined by the Catholic divines until he had been previously consulted, not the slightest variation made with-

out his consent. Morone, Bishop of Modena, Tomaso da Modena, Master of the Secret Palace, both holding the same opinions with himself as to justification, assisted him with their advice. The principal difficulty proceeded from a German theologian, Doctor Eck, an old antagonist of Luther ; but, when forced to a close discussion, point by point, he also was at length brought to a satisfactory explanation. In effect, the parties did actually agree (who could have dared to hope so much) as to the four primary articles of human nature, original sin, redemption, and even justification. Contarini assented to the principal point in the Lutheran doctrine; namely, that justification is obtained by faith alone, and without any merit on the part of man, adding only that this faith must be living and active. Melancthon acknowledged that this was in fact a statement of the Protestant belief itself ; and Bucer boldly declared that in the articles mutually admitted "everything requisite to a godly, righteous, and holy life before God, and in the sight of man, was comprehended."

Equally satisfied were those of the opposite party. The Bishop of Aquila calls this conference holy, and did not doubt that the reconciliation of all Christendom would result from its labors. The friends of Contarini, those who shared his opinions and sympathized with his feelings, were delighted with the progress he was making. "When I perceived this unanimity of opinions," remarks Pole, in a letter of this period to Contarini, "I was sensible to such pleasure as no harmony of sounds could have afforded me, not only because I foresee the coming of peace and union, but because these articles are in very truth the foundation of the Christian faith. They seem indeed to treat of various matters, faith, works, and justification ; upon this last, however, on justification, do all the rest repose. I wish thee joy, my friend, and I thank God that on this point the divines of both parties have agreed. He who hath so mercifully begun this work will also complete it."

This, if I do not mistake, was a moment of most eventful import, not for Germany only, but for the whole world. With regard to the former, the points we have intimated tended in their consequences to change the

whole ecclesiastical constitution of the land; to secure a position of increased liberty as regarded the pope, and a freedom from temporal encroachment on his part. The unity of the Church would have been maintained, and with it that of the nation. But infinitely farther than even this, would the consequences have extended. If the moderate party, from whom these attempts proceeded and by whom they were conducted, had been able to maintain the predominance in Rome and in Italy, how entirely different an aspect must the Catholic world necessarily have assumed! A result so extraordinary was, however, not to be obtained without a vehement struggle.

Whatever was resolved on at Ratisbon must be confirmed by the sanction of the pope, on the one hand, and the assent of Luther on the other; to these latter a special embassy was sent. But already many difficulties here presented themselves. Luther could not be convinced that the doctrine of justification had really taken root among Catholics; his old antagonist, Doctor Eck, he regarded, with some reason, as incorrigible, and he knew that this man had taken active part on the occasion in the articles agreed upon. Luther could see nothing but a piecemeal arrangement, made up from both systems. . . .

These articles, meanwhile, had arrived in Rome, where they awakened universal interest. The Cardinals Caraffa and San Marcello found extreme offence in the declaration respecting justification; and it was not without great difficulty that Priuli made its real import obvious to them. The pope did not express himself so decidedly as Luther had done; it was signified to the legate by Cardinal Farnese that his holiness neither accepted nor declined the conclusions arrived at, but that all others who had seen the articles thought they might have been expressed in words much clearer and more precise, if the meaning were in accordance with the Catholic faith.

But, however strenuous this theological opposition, it was neither the only, nor, perhaps, the most effectual one; there was yet another, proceeding from causes partly political.

A reconciliation, such as that contemplated, would have given an unaccustomed unity to all Germany, and would have greatly extended the power of the emperor, who would have been at no loss to avail himself of this advantage. As chief of the moderate party, he would inevitably have obtained predominant influence throughout Europe, more especially in the event of a general council. All the accustomed hostilities were necessarily awakened at the mere prospect of such a result.

Suffice it to say that in Rome, France, and Germany, there arose among the enemies of Charles V., among those who either were, or appeared to be, the most zealous for Catholicism, a determined opposition to his efforts for the conciliation of differences. . . . Those who attribute the whole, or, indeed, the greater share of the blame attached to this failure to the Protestants pass beyond the limits of justice. After a certain time, the pope announced his positive will to the legate, that neither in his official capacity, nor as a private person, should he tolerate any resolution in which the Catholic faith and opinions were expressed in words admitting the possibility of ambiguous acceptance. The formula in which Contarini had thought to reconcile the conflicting opinions as to the supremacy of the pope and the power of councils was rejected at Rome unconditionally. The legate was compelled to offer explanations that seemed in flagrant contradiction to his own previous words.

After hopes so inspiring, after a commencement so propitious, Contarini saw himself compelled to return without effecting any part of his purpose. He had wished to accompany the emperor to the Netherlands, but neither was this permitted to him. Returning to Italy, it was his lot to endure all the slanders touching his conduct, and the concessions he was charged with making to Protestantism, that from Rome had been circulated over the whole country. This was sufficiently vexatious, but he had a loftiness of mind that rendered the failure of plans so comprehensive, and so replete with good for all, still more grievous and more permanently painful to him.

How noble and impressive was the position that moderate Catholicism had assumed in his person ! But, having failed in securing its benevolent and world-embracing designs, it now became a question whether it would even maintain its own existence. In every great tendency should reside the power of vindicating its own existence, of rendering itself effectual and respected ; if it be not strong enough to secure this, if it cannot achieve the mastery, its doom is inevitable ; it must sink into irremediable ruin.—*History of the Popes.*





RANKIN, JEREMIAH EAMES, an American clergyman, poet, and religious writer, born in Thornton, N. H., in 1828. He was graduated at Middlebury College in 1848, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1854, after which he was pastor of Presbyterian and Congregational churches at Potsdam, N. Y.; St. Albans, Vt.; Lowell and Charlestown, Mass., and Washington, D. C. In 1884 he became pastor of the Valley Church, Orange, N. J. In 1870-78 he was a trustee of Howard University, where he was professor of homiletics and pastoral theology in 1878-84. He now resides in Washington, D. C., and is still connected with this institution. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Middlebury in 1869. He has contributed to religious periodicals, edited the *Pilgrim Press* and the *Congregational Review*, has written several national hymns, including *For God and Home and Native Land*, and *Keep Your Colors Flying*, and is the author of *The Bridal Ring* (1866); *Auld Scotch Mither* (1873); *Subduing Kingdoms* (1881); *The Hotel of God* (1883); *Atheism of the Heart* (1884); *Christ His Own Interpreter* (1884); *Romano More* (1886); *Ingleside Rhaims* (1887); *Hymns Pro Patria* (1889).

TO A CAGED LAVEROCK SINGING.

Wha teuk thee frae thy native meadows,
A' daisy-e'ed, dapplit wi' shadows,

(175)

Where thou hadst bigg'd thy snug-bit nestie,
 Frae whilk thou sprangst, gowd on thy breastie,
 The dew-wet air o' mornin' skiltin',
 Thy matin hymn, warblin' an' liltin'?

Wha robb'd the fields o' thy blythe presence,
 Who robb'd plain folk and bairns o' peasants,
 That romp'd an' play'd, the wild flowers pluckin',
 Fright'nin' the bees, red clover suckin',
 A han'-strung garland, crown'd with daisies
 Linkin' at will, thro' bairnheid's mazes?

Wha teuk thee to the clouds high-mount'n,
 Wellin' thy warbles frae sang's fountain,
 Gladd'nin', in thy ascent, ilk acre,
 To reach, ablins, ear o' thy Maker?
 Or when, at last, thy hymnal utter'd,
 Thou'dst back unto thy fledgelin's fluttered?

Wha hauds thee i' this alley blightit
 Whilk, at high noon, is still benightit,
 Where sombre shades, winnocks bedizzen,
 An' uncag'd folk still live i' prison;
 Wha, when frae thy sweet fields he'd won thee,
 Just shut this cruel gate upon thee?

Thou singest o' thy robbit nestie;
 Thy widow'd mate, that lang syne blest thee;
 The brood o' nestlin's ye were rearin',
 The cruel child, thy lo'e-dreams xarin',
 An' human tongue thou seem'st to borrow
 An' tell'st the tale o' human sorrow.

Then lilt nae mair, I canna bear it,
 Thou'lt break my heart, or oot wilt tear it;
 Thy sang is like some weanie greetin',
 Hamesick, its bairnheid haunts entreatin',
 Then lilt nae mair, for thy green meadows,
 Wi' daisy een, dapplit wi' shadows!

Had I the power, I'd send thee wingin'
 The fields o' blue, Gude's praises singin'.

Nae han' o' man sud mar thy rapture,
Nor frae thy native haunts sud capture ;
Nae han' o' man sud mar the measure
Wi' whilk thou'dst tell to God thy pleasure !

WIMPLIN' BURNIE.

Wimplin' burnie, whither awa',
Through the wood, an' down the fa',
Black wi' shade, an' white wi' faem,
Whither awa' sae fast frae hame ?

Wood-birds on thy sparklin' brink
Dip their bills, an' thankfu' blink,
Mak' the forest-arches thrill,
Wi' their warblin' sang an' trill.

Where thy stanes are green wi' moss,
Barefit bairnies wade across—
Thrustin' i' 'ilk covert neuk,
Writhin' worm on treach'rous hook.

Clover-breathin' humane cows,
Stan' beneath the apple-boughs,
Lash their tails and chew their cud,
Knee-deep in thy coolin' flood.

Thou art glidin' smooth an' meek,
While craigs lie upon thy cheek ;
Through the simmer an' the glow,
'Neath the winter an' the snow.

What's thy life, I dinna ken !
But thou art to earth an' men,
That Gude gies, the richest gift
Frae His hame within the lift.

IN DUMFRIES KIRKYARD.

In Dumfries kirkyard lies a chield
Whase e'e love kindled ; loof was leal ;
Proud Scotia's sons, they ken fu' weel,
Though sae lang dead,
'Tis Robert Burns ; of God's own seal,
A poet made.

In Ayrshire did his mither bear him,
In Ayrshire did his daddie rear him,
Nor did the great-e-ed beasties fear him,
That dragged the plew;
The silly sheep ran fleetin' near him,
Wham well they knew.

In harvest field he swung the sickle,
O' rural pastimes had fu' meikle,
At ilk man's grief his een wad trickle,
As at his ain;
But, ah! fu' aft his will was fickle,
An' wrought man's pain.

He wooed the secret charms of Nature,
He kenned her beauties, ilka feature,
The bird, the mouse, ilk fearfu' creature,
He still befriended:
The plew-crushed daisy, he maun greet her,
Sae fair, sae ended!

How weel he sang the sacred scene
When cotter trudges hame at e'en,
An' wi his wife, bairns, and wean,
Sae humble kneels!
Sic holy joys, the weeks atween,
His household feels.

He yielded, ah! to stormy passion;
He madly drank, as was man's fashion,
He sairly sinned, by his confession,
And suffered sair;
He sadly needed God's compassion;
Some need it mair.

Let daisies weep, larks mount abo'e him.
Let peasants come, who read and lo'e him.
Let a' eschew the fawts that slew him,
And laid him there;
While Dumfries kirkyard proud shall ha'e him,
Or rin the Ayr.

—*Ingleside Rhaims.*



RASPE, RUDOLPH ERICH, a German compiler and scientific writer, born in Hanover in 1737; died at Muckcross, Ireland, in the latter part of 1794. From 1756 to 1760 he studied successively at the Universities of Göttingen and Leipsic, and in 1762 he obtained a post as one of the clerks in the University Library at Hanover. During the interval he was tutor to a young nobleman. In 1763 he contributed some Latin verses to the *Leipsc Nova Acta Eruditorum*; and in 1764 he was appointed secretary to the University Library at Göttingen. Here he translated Leibnitz's philosophical works, which were issued the following year. In 1766 appeared an allegorical poem on chivalry, entitled *Hermin und Gunilde*. About the same time he translated selections from *Ossian*, and published a treatise on Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, which first directed German attention to the rich storehouses of mediæval romance. In 1767 he became professor at the Collegium Carolinum in Cassel and keeper of the Landgrave of Hesse's rich collection of antique medals and gems. He was shortly afterward made librarian of Cassel, and in 1771 he married. He began to write on Natural Science, a subject for which he had shown an aptitude while at Leipsic, and in 1769 a paper in *Philosophical Transactions*, arguing the previous existence of elephants or mammoths

in the boreal regions of the globe, procured his election as an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society in England. In 1772 he translated into German Altgarotti's *Treatise on Architecture, Painting, and Opera Music*, at the same time contributing papers on lithography, musical instruments, and other subjects to learned periodicals in Germany. After a short tour in Westphalia in 1773, he started a paper called *The Cassel Spectator*. In 1775 he travelled in Italy on a commission to collect articles of virtu for the landgrave. Upon his return he abstracted valuable coins from the cabinets intrusted to him, and was forced to flee to Berlin. He was captured at Klausthal in the Hartz Mountains, but he escaped to Great Britain, where he spent the remainder of his life. In 1776 he published in London *Some German Volcanoes and Their Productions*, and during the next two years he translated into English Ferber's *Mineralogical Travels in Italy and Germany* (1776), and *Baron Born's Travels Through the Bannat of Temeswar, Transylvania and Hungary* (1777), to which was added as an appendix Ferber's *Mineralogical History of Bohemia*. "Raspe," writes Horace Walpole in 1780, "has discovered a manuscript of Theophilus, a German monk of the fourth century, who gave receipts for preparing colors with oil." This essay on the origin of oil painting, which is "clear and unpretending," was published with Walpole's aid in 1781. This same year he produced two prose translations; one of Lessing's *Nathan der Weise* and the other of Qachariæ's mock heroic *Tabby in Elysium*. In 1785 he undertook an archæological ex-

pedition into Egypt, and issued at Berlin his *Reise durch England*, dealing with English arts, manufactures, and industries. He obtained in 1782 the post of assay master and store-keeper of some mines at Dolcoath in Cornwall. Here he wrote, in 1785, his famous *Baron Munchhausen's Narrative of his Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia*. The *Critical Review* describes the work "as a satirical production calculated to throw ridicule on the bold assertions of some parliamentary declaimers." Raspe compiled his narrative from two sources: first, the personal reminiscences of Hieronymus von Münchhausen, an eccentric old soldier; and, second, from gleanings in his own commonplace book from the writings of Lange's *Deliciæ Academicæ* (1665); *Von Lauterbach's Travels of the Finken Ritter*, and Heinrich Bebel's *Facetiæ Bebelianæ* (1508). The first two editions sold badly, and it was not until the book was bought by Kearsley, who added several chapters containing allusions to England and to recent books of travel and adventure, such as Drinkwater's *Siege of Gibraltar* (1783); Mulgrave's *Voyage Toward the North Pole* (1774); Brydone's *Sicily and Malta* (1773); Baron de Tott's *Memoirs* (1785), and the narratives of balloon ascents by Montgolfier and Blanchard in France, and Lunardi in England, that the book had any success. This edition was further embellished by some quaint wood-cuts. Five editions followed, and the German poet, Gottfried August Bürger, made a free translation into German in 1786. A seventh edition with an additional chapter appeared in 1793, together with a sequel, writ-

ten as a parody on James Bruce's *Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile* (1790).

"*Baron Munchausen*," says Leslie Stephen, "has been translated into more languages than any English book, with the exception of *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Gulliver's Travels*. Raspe worked in the spirit of Lucian and Rabelais, and he may almost be said to have created the literary type of fantastic mendacity, which has been developed with great effect by the authors of *Colonel Crockett* and *Sam Slick*, and other modern humorists, especially in America."

His name was not associated during his lifetime with this work. In 1785 James Tassie of Edinburgh employed him to catalogue his collection of pastes and impressions from ancient and modern gems. In 1786 Raspe produced a conspectus of the catalogue, followed in 1791 by a full description of the gems, intaglios, and cameos in French and in English. In the fall of this year he went on a tour in the extreme north of Scotland, which he said he considered rich in mineral wealth. In 1791 he translated Baron Born's *New Process of Amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores*. Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster gave him large sums to carry out the "New Process," when he disappeared to County Donegal. Sir Walter Scott uses the tradition to which this incident gave rise in his *Antiquary*. For extract from Raspe's *Munchausen*, see under MÜNCHAUSEN.

THE ARTS.

The arts in general and especially those which prove most useful to mankind, have ever been looked upon as

great benefits to human nature for the support, the ease and embellishments of life ; and it is but common justice to consider them in that light, which raises them every way above the idler speculations of sophists and philosophers.

Positive truths and realities are their objects and their pursuits, and immediate *positive* advantage is their result and reward ; whereas the greater part of sciences deal only in *ideal beings*, in intellectual or sentimental objects, and in possibilities, which produce no other advantage but that of pleasing our fancy and of flushing our self-conceited pride. The history of the arts is a very pleasing and an entertaining subject. It is desirable to the philosopher, and of great use to artists, mechanics, and merchants, for it points out to them from what small beginnings, how, where, and when the arts arose ; how they were transmitted to us ; by what methods, men, and revolutions they were improved ; to what degree of perfection they were brought formerly, or are arrived at at present ; and finally, how far they might, or ought to be improved in after years.—*From the Discovery of Oil Painting.*





RAWLINSON, GEORGE, an English Orientalist and historian, brother of Sir Henry Rawlinson, born at Chadlington, Oxfordshire, in 1815; died in England on the 6th of October, 1902. He took his degree at Oxford in 1838; became a Fellow and tutor of Exeter College; was Bampton lecturer 1859-61, and Camden Professor of Ancient History from 1861 to 1874, when he was made Canon of Canterbury Cathedral. His principal works are *Historical Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Records* (1860); *The Contrasts of Christianity with Heathenism and Judaism* (1861); *Manual of Ancient History* (1869). His great work is *Seven Great Monarchies of the Eastern World*. These are I. Chaldæa; II. Assyria; III. Media; IV. Babylonia; V. Persia; VI. Parthia; VII. The Sassanian or New Persian Empire. The History of the first five Monarchies was published from 1862 to 1867; of the sixth, in 1873, and of the last, in 1875. His *History of Phœnicia* appeared in 1890. *The Story of Ancient Egypt*, written by Canon Rawlinson in collaboration with Arthur Gilman for the *Story of the Nations Series*, was published in 1887.

THE LAND OF THE CHALDEES.

The broad belt of desert which traverses the eastern hemisphere from west to east (or, speaking more exactly, of W. S. W. to E. N. E.), reaching from the Atlantic on the one hand nearly to the Yellow Sea on the

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other, is interrupted about its centre by a strip of rich vegetation, which at once breaks the continuity of the arid region and serves also to mark the point where the desert changes its character from that of a plain at a low level to that of an elevated plateau or table-land. West of the favored district, the Arabian and African wastes are seas of sand, seldom raised much above, often sinking below, the level of the ocean ; while east of the same, in Persia, Kerman, Seistan, Chinese Tartary, and Mongolia, the desert consists of a series of plateaus having from 3,000 to nearly 10,000 feet of elevation.

The green and fertile region which is thus interposed between the "highland" and the "lowland" deserts participates curiously enough in both characters. Where the belt of sand is intersected by the valley of the Nile, no marked change of elevation occurs ; and the continuous low desert is merely interrupted by a few miles of green and cultivated surface, the whole of which is just as smooth and as flat as the waste on either side of it. But it is otherwise at the more eastern interruption. There the verdant and productive country divides itself into two tracts running parallel to each other, of which the western presents features not unlike those that characterize the Nile valley, but on a far larger scale ; while the eastern is a lofty mountain region, consisting for the most part, of five or six parallel ranges, then mounting, in many places far above the region of perpetual snow.

It is with the western, or plain tract, that we are here concerned. Between the outer limits of the Syro-Egyptian desert, and at the foot of the great mountain-range of Kurdistan and Luristan, intervenes a territory long famous in the world's history, and the site of three of the seven empires of whose history, geography, and antiquities it is proposed to treat. Known to the Jews as *Aram Naharaim*, or "Syria of the Two Rivers," to the Greeks and Romans as *Mesopotamia*, or "The Between-River Country," to the Arabs as *Al-Jezireh*, or "The Island," this district has always taken its name from the streams which constitute its most striking feature, and to which, in fact, it owes its existence. If it were not for the two great rivers—the Tigris and the Euphrates

—with their tributaries, the northern part of the Mesopotamian lowland would in no respect differ from the Syro-Arabian desert on which it adjoins, and which in latitude, elevation, and general geological character it exactly resembles. Toward the south the importance of the rivers is still greater; for of Lower Mesopotamia it may be said with more truth than of Egypt, that it is an “acquired land,” the actual “gift” of the two streams which wash it on either side; being, as it is, entirely a recent formation—a deposit which the streams have made in the shallow waters of a gulf into which they have flowed for many ages. . . .

The extent of ancient Chaldæa is a question of some difficulty; for the edge of the alluvium to the present coast of the Persian Gulf is a distance of above four hundred and thirty miles, while from the western shore of the Bahi-i-Nedjil to the Tigris is a direct distance of one hundred and eighty-five miles. The present area of the alluvium west of the Tigris may be estimated at about 30,000 square miles. But the extent of ancient Chaldæa can scarcely have been so great. It is certain that the alluvium at the head of the Persian Gulf now grows with extraordinary rapidity. Accurate observations have shown that the present rate of increase amounts to as much as a mile each seventy years; while it is the opinion of those best qualified to judge that the *average* progress during the historic period has been as much as a mile in every thirty years. There is ample reason for believing that at the time when the first Chaldæan monarchy was established, the Persian Gulf reached inland one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty miles farther than at present.

We must deduct therefore from the estimate of extent grounded upon the existing state of things a tract of land one hundred and thirty miles long and some sixty or seventy broad, which has been gained from the sea in the course of about forty centuries. This reduction will reduce Chaldæa to a kingdom of somewhat narrow limits; for it will contain no more than about 23,000 square miles. This, it is true, exceeds the area of all ancient Greece, including Thessaly, Acarnania, and the Islands; it nearly equals that of the Low

Countries, to which Chaldæa presents some analogy. It is almost exactly that of the modern kingdom of Denmark ; but is less than Scotland or Ireland, or Portugal or Bavaria. It is more than doubled by England, more than quadrupled by Prussia, and more than octupled by Spain, France, and European Turkey. Certainly, therefore, it was not in consequence of its size that Chaldæa became so important a country in the early ages ; but rather in consequence of certain advantages of the soil, climate, and position.—*Chaldæa : The First Monarchy.*

THE RELIGION OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS.

The Iranic, Median, or Persian system of religion is a revolt from the earlier sensuous and superficial nature-worship of the country. It begins with a distinct recognition of spiritual intelligence—real Persons—with whom alone, and not with Powers, religion is concerned. It divides these intelligences into good and bad, pure and impure, benignant and malevolent. To the former it applies the term *Asuras*, “living” or “spiritual beings,” in a good sense ; to the latter the term *Devas*, in a bad one. It regards the “Powers” hitherto worshipped chiefly as *Devas*, but it excepts from this unfavorable view a certain number, and, recognizing them as *Asuras*, places them above the *Izeds*, or “angels.” Thus far it has made two advances, each of great importance—the substitution of real Persons for Powers as objects of the religious faculty, and the separation of the Persons into good and bad, pure and impure, righteous and wicked.

But it does not stop here. It proceeds to assert, in a certain sense, monotheism against polytheism. It boldly declares that at the head of the good intelligences is a single great Intelligence, Ahurô-Mazdâo, or Ormazd, the highest object of adoration, the true Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the universe. It sets before the soul a single Being as the source of all good and the proper object of the highest worship.

It has been said that this conception of Ormazd as the Supreme Being is “perfectly identical with the notion of Elohim, or Jehovah, which we find in the Old

Testament." This is, no doubt, an over-statement. Ormazd is less spiritual and less awful than Jehovah. He is so predominantly the author of good things, the source of blessing and prosperity, that he could scarcely inspire his votaries with any feeling of fear. Still, this doctrine of the early Aryans is very remarkable ; and its approximation to the truth sufficiently explains at once the favorable light in which its professors are viewed by the Jewish prophets, and the favorable opinion which they form of the Jewish system. Evidently the Jews and the Aryans, when they became known to one another, recognized mutually the fact that they were worshippers of the same great Being. Hence the favor of the Persians toward the Jews, and the fidelity of the Jews toward the Persians. The Lord God of the Jews being recognized as identical with Ormazd, a sympathetic feeling united the peoples. The Jews, so impatient generally of a foreign yoke, never revolted from the Persians ; and the Persians, so intolerant, for the most part, of religions other than their own, respected and protected Judaism. . . .

Under the supreme God, Ormazd, the ancient Iranic system placed a number of angels. Some of these, as *Vohu-manô*, "The Good Mind ;" *Mazda*, "The Wise," and *Asha*, "The True," are scarcely distinguishable from attributes of the divinity. *Armaiti*, however, the Genius of the Earth, and *Sraosha*, an angel, are very clearly personified. *Sraosha* is Ormazd's messenger ; he delivers revelations, shows men the paths of happiness, and brings them the blessings which Ormazd has assigned to their share.

Another of his functions is to protect the true faith. He is called in a very special sense "the friend of Ormazd," and is employed by him not only to distribute his gifts, but also to conduct to him the souls of the faithful, when this life is over, and they enter on the celestial scene.

Armaiti is at once the Genius of the Earth and the Goddess of Piety. The early Ormazd-worshippers were agriculturists, and viewed the cultivation of the soil as a religious duty enjoined upon them by God. Hence they connected the notion of piety with earth-culture,

and it was but a step from this to make a single goddess preside over the two. . . . Armaiti, further, "tells men the everlasting laws, which no one may abolish"—laws which she has learnt from converse with Ormazd himself. She is thus naturally the second object of worship to the old Zoroastrian; and converts to the religion were required to profess their faith in her in direct succession to Ormazd. From Armaiti must be carefully distinguished the *Geus Urvâ*, or "Soul of the Earth"—a being who nearly resembles the *anima mundi* of the Greek and Roman philosophers. This spirit dwells in the Earth itself, animating it as a man's soul animates his body. . . .

The Zoroastrians were devout believers in the immortality of the soul and a conscious future existence. They taught that immediately after death the souls of men, both good and bad, proceeded together along an appointed path to "the bridge of the gatherer" (*chinvât peretu*). This was a narrow road conducting to heaven or paradise, over which the souls of the pious alone could pass, while the wicked fell from it into the gulf below, where they found themselves in the place of punishment. The good soul was assisted across the bridge by the angel Sraosha—"the happy, well-formed, swift, tall Sraosha"—who met the weary wayfarer, and sustained his steps as he effected the difficult passage. The prayers of his friends in this world were of much avail to the deceased, and helped him on his journey. As he entered, the archangel Vohu-manô rose from his throne, and greeted him with the words, "How happy art thou who hast come here to us from the mortality to the immortality!" Then the pious soul went joyfully onward to Ormazd, to the immortal saints, to the golden throne, to Paradise. As for the wicked, when they fell into the gulf, they found themselves in outer darkness, in the kingdom of Angrô-mainyus, where they were forced to remain and to feed upon poisoned banquets. . . .

Two phases of the early Iranic religion have been described: The first a simple and highly spiritual creed, remarkable for its distinct assertion of monotheism, its hatred of idolatry, and the strangely marked antithesis

which it maintained between good and evil ; the second—a natural corruption of the first—Dualistic—complicated by the importance which it ascribed to angelic beings, verging upon polytheism. It remains to give an account of a third phase into which the religion passed, in consequence of an influence exercised upon it from without by an alien system. When the Iranic nations, cramped for space in the countries east and south of the Caspian, began to push themselves farther to the west, and then to the south, they were brought into contact with various Scythic tribes, whose religion appears to have been Magism. . . .

Magism was essentially the worship of the elements—the recognition of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water as the only proper objects of human reverence. The Magi held no personal gods, and therefore naturally rejected temples, shrines, and images, as tending to encourage the notion that gods existed of a like nature with man, *i.e.*, possessing personality—living and intelligent beings. Theirs was a nature-worship, but a nature-worship of a very peculiar kind. They did not place gods over the different parts of nature, like the Greeks ; they did not even personify the powers of nature, like the Hindoos ; they paid their devotion to the actual material things themselves. Fire, as the most subtle and ethereal principle, and again as the most powerful agent, attracted their highest regards ; and on their fire-altars the sacred flame, generally considered to have been kindled from heaven, was kept burning uninterruptedly from year to year and from age to age by hands of priests, whose special duty it was to see that the sacred spark was never extinguished. To defile the altar by blowing the flame with one's breath was a capital offence ; and to burn a corpse was regarded as an act equally odious. Next to Fire, Water was revered. Sacrifice was offered to rivers, lakes, and fountains. No refuse was allowed to be cast into a river, nor was it even lawful to wash one's hands in one. Reverence for earth was shown by sacrifice, and by abstention from the usual mode of burying the dead. . . .

The original spirit of Zoroastrianism was fierce and

intolerant. The early Iranians abhorred idolatry, and were disinclined to tolerate any religion except that which they had themselves worked out. But with the lapse of ages this spirit became softened. By the time that the Zoroastrians were brought into contact with Magism, the fervor of their religious zeal had abated, and they were in that intermediate condition of religious faith which at once impresses and is impressed, acts upon other systems and allows itself to be acted upon. The result which supervened upon contact with Magism seems to have been a fusion, an absorption into Zoroastrianism of all the chief points of the Magian belief, and all the more remarkable of the Magian religious usages.—*Media: The Third Monarchy.*





RAWLINSON, SIR HENRY CRESWICKE, an English Assyriologist and diplomatist, brother of the preceding, born at Chodlington, Oxfordshire, April 11, 1810; died in London, March 5, 1895. He entered the East India Company's army in 1827, and held various important offices, both military and diplomatic, retiring in 1856. In 1858 he was appointed British Minister at Teheran, where he remained one year. He became a member of the Council of India in 1868, and President of the Royal Geographical Society in 1871. In 1856 he was made a K.C.B., in 1889 a G.C.B., and in 1891 a baronet. He devoted his leisure to studying the Oriental languages and deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions in Nineveh and other ancient cities. In spite of many obstacles which might have daunted a man of less determination and perseverance, he copied the trilingual inscription at Behistun. As the result of his researches in this line he published works *On the Inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia* (1850); *Outline of the History of Assyria* (1852), and *England and Russia in the East* (1875). He was joint editor of *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia* (1861-70), and several other collections of inscriptions. He served in Parliament from 1865 to 1868.

"Rawlinson was a striking example of the type of Englishmen," says the *Outlook*, "in whom are
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united the highest energy of character, great executive ability, and strong intellectual tastes. He had about him a certain dash which is evidence in many young men of a constant strain of heroism and adventure. His famous ride of seventy-two miles from Poonah to Panwell sixty-two years ago, was made in three hours and seventeen minutes. It was characteristic of him that four years after his famous ride he was painfully, and at the peril of his life, spelling out cuneiform characters on the polished face of a rock between three hundred and four hundred feet from the ground. Supported by a ladder resting on a narrow ledge, at an elevation which would have made most people helpless by reason of giddiness, this daring young man slowly copied the inscriptions, unveiled the secret of the cuneiform characters, and gave a new historical science to the world. It was this feat which won for him the title of 'Father of Assyriology,' and it is unnecessary to say that the work which has been done in this department is hardly second in importance to that in any other field of knowledge.

"The man who had rendered this service to scholarship was, however, a man of action quite as much as a man of knowledge. At the end of six years he left Persia and became the British political agent at Kandahar, performing through the first Afghan war services to the English Government notable at once for their delicacy, their difficulty, and their danger. His name was constantly mentioned in the despatches from the field. But his heart was in his work as a scholar, and

rejecting an advance of position and salary, he took a humbler position at Bagdad in order to bring himself into contact with the material which he wished to study. Under the commission of the British Museum he superintended the excavations at Babylon and Nineveh which had been begun by Layard, and he copied and translated a great number of ancient inscriptions and sent them to England. In politics he was a Liberal, but he strongly antagonized the Liberal foreign policy. As a writer he was far overshadowed by his brother George, but his book on *England and Russia in the East*, in which he took the position that Herat, as the key of India, must always be kept safe from Russian occupation, holds a high place among books of its class. His London house was a museum of archæology, and to the end of his life Sir Henry was an enthusiastic student."

RUSSIA'S POSITION IN CENTRAL ASIA.

There is a difficulty, which it would be affectation to ignore, in seizing the leading features of Russia's policy in Central Asia, and tracing in broad lines, as we should in regard to other countries, the natural course of its future progress and development; and this difficulty arises not so much from her movements being shrouded in mystery, or from any uncertainty as to their scope and direction, as from the many conflicting influences which control her policy, and which, being for the most part arbitrary and abnormal, baffle any determinate calculation. On one side, His Majesty, the Emperor, who, being at the head of a despotic government, must be supposed to have the ultimate decision on all disputed points in his hands, has repeatedly declared that he considered "extension of territory to be extension of weakness," and that "he was directly opposed to any

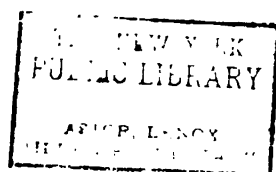


EDWARD II OF RUSSIA
From a portrait in the Vassilieff collection

CATHERINE II. OF RUSSIA.

From a portrait in the Versailles Gallery.





further conquests ; " and in corroboration of these sentiments we know that he proposed in 1869 to restore Samarcand to Bokhárá, that in 1863 he distinctly forbade the annexation of any portion of the Khívan territory, and that still more recently he suspended the preparations for an expedition against the Turcomans. But, on the other side, all good intentions have proved in practice to be mere temporary interruptions in one uniform career of extension and aggrandizement. And, in addition to the results of our own experience, which, as we are interested parties, might be supposed to incline rather to the side of suspicion, we have further been assured by sagacious foreign observers, free from all national prejudice, but who have watched the progress of events, and who have been more or less admitted behind the scenes, that the continued advance of Russia in Central Asia is as certain as the succession of day and night, whether it be from a natural law of increase, or from the preponderating weight of the military classes, thirsting for distinction, or from the deliberate action of a government which aims at augmented power in Europe through extension in Asia, or from all these causes combined, we are told on high authority that, in spite of professions of moderation, in spite of the Emperor's really pacific tendencies, in spite even of our remonstrances and possibly our threats, Russia will continue to push on toward India until arrested by a barrier which she can neither remove nor overstep. If this programme be correct, it means of course contact and collision, and such I believe, as far as my own means of observation extend, to be the inevitable result in due course of time. The only uncertain element in the calculation seems to me to be the interval that may elapse before the crisis, an interval to be employed by us in active, but well-considered, preparation.—*England and Russia in the East, London, 1875.*



RAY, JOHN, an English naturalist, born near Braintree, in Essex, in 1628; died January 17, 1705. He was educated at Braintree and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1651 he became Greek lecturer of his college; then mathematical lecturer; then, in 1655, humanity reader. His health was injured by his application to study; and being advised to walk and ride much in the country and thus having his attention directed to the native plants, his attachment to botany began to appear. In 1658 he made the tour of Wales; and two years later he published his *Catalogus Plantarum circa Cantabrigiam Nascentium*. He was ordained priest in 1660; but, though he preached much and earnestly, he never held a parochial charge. He now gave two years to the study of the botany of Great Britain, travelling throughout England, Scotland, and Wales. At the Restoration he became Bishop of Lincoln; and upon the passage of the Act of Uniformity he resigned his fellowship, but continued in lay conformity with the Church. In 1663 he went on a tour of three years through France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and as far as Sicily and Malta. In a subsequent home tour he made a collection of local words and adages, which were inserted in his *Collection of Proverbs*. He was elected a mem-

ber of the Royal Society in 1667; and the same year he translated from the Latin the *Real Character* of his friend Wilkins. He now travelled in the mountainous parts of Yorkshire and Westmoreland. He married in 1673; and in 1679 he settled near Braintree, where he died. His principal works, besides those already mentioned, are *Catalogus Plantarum Angliæ et Insularum adjacentium* (1677); *Historia Plantarum Generalis* (1686); *Methodus Plantarum Nova* (1682); *Stirpium Europæarum extra Britannias crescentium Sylloge* (1694); *Observations Made in a Journey Through Part of the Low Countries*; *Collection of English Words*. He also edited several zoölogical works, some of which he also translated into English; and he issued a number of works of his own on the same subject. The most important character of these last is the precise and clear method of classification which he adopted. The primary divisions of his system were founded on the structure of the heart and organs of respiration. Buffon, Linnæus, and many other naturalists have borrowed largely from Ray; and the French have transferred him bodily into their encyclopædias. Besides his scientific writings, he has written on divinity and other subjects. His best known works are *A Collection of Proverbs* (1672); *The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of Creation* (1690); three physico-theological discourses on *Chaos*, *The Deluge*, and *The Dissolution of the World* (1692); *A Persuasion to a Holy Life* (1700). His *Select Remains* were published in 1760 by George Scott. In his dealings, there was no man more strictly just; in his conversa-

tion, no man more humble, courteous, and affable; toward God, no man more devout; toward the poor and distressed, no man more compassionate and charitable, according to his abilities.

ALL THINGS NOT MADE FOR MAN.

There are infinite other creatures without this earth, which no considerate man can think were made only for man. For it seems to me highly absurd and unreasonable to think that bodies of such vast magnitude as the fixed stars were only made to twinkle to us; nay, a multitude of them there are that do not so much as twinkle, being, either by reason of their distance or their smallness, altogether invisible to the naked eye, and only discoverable by a telescope; and it is likely, perfecter telescopes than we yet have may bring to light many more; and who knows how many lie out of the ken of the best telescope that can possibly be made? And I believe there are many species in nature, even in this sublunary world, which were never taken notice of by man, and consequently no use to him, which yet we are not to think were created in vain; but may be found out by, and of use to, those who shall live after us in future ages. But though in this sense it be not true that all things were made for man, yet thus far it is, that all the creatures in the world may be some way or other useful to us, at least to exercise our wits and understanding, in considering and contemplating of them, and so afford us subject of admiring and glorifying their and our Maker. Seeing, men, we do believe and assert that all things were in some sense made for us, we are thereby obliged to make use of them for those purposes for which they serve us, else we frustrate this end of their creation. Some reproach methinks it is to learned men that there should be so many animals still in the world whose outward shape is not yet taken notice of or described, much less their way of generation, food, manners, uses, observed.—*From The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of Creation.*

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

Let us consider the works of God and observe the operations of His hands : let us take notice of and admire his infinite wisdom and goodness in the formation of them. No creature in this sublunary world is capable of so doing besides man ; yet we are deficient herein : we content ourselves with the knowledge of the tongues, and a little skill in philology, or history perhaps, and antiquity, and neglect that which to me seems more material. I mean natural history and the works of the creation. I do not discommend or derogate from those other studies, I should betray mine own ignorance and weakness should I do so ; I only wish they might not altogether jostle out and exclude this. I wish that this might be brought in fashion among us ; I wish men would be so equal and civil, as not to disparage, deride, and vilify those studies which themselves skill not of, or are not conversant in. No knowledge can be more pleasant than this, none that doth so satisfy and feed the soul ; in comparison whereto that of words and phrases seems insipid and *jejeune*. That learning, saith a wise and observant prelate, which consists only in the form and pedagogy of arts, or the critical notion upon words and phrases, hath in it this intrinsical imperfection, that it is only so far to be esteemed as it conduceth to the knowledge of things, being in itself but a kind of pedantry, apt to infect a man with such odd humors of pride, and affectation, and curiosity as will render him unfit for any great employment. Words being but the images of matter, to be wholly given up to the study of these, what is it but Pygmalion's frenzy to fall in love with a picture or image. As for oratory, which is the best skill about words, that hath by some wise men been esteemed but a voluptuary art, like to cookery, which spoils wholesome meats, and helps unwholesome, by the variety of sauces, serving more to the pleasure of taste than the health of the body.—*From The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of Creation.*

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE.

As there are few controversies more important, so there are not many that have been more curiously and warmly disputed than the question, whether a public or private life is preferable. But, perhaps, this may be much the nature of the other question, whether a married life or single ought rather to be chosen—that being best determinable by the circumstances of particular cases. For though, indefinitely speaking, one of the two may have advantages above the other, yet they are not so great but that special circumstances may make either of them more eligible to particular persons. They that find themselves furnished with abilities to serve their generation in a public capacity, and virtue great enough to resist the temptation to which such a condition is usually exposed, may not only be allowed to embrace such an employment, but obliged to seek it. But he whose parts are too mean to qualify him to govern others, and perhaps to enable him to govern himself, or manage his own private concerns, or whose graces are so weak, that it is less to his virtues, or to his ability of resisting, than to his care of shunning the occasions of sin, that he owes his escaping the guilt of it, had better deny himself some opportunities of good than expose himself to probable temptations. For there is such a kind of difference betwixt virtue shaded by a private or shining forth in a public life, as there is betwixt a candle carried aloft in the open air, and enclosed in a lanthorn; in the former place, it gives more light, but in the latter, it is in less danger of being blown out.





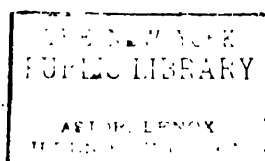
RAYMOND, HENRY JARVIS, journalist and politician, was born at Lima, N. Y., January 24, 1820; died in New York City, June 18, 1869. He was graduated at the University of Vermont. He began writing for the press by contributing to the *New Yorker*, edited by Horace Greeley, and when Mr. Greeley founded the *New York Tribune*, in 1841, he was made assistant editor of it. From 1843 to 1851 he was on the editorial staff of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*. In 1849 he was elected to the State Legislature, and was Speaker of the Assembly in 1851 and again in 1861. In 1851 he founded the *New York Times*, which he edited until his death. He was Lieutenant-Governor of New York from 1855 to 1857, and Republican member of Congress from 1865 to 1867. While in Congress he favored President Johnson's reconstruction policy. He was offered the Austrian mission in 1867 but declined it. Mr. Raymond helped to form the Republican party and strongly supported Frémont's candidacy in 1856. He published *Political Lessons of the Revolution* (1854); *Letters to Hon. W. L. Yancey* (1860); *A History of the Administration of President Lincoln* (1864), and *Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln ; with his State Papers* (1865).



READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN, an American artist and poet, born in Chester County, Pa., March 12, 1822; died in New York, May 11, 1872. At the age of fifteen he made his way to Cincinnati, where he learned the trade of a sign-painter; and not long afterward he became a portrait-painter in the West. In 1842 he took up his residence at Boston. In 1850, and again in 1853, he went to Italy in order to study art. He returned to the United States a short time before the outbreak of the Civil War, during which he composed several patriotic ballads, one of which, *Sheridan's Ride*, became very popular. One of his best paintings is his illustration of this poem. The poem was first recited by James Murdoch, a well-known light comedian, then playing in a Cincinnati theatre. The patriotic fervor of this poem immediately appealed to the loyal spirit of the North, and its author, as well as the hero, grew largely in public esteem. His first volume of poems appeared in 1847. It was followed the next year by a collection of *Lays and Ballads*. A complete collection of his *Poems* was published in 1867. He possessed considerable merit as a painter, and made some not unsuccessful attempts as a sculptor. During most of the late years of his life he resided chiefly at Rome.



THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.



DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote :

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks,
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius's misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles ;
And yonder—bluest of the isles—
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff ;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit flies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by—
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled ;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail ;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies ;
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oils and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid ;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips,
Sings as he skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows ;
This happier one,
Its course to run,
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh, happy ship,
To rise and dip
With the blue crystal at your tip !
Oh, happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar !
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air ;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low ;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture held his flight ;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint ;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung ;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year ;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom ;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers ;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night ;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with its inverted torch ;

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow—he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust .

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SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

"And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight, . . . "

And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Regave the swords—but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene—
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;

And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need ;
He stretched away with utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs thundering south
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But, lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then retreating troops ;
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him
both.

Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of defeat checked its course there be-
cause

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was
gray ;

He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright :
 " Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
 From Winchester—twenty miles away."





READE, CHARLES, an English novelist and dramatist, born at Ipsden House, Oxfordshire, June 8, 1814; died in London, April 11, 1884. He took his degree at Oxford in 1840; became a Fellow of his college in 1842, and in 1843 was called to the bar, as a member of Lincoln Inn. Between 1850 and 1854 he produced several dramatic pieces. His first novel, *Peg Woffington*, appeared in 1853. His first play, *Gold*, appeared in 1850; and he subsequently wrote *Masks and Faces*, with Tom Taylor; *Christie Johnstone* (1853); *Clouds and Sunshine* and *Art* (1855); *It's Never Too Late to Mend* and *White Lies* (1856); *The Course of True Love* (1857); *Drink* (from Zola's *L'Assommoir*); *Love Me Little, Love Me Long* (1859); *The Cloister and the Hearth* (1861); *Hard Cash* (1862); *Griffith Gaunt* (1867); *Foul Play* (1868); *Put Yourself in His Place* (1870); *A Terrible Temptation* (1871); *The Wandering Heir* (1872); *A Simpleton* (1873); *A Woman Hater* (1878); *The Scuttled Ship* (with Dion Boucicault, from *Foul Play*) (1879); *A Perilous Secret* and *The Jilt and Other Tales* (1884);

TWO SCOTTISH FISHWOMEN.

"Saunders," said Lord Ibsden, "do you know what Dr. Aberford means by the lower classes?"

"Perfectly, my lord."

"Are there any about here?"

"I am sorry to say that they are everywhere, my lord."

"Get me some."

Out went Saunders, with his usual graceful *empressement*, but with an internal shrug of the shoulders. He was absent an hour and a half; he then returned with a double expression on his face—pride at his success in diving to the very bottom of society, and contempt for what he had fished up thence. He approached his lord mysteriously, and said, *sotto voce*, but impressively, "This is low enough, my lord." Then he glided back, and ushered in, with polite disdain, two lovelier women than he had ever opened a door to in the whole course of his perfumed existence.

On their heads they wore caps of Dutch or Flemish origin, with a broad lace border, stiffened and arched over the forehead, about three inches high, leaving the brow and cheeks uncovered. They had cotton jackets on, bright red and yellow, mixed in the patterns, confined at the waist by the apron-strings but bob-tailed at the waist; short woollen petticoats with broad vertical stripes, red and white, most vivid in color; white worsted stockings, and neat though high-quartered shoes. Under their jackets they wore a thick, spotted cotton handkerchief, about one inch of which was visible round the lower part of the throat. Of their petticoats the outer one was kilted, or gathered up toward the front, and the second, of the same color, hung in the usual way.

Of these young women, one had an olive complexion, with the red blood mantling under it, and black hair and gloriously black eyebrows. The other was fair, with a massive but shapely throat, as white as milk; glossy brown hair, the loose threads of which glittered like gold; and a blue eye which, being contrasted with dark eyebrows and eyelashes, took the luminous effect peculiar to that rare beauty. Their short petticoats revealed a neat ankle and a leg with a noble swell; for nature, when she is in earnest, builds beauty on the lines of the ancient sculptors and poets, not of modern poetasters, who, with their airy-like sylphs and their smoke-like verses, fight for want of flesh in women and want of fact in poetry as parallel beauties. These women had a grand corporeal trait; they had never

known a corset! So they were straight as javelins; they could lift their hands above their heads—actually! Their supple persons moved as nature intended; every gesture was ease, grace, and freedom. What with their own radiance, and the snowy brightness and cleanliness of their costume, they came like meteors into the apartment.

Lord Ibsden, rising gently from his seat, with the same quiet politeness with which he would have received two princes of the blood, said, "How do you do?" and smiled a welcome.

"Fine; hoow's yoursel?" answered the dark lass, whose name was Jean Carnie, and whose voice was not so sweet as her face. "What'n lord are ye?" continued she. "Are ye a juke? I wad like fine to hae a crack wi' a juke."

Saunders, who knew himself the cause of the question, replied, *sotto voce*, "His lordship is a viscount."

"I dinna ken't," was Jean's remark; "but it has a bonny soond."

"What mair would ye hae?" said the fair beauty, whose name was Christie Johnstone. Then appealing to his lordship as the likeliest to know, she added: "Nobeelity is just a soond itsel, I'm tauld."

The viscount, finding himself expected to say something on a topic he had not much attended to, answered dryly: "We must ask the republicans; they are the people that give their minds to such subjects."

"And yon man," asked Jean Carnie, "is he a lord, too?"

"I am his lordship's servant," replied Saunders gravely, not without a secret misgiving whether fate had been just.

"Na, na!" replied she, not to be imposed upon. "Ye are statelier and prooder than this one!"

"I will explain," said his master. "Saunders knows his value; a servant like Saunders is rarer than an idle viscount."—*Christie Johnstone.*

A BIT OF PRISON LIFE.

The next day it was little Josephs's turn to suffer. The governor put him on a favorite crank of his, and

gave him eight thousand turns to do in four hours and a half. He knew the boy could not do it, and this was only a formula he went through previous to pillorying the lad. Josephs had been in the pillory about an hour, when it so happened that the Reverend John Jones, the chaplain of the jail, came into the yard. Seeing a group of warders at the mouth of a labor-cell, he walked up to them and there was Josephs in *peine forte et dure*.

"What's this lad's offence?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"Refractory at the crank," was the reply.

"Why, Josephs," said the reverend gentleman, "you told me you would always do your best."

"So I do, your reverence," gasped Josephs; "but this crank's too heavy for a lad like me, and that is why I am put on it, to get punished."

"Hold your tongue!" said Hodges, roughly.

"Why is he to hold his tongue, Mr. Hodges?" said the chaplain, quietly. "How is he to answer my questions if he holds his tongue? You forget yourself."

"Ugh! beg your pardon, sir; but this one has always got some excuse or other."

"What's the matter?" roared a rough voice behind the speakers. This was Hawes, who had approached them unobserved.

"He is gammoning his reverence, sir—that is all."

"What has he been saying?"

"That the crank is too heavy for him, sir; and the waistcoat is strapped too tight, it seems."

"Who says so?"

"I think so, Mr. Hawes," said Mr. Jones.

"Will you take a bit of advice, sir? If you wish a prisoner well, don't you come between him and me. It will always be the worse for him; for I am master here, and master I will be."

"Mr. Hawes," replied the chaplain, "I have never done or said anything in the prison to lessen your authority; but privately I must remonstrate with you against the uncommon severities practised upon prisoners in this jail. If you will listen to me, I shall be obliged to you; if not, I am afraid I must, as a matter of conscience, call the attention of the Visiting Justices to the question."

"Well, Parson, the Justices will be in the jail to-day ; you tell them your story, and I will tell them mine," said Hawes, with a cool air of defiance.

Sure enough, at five o'clock in the afternoon two of the Visiting Justices arrived, accompanied by Mr. Wright, a young magistrate. They were met at the door by Hawes, who wore a look of delight at their appearance. They went round the prison with him, whilst he detained them in the centre of the building until he had sent Hodges secretly to undo Josephs, and set him on the crank ; and here the party found him at work.

"You have been a long time on the crank, my lad," said Hawes ; "you may go to your cell."

Josephs touched his cap to the governor and the gentlemen, and went off.

"That's a nice, quiet-looking boy," said one of the Justices. "What is he in for?"

"He is in this time for stealing a piece of beef out of a butcher's shop."

"This time ! What, is he a hardened offender ? He does not look it."

"He has been three times in prison ; once for throwing stones, once for orchard-robbery, and this time for the beef."

"What a young villain ! At his age——"

"Don't say that, Williams," said Mr. Wright, dryly ; "you and I were just as great villains at his age. Didn't we throw stones ? Rather !"

Hawes laughed in an adulatory manner ; but observing that Mr. Williams, who was a grave, pompous personage, did not smile at all, he added—"But not to do mischief like this one, I'll be bound."

"No," said Mr. Williams, with ruffled dignity.

"No !" cried the other ; "where's your memory ? Why, we threw stones at everything and everybody ; and I suppose we did not always miss, eh ! I remember your throwing a stone through the window of a place of worship. I say, was it a Wesleyan shop or a Baptist ? for I forget. Never mind ; you had a fit of orthodoxy. What was the young villain's second offence ?"

"Robbing an orchard, sir."

"The scoundrel ! Robbing an orchard ! Oh, what

sweet reminiscences those words recall ! I say, Williams, do you remember us two robbing Farmer Harris's orchard ?”

“I remember your robbing it, and my character suffering for it.”

“I don't remember that ; but I remember my climbing the pear-tree, and flinging the pears down, and finding them all grabbed up on my descent. What is the young villain's third offence ? Oh, snapping a bit of beef off a counter. Ah ! we never did that—because we could always get it without stealing it.”

With that, Mr. Wright strolled away from the others, having had what the jocose wretch used to call “a slap at humbug.” His absence was a relief to the others. They did not come there to utter sense in jest, but to jest in sober earnest. Mr. Williams hinted as much ; and Hawes, whose cue it was to assent in everything to the Justices, brightened his face at the remark.

“Will you visit the cells, gentlemen ?” said he, with an accent of cordial invitation, “or inspect the book first ?”

They gave precedence to the first. By “the book” was meant the log-book of the jail. In it the governor was required to report for the Justices and the Home Office all jail events a little out of the usual routine. For instance, all punishments of prisoners, all considerable sickness and deaths, and their supposed causes, etc., etc.

“This Josephs seems to be an ill-conditioned fellow ; he is often down for punishment.”

“Yes, he hates work. About Gillies, sir”—ringing his bell, and pretending it was by accident.

“Yes ! How old is he ?”

“Thirteen.”

“Is this his first offence ?”

“Not by a good many. I think, gentlemen, if you were to order him a flogging, it would be better for him in the end.”

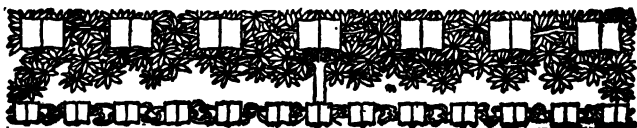
“Well, give him twenty lashes ; eh, Palmer ?”

Mr. Palmer assented by nod.

The Justices then went around the cells, accompanied by Hawes. They asked several prisoners if they were

well and contented. The men answered to please Hawes, whose eye was fixed on them, and in whose power they felt they were. All expressed their content ; some in tones so languid and empty of heart, that none but Justice Shallow could have helped seeing through the humbug. Others did their business better, and not a few overdid it. They thanked heaven that they had been pulled up short in an evil career that must have ended in their ruin, body and soul. The jail-birds who piped this tune were without exception the desperate cases at this moral hospital—old offenders—hardened criminals who meant to rob and kill and deceive to their dying day. While in prison, their game was to make themselves as comfortable as they could. Hawes could make them uncomfortable. Under these circumstances, to lie came on the instant as natural to them as to rob would have come had some power transported them instantly outside the prison doors, with these words of penitence on their lips.—*It's Never Too Late to Mend.*





REID, MAYNE, a British novelist, born in the North of Ireland in 1818; died in London, October 22, 1883. He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and was educated with a view to the ministry; but, having determined upon a more active and adventurous life, he sailed for America at the age of twenty. Landing at New Orleans, he made his way to Mexico, went upon trading excursions up the Red River, then ascended the Missouri, and at one time or another visited almost every part of North America, finally taking up his residence at Philadelphia, where he engaged in literary pursuits. When the war with Mexico broke out, he entered the United States service, was severely wounded at Chapultepec, and received the brevet rank of captain. In 1849 he sailed for Europe, with the purpose of joining the Hungarians in their struggle with Austria; but on reaching Paris he found that the war was over, and he went to London, where he entered upon a successful career as writer of "Boy Novels." His numerous stories are replete with adventure; but a leading purpose is to describe the regions where the scene is laid—their physical features, inhabitants, and natural history. Among his tales are *The Rifle Ranger* (1849); *Scalp Hunters* (1850); *Boy Hunters* (1853); *Young Voyagers* (1854); *Bush-Boys* (1856); *Osceola* (1858);

Ran Away to Sea (1861); *The Maroon* (1862); *The Cliff-Climbers* (1864); *The Castaways* (1870); *The Flag of Distress* (1876).

FRIGHTENED BY A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

A dark mass—in form like a quadruped, but one of gigantic size—could be seen going off in the direction of the lake. It moved in majestic silence; but it could have been no shadow; for, in crossing the stream, near the point where it debouched into the lake, the plashing of its feet could be heard as it waded through the water, and eddies could be seen upon the calm surface. A simple shadow would not have made such a commotion as that.

"Sahib," said Ossaroo, in a tone of mysterious gravity, "he be one of two ting. He eider be de god Brahma or——"

"Or what?" demanded Caspar.

"An ole rogue."

"An old rogue?" said Caspar, repeating the words of the shikaree. "What do you mean by that, Ossy?"

"What you Feringhee, Sahib, call rogue elephant."

"Oh, an elephant?" echoed Karl and Caspar, both considerably relieved at this natural explanation of what had appeared so like a supernatural apparition.

"Certainly the thing looked like one," continued Caspar.

"But how could an elephant enter this valley?"

Ossaroo could not answer this question. He was himself equally puzzled by the appearance of the huge quadruped, and still rather inclined to the belief that it was one of his trinity of Brahmanese gods that had for the nonce assumed the elephantine form. For that reason he made no attempt to explain the presence of such an animal in the valley.

"It is possible for one to have come up hither from the lower country," remarked Karl, reflectively.

"But how could he get into the valley?" again inquired Caspar.

"In the same way we got in ourselves," was Karl's reply; "up the glacier, and through the gorge."

"But the crevasse that hinders us from getting out? You forget that, brother. An elephant could no more cross it than he could fly; surely not."

"Surely not," rejoined Karl. "I did not say that he could have crossed the crevasse."

"Oh, you mean that he may have come up here before we did."

"Exactly so. If it be an elephant we have seen—and what else can it be?" pursued Karl, no longer yielding to a belief in the supernatural character of their nocturnal visitant; "it must, of course, have got into the valley before us. The wonder is our having seen no signs of such an animal before. You, Caspar, have been about more than any of us. Did you never, in your rambles, observe anything like an elephant's track?"

"Never. It never occurred to me to look for such a thing. Who would have thought of a great elephant having climbed up here? One would fancy such an unwieldy creature quite incapable of ascending a mountain."

"Ah! there you would have been in error; for, singular as it may appear, the elephant is a wonderful climber, and can make his way almost anywhere that a man can go. It is a fact that in the island of Ceylon the wild elephants are often found upon the top of Adam's Peak, to scale which is trying to the nerves of the stoutest travellers. It would not be surprising to find one here. Rather, I may say, it *is* not; for now I feel certain that what we have just seen is an elephant, since it can be nothing else. He may have entered the valley before us, by straying up the glacier as we did, and crossing the chasm by the rock-bridge—which I know he could have done as well as we. Or else," continued Karl, in his endeavor to account for the presence of the huge creature, "he may have come here long ago, even before there was any crevasse. What is there impossible in his having been here many years—perhaps all his life? And that may be a hundred years or more."

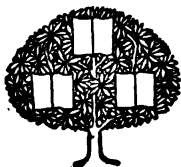
"I thought," said Caspar, "that elephants were only found on the plains, where the vegetation is tropical and luxuriant."

"That is another popular error," replied Karl. "So far from affecting tropical plains, the elephant prefers to dwell high up on the mountain ; and whenever he has the opportunity, he climbs thither. He likes a moderately cool atmosphere, where he may be less persecuted by flies and other troublesome insects ; since, notwithstanding his great strength, and the thickness of his hide, so small an animal as a fly can give him the greatest annoyance. Like the tiger, he is by no means an exclusively tropical animal ; but can live, and thrive, too, in a cool, elevated region, and in a high latitude of the temperate zone."

Karl again expressed surprise that none of them had before that time observed any traces of this gigantic quadruped that must have been their neighbor ever since the commencement of their involuntary residence in the valley. Of course the surprise was fully shared by Caspar. Ossaroo participated in it, but only to a very slight degree. The shikaree was still inclined toward indulging in his superstitious belief that the creature they had seen was not of the earth, but some apparition of Brahma or Vishnu.

Without attempting to combat this absurd fancy, his companions continued to search for an explanation of the strange circumstances of their not having sooner encountered the elephant. . . .

All three remained awake for more than an hour ; but as the object of their speculations appeared to have gone altogether away, they gradually came to the conclusion that he was not going to return, at least for that night ; and their confidence being thus restored, they once more betook themselves to sleep, resolved in the future to keep a sharp lookout for the dangerous neighbor that had so unexpectedly presented himself to their view.—*The Cliff-Climbers.*





RENAN, JOSEPH ERNEST, a French philologist and historian, born at Tréguier, in the Department of Côte-de-Nord, January 27, 1823; died in Paris, October 2, 1892. He entered the Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, but devoted himself to Oriental philology and philosophy, rather than to theology. In 1848 he gained the Volney prize for an essay on the Semitic languages; in 1849 he put forth an essay on the Greek language during the Middle Ages which was "crowned" by the Institute, and he was sent to Italy by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, to make certain archæological investigations. In 1852 he was put in charge of the department of manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale. In 1860 he was sent by the Government upon a literary mission to Syria. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Hebrew in the Collège de France, but his inaugural address so deeply offended the religious feeling of the clergy that it was not considered advisable that he should hold this professorship. In 1863 he published his *Life of Jesus*, the best known of all his works, and also embodied in his *History of the Origins of Christianity*, which, ultimately extending to seven volumes, was not completed until 1882. M. Renan's works cover a great variety of subjects, and have occasioned much hostile criticism on account of their

alleged anti-Christian character. Notwithstanding the theological opposition to him, he was in 1881 chosen Director of the French Academy, and in 1883 was made Vice-Rector of the Collège de France. In 1883 he published his *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*, in which he sets forth the reasons which led him to separate himself from the Catholic Church, although claiming still to be "a moral disciple of Jesus." M. Renan's latest works are *L'Histoire du Peuple d'Israel* (1887); *L'Avenir de la Science* (1890); *Feuilles Détachées* (1892), and *Recollections and Letters* (1892).

He was the acknowledged leader of the school of critical philosophy in France.

THE TRUE KINGDOM OF GOD.

By an exceptional destiny pure Christianity still presents itself, at the end of eighteen centuries, with the character of a universal and eternal religion. It is because the religion of Jesus is, in fact, in some respects, the final religion; the fruit of a perfectly spontaneous movement of souls. Free at its birth from every dogmatic restraint, having struggled three hundred years for liberty of conscience, Christianity, in spite of the falls which followed, still gathers the fruits of this surpassing origin. To renew itself it has only to turn to the Gospel. The kingdom of God, as we conceive it, is widely different from the supernatural apparition which the first Christians expected to see burst forth in the clouds. But the sentiment which Jesus introduced into the world is really ours. His perfect idealism is the highest rule of unworldly and virtuous life. He has created that heaven of free souls in which is found what we ask in vain on earth—the perfect nobility of the children of God, absolute purity, total abstraction from the contamination of the world; that freedom, in short, which material society shuts out as an impossibility,

and which finds all its amplitude only in the domain of thought. The great Master of those who take refuge in this kingdom of God is Jesus still. He first proclaimed the kingliness of the Spirit; he first said, at least by his acts, "My kingdom is not of this world." After him there is nothing more but to develop and fructify.

CHRISTIANITY AND RELIGION.

"Christianity" has thus become almost synonymous with "Religion." All that may be done outside of this great and good Christian tradition will be sterile. Jesus founded religion on Humanity, as Socrates founded philosophy, as Aristotle founded science. There had been philosophers before Socrates, and science before Aristotle. Since Socrates and Aristotle philosophy and science have made immense progress; but all has been built upon the foundations which they laid. And so before Jesus religion had passed through many revolutions; since Jesus it has made many conquests; nevertheless it has not departed—it will not depart—from the essential condition which Jesus created. He has fixed for eternity the idea of true worship. The religion of Jesus, in this sense, is not limited. Jesus founded the absolute religion, excluding nothing, determining nothing save its own essence. His symbols are not fixed dogmas, but images susceptible of indefinite interpretations. We should seek vainly in the Gospels for a theological proposition. Were Jesus to return among us, he would acknowledge as his disciples not those who claim to include him entirely in a few pages of the Catechism, but those who love to continue him. The eternal glory, in every order of grand achievement, is to have laid the first stone. Whatever may be the transformation of dogmas, Jesus will remain in religion the creator of its pure sentiment. The Sermon on the Mount will never be surpassed. No revolution will lead us not to join in religion the grand intellectual and moral line at the head of which beams the name of Jesus. In this sense we are Christians, even though we separate upon almost all points from the Christian tradition which has preceded us.—*The Life of Jesus.*



REUTER, FRITZ, a German poet, born at Stavenhagen, November 7, 1810; died at Eisenach, July 12, 1874. He is known to the world only as Fritz; his full baptismal name was Heinrich Ludwig Christian Friedrich. His father was burgomaster in Mecklenburg-Schwerin during the French occupation. After attending the school in Parchim, he went to Rostock University in 1831, and to Jena in 1832, where he became a member of the Germania, the most advanced of the Burschenschaften. The next year, owing to Metternich's proclamations against these societies, he was summoned home, but during a visit to Berlin in October, 1833, he was arrested and imprisoned at Silberberg. He was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment, but upon the accession of Frederick William IV., in 1840, he was released after seven years' confinement in Magdeburg, Berlin. Upon his return home he supported himself for some years by farming and by teaching gymnastics. In 1850 he went to Trepow and there published, three years later, his first volume of humorous poems in Low German, entitled *Latüschchen un Rimels*. In 1856 he moved to New Brandenburg, and published some comedies and a second book of poems. "The success of his Platt-Deutsche rhymes," says Professor Sanders, "was extraordinary." In 1859 he published

the first part of the *Olle Kamellen*, a series of prose tales including his greatest works, namely: *Wo aus ik tan ne Fru kamm* (*How I Got a Wife*); *Ut de Franzosentid* (1859), translated with the title *The Year Thirteen*; *Ut mine Festungstid* (*My Prison Life*) (1862); *Ut mine Stromtid* (1862-64), translated in 1878 as *An Old Story of My Farming Days*; and *Dörchlüchting* (*His Highness*) 1865. Of his other works we mention *Hanne Nüte*, a poem, which appeared in 1860, and *Schurr Murr*, published in 1861. In 1863 he settled at Eisenach, his last home. Professor Nevinson, of London, thinks that Reuter was "undoubtedly one of the greatest humorists of the present century."

UNCLE HUSE'S PLANS.

"Now, I ask you, Miller Voss," said my Uncle Huse, as he and the miller, with Witte, the baker, were being carried off prisoners by the French, "when you see this mill, Miller Voss, what idea comes into your head?"

"Herr Rathsberr," said the miller, as he got up and stood a little distance off, "I hope you don't mean to treat me in that manner?"

"I only ask you, Miller Voss, what idea comes into your head?"

"Well," said the miller, "what idea ought to come? I think it's a rusty old thing, and that, in spring it ought to have new sails; and that, if the stones are no better than these down here, the Stemhagen folks must get a lot of sand along with their flour."

"And you are right there, neighbor," said the baker.

"And he's wrong there!" cried my Uncle Huse. "If he had answered properly, he would have said that it must be set fire to. And it will be set fire to; all the mills in the whole country must be set fire to." And he stood up and walked with long strides about the millstones.

"Lord save us!" said Miller Voss. "Who is to do this wickedness?"

"I," said my Uncle Huse; and he slapped himself on the breast. "When the Landsturm rises we must set fire to all the mills as a signal—that's called a beacon."

"Herr Rathsherr," said Miller Voss, "it's all the same to me whether it's a beacon or a deacon, but whoever sets fire to my water-mill had better look out."

"Water-mill? Wind-mills I mean; who ever said anything about water-mills? Water-mills lie in the ground and don't burn. And now I ask you, has the Burmeister as much knowledge and courage to act in time of war as I have?"

"He's never said he would set mills on fire," said the baker, and looked at the Herr Rathsherr rather doubtfully, as if he did not quite know whether he was in fun or earnest.

"My dear Witte, you look at me like a cow at a new gate. You knead your dough with your hands in the baking-trough; I knead mine in my head, by thought. If I were where I ought to be, I should be in the presence of the King of Prussia, talking with the man. 'Your Majesty,' I should say, 'you are rather in difficulties, I think.' 'That I am, Herr Rathsherr,' he would say, 'money is scarce just now.' 'Nothing else,' I would say; 'that's a mere trifle' (and he proceeded to explain how he would get the money by means of a forced loan from the Jews, and, with twenty or thirty regiments, he would fall on the enemy's rear and defeat him). You must always fall on the enemy's rear, that is the chief thing; everything else is rubbish. A tremendous battle! Fifteen thousand prisoners! He sends me a trumpeter. 'A truce.' 'No good,' says I, 'we have not come here to play.' 'Peace,' he sends me word. 'Good,' says I, 'Rheinland and Westphalia, the whole of Alsatia and three-fourths of Lothringen.' 'I can't,' says he, 'my brother must live.' 'Forward then, again!' I march to the right and quiet Belgium and Holland; all at once I wheel to the left. 'First regiment of grenadiers, charge!' I command; the battery is taken. 'Second regiment of hussars to the front!' He ventures too far forward with his staff. Swoop, the hussars

come down upon him. 'Here is my sword,' says he. 'Good,' says I, 'now come along with me. And you, my boys, can now go home again; the war is at an end.' I now lead him in chains to the foot of the throne. 'Your Majesty of Prussia, here he is.' 'Herr Rathsherr,' says the king, 'ask some favor.' 'Your Majesty,' says I, 'I have no children, but, if you wish to do something for me, give my wife a little pension when I leave this life. Otherwise I wish for nothing but to retire to my former position of Stemhagen Rathsherr.' 'As you like,' says the king, 'but remember, that whenever you may happen to come to Berlin, a place will be kept for you at my table.' I make my bow, say 'good day,' and am back again to Stemhagen."—*From Ut der Franzsosentid*; translated by CHARLES LEWES.





REXFORD, EBEN EUGENE, an American poet, born at Johnsburg, N. Y., July 16, 1848. He received his education at Lawrence University, Wis., and at an early age began to write poems and stories for magazines. He has written several popular songs, including *Silver Threads Among the Gold* and *Only a Pansy Blossom*, and has published in book-form a poem entitled *Brother and Lover* (1887); *Grandmother's Garden* (1887), and *John Fielding and His Enemy* (1888). Since 1885 he has devoted himself to horticulture, and has conducted departments on this subject for magazines.

A MOTHER'S PASSING.

I never shall forget the summer day
When mother died. If I but close my eyes
It all comes back to me, as, after dreams,
Remembrance of them haunts our waking hours.
I hear the low, soft twitter of the birds
Whose nest was hidden in the cherry-tree
Beside the window, as they talked about
Their little brood. I hear the summer wind
Among the flowers in the garden-beds—
Sweet-smelling pinks, old-fashioned marigolds,
And lilies, each a cup at early morn,
Brimmed with cool dew for sunshine-elves to drink,
And after that a cradle for the bee,
Rocked by the wind. And I can hear the song
Of mowers in the valley, and the ring
Of sharpening scythes, and see the fragrant grass
Tremble and fall in long and billowy swaths,

As if green waves from some advancing tide
Broke at the mowers' feet ; and I can see
The meadows over which swift shadows pass,
As the clouds go by between it and the sky,
And fancy it a sea whene'er the wind
Blows over it, and crinkling billows run
From isles of shade to golden shores of sun :
And one white mullein seems the filling sail
Of a fair shallop on this summer sea,
Freighted with fancies from some far Cathay,
Where dreams are gathered as we gather flowers
In idle mood, scarce knowing what we do.

It all comes back to me like yesterday—
That summer hour, across whose sunshine fell
The lonesome shadow of an unmade grave.

In those long days, when sense of coming loss
Hung like a cloud between me and the world,
And seemed to shut me in, a prisoner there,
Away from those who had no care to vex—
No grief to bear—I used to sit and think
Of what must be.—I saw dear mother's face
Grow thinner, paler, like a sail that fades
In the gray distance, and I knew full well
That she was drifting out upon the tide
That sets toward the Infinite Sea, and soon
Where her dear face made sunshine in the room
The shadow of dread Azrael's wing would fall.
Where was the Heaven she was going to ?
So far away that she could no more see
The children she had loved and left behind ?
When trouble came to us, could her warm heart—
No less a mother's heart in Heaven than it had been
A mother's heart on earth—know of it all,
And understand our sorrows as of old ?
What Heaven was I hardly understood,
For childhood's thoughts are vague ones at the best
About the mysteries of life and death ;
But I was sure that Heaven would not be
The Heaven of my fancy if it shut
Our mother and her love away from us. . . .

Years have gone by since then, but to this day
I always think of mother and of Rob
As on the hill's far side. When I have climbed
The pathway to the summit, I shall see
The dear ones I have loved and missed so much,
For just beyond the hill-top it is Heaven.

It was at sunset when she went away.
The robin sang, high in the cherry-tree,
A little vesper song; sang soft and low,
As if he feared the silver sound might break
The spell of peace that rested on the world.
We heard the drowsy tinkling of the bells
Of cattle coming homeward down the hill,
And pleasant sights and sounds were everywhere
About us and above us. All at once
She called us, and we went to her. She put
The mother-arms about us, folding close
Her children to the mother-heart once more,
And kissed us many times, while whispering o'er
The tender names her love had given us—
The dear, pet names that never sound so sweet
As when a mother speaks them to the child
Upon her breast—between each one a kiss. . . .

A little silence fell,
While I cried softly on her breast, and Rob
Was still, awed by the mystery in the air,—
His eyes full of vague wonderment as he
Looked up in mother's face. The sunset lit
The room with sudden splendor, and I thought—
Strange how such thoughts will come at such a time—
Of something in the Bible I had heard
My mother read: the Revelator's tale
Of what he saw in visions, when the gates
Of Heaven were opened. And I wondered then
If the great gates had not been swung apart,
And sunset's sudden glory was a glimpse
Of what the poet prophet saw. The hills
Were crested all with fire, and every tree
Seemed to have changed its leaves of green for gold.
The branches of the cherry at the pane

Kept tap, tap, tapping, as if unseen hands
Were there, and I remember wondering
If messengers from God's white city stood
Outside the window, waiting to come in.
The glory of the sunset died away,
And shades of twilight filled the silent room.
I thought that mother slept, but suddenly
She stirred and spoke my name. I put my face
Close to her own, for answer, in the dusk.
"And Robbie, is he here?"—I laid his head
Upon her breast. She kissed him many times.
"Be good to him, my little Ruth," she said,
"Be good to him,—be mother's own good girl.
God bless you both and have you in His care
Forever—ever—"

Then her voice was still,
And I was sure that mother slept again.

Mysterious sleep—from which none ever wake
To tell us what they dream of, if they dream.

The robin by his nest sang all at once
A little strain that trembled through the dusk
In sounds that were like ripples on a pool—
Fainter and fainter as the circles grow ;
Until they touch the shores. So softly died
The ripple of the robin's song away
Upon the shore of silence.

Who shall say
He did not hear some echo of the song
The angels sang when mother went away,
And sang because the music was so sweet
That he could not be silent? Ah, who knows?





RHODES, WILLIAM BARNES, an English dramatist, born at Leeds, December 25, 1772; died in London, November 21, 1826. He was the son of Richard Rhodes of Leeds. In early life he was a writer in an attorney's office, but about 1799 he obtained the post of clerk in the Bank of England. His ability and assiduity led to his promotion in 1823 to the office of a chief teller, which he held till his death. Rhodes is chiefly known as the author of a long-popular burlesque, *Bombastes Furioso*, which was produced, anonymously, at the Haymarket Theatre in 1810, when Mathews took the part of Utopia, and Liston that of Bombastes. It was first printed in Dublin in 1813, but was not published with the author's name until 1822. Since then numerous editions have been issued. Rhodes was a noted collector of dramatic literature. Among his writings, besides the work mentioned above, were a translation of *The Satires of Juvenal* (1801), and a volume of *Epigrams* (1803).

The farce *Bombastes Furioso* is a burlesque of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. It takes its name from the principal character, a victorious general, who returns from the wars with his army, which consists of four badly assorted warriors. He discovers his king, Artaxominous, visiting Distaffina, his betrothed, and resolves to go mad, which he does. His howling, despairing, bombastic rant

has caused his name to become proverbial. He fights and kills his king for a pair of jack-boots which he had hung up as a challenge, and is in turn killed by Fusbos, the minister of state.

SONGS FROM BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

Bombastes's Song.

"Hope Told a Flattering Tale."

Hope told a flattering tale,
 Much longer than my arm,
 That love and pots of ale
 In peace would keep me warm :
 The flatt'rer is not gone,
 She visits number one :
 In love I'm monstrous deep.
 Love ! odsbobs, destroys my sleep.
 Hope told a flattering tale,
 Lest love should soon grow cool ;
 A tub thrown to a whale,
 To make a fish a fool :
 Should Distaffina frown,
 Then love's gone out of town ;
 And when love's dream is o'er,
 Then we wake and dream no more.

DISTAFFINA'S SONG.

"Paddy's Wedding."

Queen Dido at
 Her palace gate
 Sat darning of her stocking O ;
 She sung and drew
 The worsted through,
 Whilst her foot was the cradle rocking O ;
 (For a babe she had
 By a soldier lad,
 Though hist'ry passes it over O) ;
 "You tell-tale brat
 I've been a flat,
 Your daddy has proved a rover O.

What a fool was I
 To be cozen'd by
A fellow without a penny O ;
 When rich ones came
 And ask'd the same,
For I'd offers from ever so many O ;
 But I'll darn my hose,
 Look out for beaux,
And quickly get a new lover O ;
 Then come, lads, come,
 Love beats the drum,
And a fig for Æneas the rover O."

FUSBOS'S SONG.

"My Lodging is on the Cold Ground."
My lodging is in Leather Lane,
 A parlor that's next to the sky ;
 'Tis exposed to the wind and the rain,
 But the wind and the rain I defy ;
 Such love warms the coldest of spots,
 As I feel for Scrubinda the fair ;
 Oh, she lives by the scouring of pots
 In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square.

 Oh, were I a quart, pint, or gill,
 To be scrubbed by her delicate hands,
 Let others possess what they will
 Of learning, and houses, and lands ;
 My parlor that's next to the sky
 I'd quit her blest mansion to share ;
 So happy to live and to die
 In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square.

 And oh, would this damsel be mine,
 No other provision I'd seek ;
 On a look I could breakfast and dine,
 And feast on a smile for a week.
 But ah ! should she false-hearted prove,
 Suspended I'll dangle in air ;
 A victim to delicate love,
 In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square.



RICHARDSON, ALBERT DEANE, an American journalist, born at Franklin, Mass., October 6, 1833; died in New York, December 2, 1869, having been shot by Daniel McFarland in the *Tribune* office. His schooling was limited to the usual attendance at the district school and one year in the Holliston Academy, where he began the study of the classics and the higher English branches. After leaving the academy he taught school for a while. When eighteen he went to Pittsburg, Pa., and engaged in newspaper work. He wrote a farce for Barney Williams and several times appeared upon the stage. "I shall never forget," he says, in speaking of his early attempts at literature, "how rich I felt when I had sold a play for \$10, and had the money in my pocket." Between 1852 and 1857 he was engaged in newspaper work in Cincinnati. In the latter year he went to Kansas and took an active part in the political struggles of the territory. In 1859, the gold excitement at Pike's Peak being at fever-heat, Mr. Richardson, having deposited his wife and children in safety at Franklin, Mass., set out on his first journey over the plains to the Rocky Mountains, Horace Greeley, among others, being in the company. His next expedition, made in the same year, was a wandering journey, mostly on horseback and muleback, through the western terri-

tories, visiting the Cherokee and Choctaw reservations, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, and writing for the Eastern papers letters descriptive of all that he saw or did. In 1860 he went again to Pike's Peak as special correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. In 1860-61 he undertook the perilous job of going through the Southwestern States as a secret correspondent of the *Tribune*, and in this capacity travelled for three or four months, writing letters, chiefly from New Orleans, and reporting whatever he could hear or see, and making his way back through Baltimore just before the first actual bloodshed of the war. For the next two years he followed the armies of the North as war correspondent of the *Tribune*. While attempting to pass the Vicksburg batteries, in May, 1863, he was captured, and was kept in close confinement for twenty months, in seven different prisons, Libby and Salisbury being the last. At length, in December, 1864, he made his escape from Salisbury, and four weeks after reached the Union lines at Knoxville, Tenn. During his captivity, his wife and one of his children had died.

After the close of the war, his time was spent mostly in authorship. His works were all very popular, partly no doubt from the nature of their subjects, but mainly from the adventurous spirit and the graphic power of the writer. They were *The Field*, *The Dungeon*, and *The Escape*, giving an account of his experiences as a war correspondent; *Beyond the Mississippi*, describing the old West as it was, and the new West as it is; and

The Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant. A volume has since been published called *Garnered Sheaves*, containing a selection from Mr. Richardson's miscellaneous writings, and a *Memoir*.

JOHN.

John presides over several large establishments filled with knicknacks from Japan and China, which visitors from the East purchase to take home as curiosities. Most of these articles illustrate his ingenuity and marvellous patience. There are tables and work-boxes, each composed of thousands of bits of highly polished, many-colored woods; glove-boxes of lacquered ware, resembling *papier maché*, which sell for two dollars and a half and three dollars, gold; handkerchiefs of grass-cloth, embroidered by hand with infinite pains; countless varieties of children's toys, including many curious and intricate puzzles; sleeve-buttons and breast-pins; card-racks of various materials; wooden and metallic counterfeits of insects and reptiles, so perfect that one-half fears to handle them lest they should bite his fingers; gay Chinese lanterns covered with painted paper as large as market-baskets; fire-crackers; torpedoes which explode with a report like that of a twelve-pounder; chopsticks; writing-desks; and a thousand other things to please the fancy. In waiting on American customers, Johnny shows himself the model merchant. He is an adept in the simple art of *not too much*. He proffers a Chinese cigar (execrable in flavor), and is grieved if his visitor does not take at least a few whiffs from it. If the purchases are liberal in amount, he makes a judicious discount in prices, and perhaps throws in some trifling gifts. He is attentive, but not over-pressing; cordial, but never impertinent; and he speeds the parting guest with a good-by so polite and friendly that it leaves a pleasant flavor in the memory.—*Garnered Sheaves*.



RICHARDSON, CHARLES FRANCIS, an American critic and educator, born at Hallowell, Me., in 1851. He was the youngest in all his classes at Hallowell Academy, Augusta High School, and Dartmouth College, from which last he was graduated in 1871. He read much in the Hallowell town library, of which his father, a physician, was librarian; also in the State Library, two miles distant. While teaching, after graduation, in South Marlboro', Mass., his contributions to the *New York Independent* paved the way to his position on that journal as literary editor. In 1877 he became associate editor of the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia; in 1880 editor of Alden's *Good Literature*, New York. Since 1882 he has been Professor of the Anglo-Saxon and English Languages and Literature in Dartmouth College. Besides numerous articles in periodicals, his writings include *A Primer of American Literature* (1876); a volume of religious poems, entitled *The Cross* (1879); *The Choice of Books* (1881), and two octavo volumes, *American Literature* (1887-88), the first treating of the development of American thought from 1607 down, and the other devoted especially to poetry and fiction. Mr. Richardson's work on American literature is marked by such painstaking accuracy, by so correct a critical taste, that it has become a standard authority upon the subject.

AMERICAN COLONIAL LITERATURE.

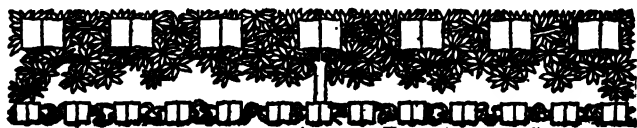
A German gentleman, an intelligent reader, for many years a resident of Boston, once expressed to me the opinion that Hawthorne is, perhaps, the greatest writer of this century, and that our historians are the equals of any who have written in Europe ; beyond this he was hardly ready to make many claims for our literature. I substantially agree with him in these expressions, though I would not stop with them. It is true, however, that American literature should stand firmly on its own ground, making no claims on the score of patriotism, or youth, or disadvantageous circumstances, or *bizarre* achievement, but gravely pointing to what has been done. It is better to offer to the world, self-respectingly and silently, Emerson, Longfellow, Motley, Bancroft, Irving, Ticknor, Poe, and Hawthorne, in their several works and ways. These stand for themselves ; their place is assured, and we have no need to assert their claims with vociferousness or exaggeration.

If honest, searching, and dispassionate criticism is needed in considering the work and rank of authors of the present century—who have chiefly given that literature its place in the world's estimation—it is no less needed in studying our writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. American literature in the colonial period, in its day of small things, was promising, indeed, but without great achievement. No small honor is to be paid, of course, to the pioneer in any department of work. It was, in a true sense, harder for Mrs. Bradstreet to be Mrs. Bradstreet than for Emerson to be Emerson. The Puritans of Massachusetts Bay were the direct precursors and the actual founders of most that is good in American letters. Those theological treatises and controversial sermons, those painstaking versions of the Psalms, and those faithful records of sight and experience were the index fingers pointing to future triumphs. Bradford and Winthrop were the intellectual ancestors of Emerson and Hawthorne. Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards were giants in their day. Benjamin Franklin still remains one of the world's

great, helpful forces. Jefferson and the writers of *The Federalist* made great contributions to the political wisdom of the nations. But when all this has been said, does it not remain true that some critics have bestowed an unwarrantable amount of time and thought and adulation upon writers of humble rank and small influence, simply because they were early? . . . If we think of Shakespeare, Bunyan, Milton, the seventeenth-century choir of lyrists, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Addison, Swift, Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith, and the eighteenth-century novelists, what shall we say of the intrinsic literary worth of most of the books written on American soil, by writers who inherited, or shared, the intellectual life of England? . . .

A few great names stand out, but only a few. For the purposes of comparative criticism, the student should know thoroughly William Bradford, John Winthrop, Samuel Sewall, Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, and the makers of the new nation from 1750 to 1790. The work of the rest he should recognize and praise in an adequate degree, but should not magnify beyond its deserts. The history of literature is one thing, bibliography is another thing. If a certain space be devoted to the colonial literature of America, then, on the same perspective, ten times as much is needed to bring the record down to our day. One should study the great men profoundly, and let the worthy sermonizers, and pamphleteers, and spinners of doggerel go free. Our forefathers were founding a state on the basis of the town-meeting; they were spreading Christianity, as they understood it, with might and main; they were opening schools and creating a virtuous and manly public spirit; but for literature, as such, most of them cared little. They made literature possible, just as they made art possible; but they do not deserve, in the chronicles of literature and art, a disproportionate space.

I believe that the time has come for the student to consider American literature as calmly as he would consider the literature of another country, and under the same limitations of perspective.—*American Literature.*



RICHARDSON, SAMUEL, an early English novelist, born in Derbyshire in 1679; died in London, July 4, 1761. At seventeen he was apprenticed to a London printer. After completing his apprenticeship he worked several years longer as compositor and proof-reader, and then set up in business for himself. He became printer of the Journals of the House of Commons; in 1754 was chosen Master of the Stationers' Company, and subsequently bought half of the patent of printer to the King, which added largely to his already considerable income. Richardson has been styled "the inventor of the English novel;" but he had passed the age of fifty before the idea of becoming a novelist ever entered his mind. Some London publishers asked him to write for them a book of letters on matters useful for young people. The result was *Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded*, a story which he hoped "would turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing." This novel (2 vols., 1740) met with unexampled success, five editions being called for within a year. His subsequent novels are *The History of Clarissa Harlowe* (8 vols., 1748), and *History of Sir Charles Grandison* (6 vols., 1753). Among his other writings is a clever paper of "Advice to the Unmarried," published in Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* in 1751.

Pamela, the heroine of Richardson's first novel, is a pure and simple-minded young country-girl, who repels the dishonorable proposals of her master and wins his respect. He finally marries her; and thus is her "virtue rewarded," for they "lived happy ever after."

PAMELA'S FIRST APPEARANCE AS THE SQUIRE'S WIFE.

Yesterday (Sunday) we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, all in fine new liveries, in the best chariot, which had been new cleaned and lined, and new-harnessed; so that it looked like a quite new one. But I had no arms to quarter with my dear lord and master's, though he jocularly, upon my taking notice of my obscurity, said that he had a good mind to have the olive-branch, which would allude to his hopes, quartered for mine.

I was dressed in the suit I mentioned, of white, flowered with silver, and a rich head-dress, and the diamond necklace, earrings, and so forth, I also mentioned before. And my dear sir, in a fine laced silk waistcoat of blue paduasoy, and his coat of a pearl-colored fine cloth, with gold buttons and button-holes, and lined with white silk; and he looked charming indeed. I said I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the jewels. But he said that it would be thought a slight to me from him, as his wife; and though, as I apprehended it might be, that people would talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say anything than that I was not put upon an equal foot, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems the neighboring gentry had expected us, and there was a great congregation for (against my wish) we were a little of the latest; so that, as we walked up the church to his seat, we had abundance of gazes and whispers. But my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of showing as if he were ashamed of it, and, as I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the

day, my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God for his unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts that I was much less concerned than I should otherwise have been at the gazings and whisperings of the ladies and gentlemen, as well as the rest of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat. When the sermon was ended, we stayed the longer because the church should be pretty empty ; but we found great numbers at the church doors and in the church porch, and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my person as of my dress and behavior, and not one reflection or mark of disrespect. Mr. Martin, who is single, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Brooks, with their families, were all there ; and the four gentlemen came up to us before we went into the chariot, and in a very kind and respectful manner complimented us both ; and Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy. And Mrs. Brooks said : " You sent Mr. Brooks, Madam, home t' other day quite charmed with a manner which you have convinced a thousand persons this day is natural to you." — " You do me too great honor, Madam," replied I ; " such a good lady's approbation must make me too sensible of my happiness."

My dear master handed me into the chariot, and stood talking with Sir Thomas Atkyns at the door of it (who was making him abundance of compliments, and is a very ceremonious gentleman—a little too extreme in that way), and I believe to familiarize me to the gazes, which concerned me a little. Several poor people begged my charity ; and I beckoned John with my fan, and said : " Divide in the farther church-door that money to the poor, and let them come to-morrow morning to me, and I will give them something more, if they don't importune me now." So I gave him all the silver I had, which happened to be between twenty and thirty shillings ; and this drew away from me their clamorous prayers for charity.

Mr. Martin came up to me on the other side of the chariot, and leaned on the very door, while my master was talking to Sir Thomas, from whom he could not get away, and said : " By all that's good, you have

charmed the whole congregation. Not a soul but is full of your praises. My neighbor knew better than anybody could tell him how to choose for himself. Why," said he, "the Dean himself looked more upon you than upon his book!"—"O, sir," said I, "you are very encouraging to a weak mind."—"I vow," said he, "I say no more than is truth. I'd marry to-morrow if I were sure of meeting with a person of but one-half of the merit you have. You are," continued he—"and it is not my habit to praise too much—an ornament to your sex, an honor to your spouse, and a credit to religion."

As he had done speaking, the Dean himself complimented me that the behavior of so worthy a lady would be edifying to his congregation, encouraging to himself. "Sir," said I, "you are very kind. I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good instructions I shall have the pleasure to receive from so worthy a divine."

Sir Thomas then applied to me—my master stepping into the chariot—and said: "I beg pardon, Madam, for detaining your good spouse from you. But I have been saying he is the happiest man in the world." I bowed to him; but I could have wished him farther: to make me sit so in the notice of everyone; which, for all I could do, dashed me not a little.

Mr. Martin said to my master: "If you'll come to church every Sunday with your charming lady, I will never absent myself, and she'll give a good example to all the neighborhood."—"O my dear sir," said I to my master, "you know not how much I am obliged to good Mr. Martin: he has by his kind expression made me dare to look up with pleasure and gratitude." Said my dear master: "My dear love, I am very much obliged, as well as you, to my good friend Mr. Martin." And he said to him: "We will constantly go to church, and to every other place where we can have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Martin." Mr. Martin said: "Gad, sir, you are a happy man; and I think your lady's example has made you more polite, and handsome, too, than I ever knew you before—though we never thought you unpolite, neither." And so he bowed, and went to his own chariot; and as we drove away the people kindly blessed us, and called us a charming pair.—*Pamela.*



RICHMOND, LEGH, an English divine and religious writer, born in Liverpool, January 29, 1772; died at Turvey, Bedfordshire, May 8, 1827. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated B.A., 1794, and M.A., 1797. In 1795 he was appointed curate of Brading and Yaverland in the Isle of Wight. In 1805 he became chaplain to the Lock Hospital, London, and in the same year he was presented to the rectory of Turvey. He was also chaplain to the Duke of Kent. He took an active part in the reforms of his day; and especially in the work of evangelizing the masses. He is best known to history as the author of a number of popular tracts, a collected edition of which was published in 1814 under the title *Annals of the Poor*. His *Dairyman's Daughter* had reached, within twenty years after his death, a circulation of 4,000,000 copies in nineteen languages. He also wrote *The Young Cottager*, *The Negro Servant*, etc., and edited a series of *Fathers of the English Church* (1807-12).

THE OLD DAIRYMAN'S HOME.

As I approached the village where the good old Dairyman dwelt, I observed him in a little field, driving his cows before him toward a yard and hovel which adjoined his cottage. I advanced very near him without his observing me, for his sight was dim. On my calling out to him, he started at the sound of my voice, but with much gladness of heart welcomed me, saying—

"Bless your heart, sir, I am very glad you are come : we have looked for you every day this week."

The cottage-door opened, and the daughter came out, followed by her aged and infirm mother. The sight of me naturally brought to recollection the grave at which we had before met. Tears of affection mingled with the smile of satisfaction with which I was received by these worthy cottagers. I dismounted, and was conducted through a neat little garden, part of which was shaded by two large, overspreading elm-trees, to the house. Decency and order were manifest within and without. No excuse was made here, on the score of poverty, for confusion and uncleanness in the disposal of their little household. Everything wore the aspect of neatness and propriety. On each side of the fireplace stood an old oaken arm-chair, where the venerable parents rested their weary limbs after the day's labor was over. On a shelf in one corner lay two Bibles, with a few religious books and tracts. The little room had two windows ; a lovely prospect of hills, woods, and fields, appeared through one ; the other was more than half obscured by the branches of a vine which was trained across it ; between its leaves the sun shone, and cast a cheerful light over the whole place.

"This," thought I, "is a fit residence for piety, peace, and contentment. May I learn a fresh lesson for advancement in each through the blessing of God on this visit !"

"Sir," said the daughter, "we are not worthy that you should come under our roof. We take it very kind that you should travel so far to see us."

"My Master," I replied, "came a great deal farther to visit us poor sinners. He left the bosom of His Father, laid aside his glory, and came down to this lower world on a visit of mercy and love ; and ought not we, if we profess to follow Him, to bear each other's infirmities, and go about doing good as He did ?"

The old man now entered, and joined his wife and daughter in giving me a cordial welcome. Our conversation soon turned to the loss they had so lately sustained. The pious and sensible disposition of the daughter was peculiarly manifested, as well in what she

said to her parents as in what she more immediately addressed to myself. I had now a further opportunity of remarking the good sense and agreeable manner which accompanied her expressions of devotedness to God, and love to Christ for the great mercies which he had bestowed upon her. During her residence in different gentlemen's families where she had been in service, she had acquired a superior behavior and address; but sincere piety rendered her very humble and unassuming in manner and conversation. She seemed anxious to improve the opportunity of my visit to the best purpose of her own and her parents' sake; yet there was nothing of unbecoming forwardness, no self-confidence or conceitedness in her conduct. She united the firmness and solicitude of the Christian with the modesty of the female and the dutifulness of the daughter. It was impossible to be in her company and not observe how truly her temper and conversation adorned the principles which she professed.—*The Dairyman's Daughter, from Annals of the Poor.*

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF THE CHILDREN.

Sometimes I sent the children to the various stones which stood at the head of the graves, and bid them learn the epitaphs inscribed upon them. I took pleasure in seeing the little ones thus dispersed in the church-yard, each committing to memory a few verses written in commemoration of the departed. They would soon accomplish the desired object, and eagerly return to me, ambitious to repeat their task.

Thus my church-yard became a book of instruction, and every grave-stone a leaf of edification for my young disciples.

The church itself stood in the midst of the ground. It was a spacious, antique structure. Within those very walls I first proclaimed the message of God to sinners. As these children surrounded me, I sometimes pointed to the church, spoke to them of the nature of public worship, the value of the Sabbath, the duty of regular attendance on its services, and urged their serious attention to the means of grace. I showed them the sad

state of many countries, where neither churches nor Bibles were known ; and the no less melancholy condition of multitudes at home, who sinfully neglect worship, and slight the Word of God. I thus tried to make them sensible of their own favors and privileges.

Neither was I at a loss for another class of objects around me, from which I could draw useful instruction : for many of the beauties of created nature appeared in view.

Eastward of us extended a large river or lake of seawater, chiefly formed by the tide, and nearly enclosed by land. Beyond this was a fine bay and road for ships, filled with vessels of every size, from the small sloop or cutter to the first-rate man-of-war. On the right hand of the haven rose a hill of peculiarly beautiful form and considerable height. Its verdure was very rich, and many hundred sheep grazed upon its sides and summit. From the opposite shore of the same water a large, sloping extent of bank was diversified with fields, woods, hedges, and cottages. At its extremity stood, close to the edge of the sea itself, the remains of the tower of an ancient church, still preserved as a sea-mark. Far beyond the bay, a very distant shore was observable, and land beyond it ; trees, towns, and other buildings appeared, more especially when gilded by the reflected rays of the sun.

To the southwest of the garden was another down, covered also with flocks of sheep, and a portion of it fringed with trees. At the foot of this hill lay the village, a part of which gradually ascended to the rising ground on which the church stood.

From the intermixture of houses with gardens, orchards, and trees, it presented a very pleasing aspect. Several fields adjoined the garden on the east and north, where a number of cattle were pasturing. My own little shrubberies and flower-beds variegated the view, and recompensed my toil in rearing them, as well by their beauty as their fragrance.—*The Young Cottagers, from Annals of the Poor.*



RICHTER, JOHANN PAUL FRIEDRICH, commonly called simply, "Jean Paul," a German humorist and essayist, born at Wunsiedel, near Bai-reuth, in Bavaria, March 21, 1763; died at Bai-reuth, November 14, 1825. His father, who had previously been a village organist and school-mas-ter, was in 1776 appointed pastor at Schwartzen-bach, where he died when Jean Paul was sixteen. After a fair training at the Hof Gymnasium he went at eighteen to the University of Leipsic, where he studied diligently after his own fashion; but he had no moneyed or other furtherance for entering any of the professions, and, in default of anything more promising, commenced the ca-reer of authorship. His first publication was the *Greenland Lawsuits*, a collection of satirical sketches (1783); for this he received about \$100. During the next seven years he worked cheerily on, though in very straitened circum-stances, which, however, gradually improved. His *Invisible Lodge* (1793) gained him reputation as a humorist, and before he was thirty-five he was recognized by the best authors in Germany as one of themselves. In 1798 he married the ex-cellent Caroline Mayer, "daughter of the Royal Prussian Privy Councillor and Professor of Medi-cine, Dr. John Andrew Mayer." In 1802 a mod-erate pension was granted him, and not long after-

ward he took up his residence at Baireuth, where the remainder of his life was passed. The complete works of Richter contain sixty-five volumes of tales, romances, fantasies, didactic essays, visions, and homilies. Among the principal tales are *Hesperus* (1794); *Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces* (1796); *The Life of Quintus Fexlein* (1796); *Titan* (1801-3); of a different character are *Introduction to Æsthetics*; *Kampanerthal*, an essay on Immortality; *Levana*, an essay on Education, and *Selina*, an unfinished essay on Immortality, which was placed on his coffin when he was borne to his grave.

BUILDING AN AIR-CASTLE.

The circumstances of poor Seemaus had been, as the Government seemed to think, exactly suitable to his wretched and obscure position. When Moses was preparing to become the teacher and the lawgiver of the Jewish people, he fasted forty days upon a mountain; and from this sublime example our legislators seem to have deduced the conclusion that the man who would be the guide and teacher of the rising generation must prove his capabilities by his endurance of fasting. A starving school-master is consequently one of the features of our civilization, and Seemaus is a perfectly normal specimen of his class.

Under the excitement of a lottery ticket his frail nerves are quivering and in a letter which he has sent to me he expresses an apprehension that if he finds himself on June 30 the owner of the princely estates of Walchern and Lizelberg, peopled by 1,000 families; also the new and spacious mansion, with the brewery, and the 700 acres of forest, he shall die for joy. His letter contains the following paragraph: "In my excited condition, I have been so injudicious as to read several chapters of a translation of *Tissot on Nervous Disorders*, in which I found several accounts of persons who have died under the influence of sudden joy. The

Nuremberg Correspondent has lately given an account of two great bankers who both died suddenly in one day; one in joy on receiving a large profit, and the other in sorrow for a heavy loss. I have also read of a poor relation of Leibnitz, who heard with calmness the news of a rich legacy bequeathed to her; but when the real property—the costly linen and valuable silver plate—were spread out before her eyes, she gazed upon them for a moment in silent ecstasy, and immediately expired. What, then, must I expect to feel when I look upon the princely estates of Walchern, Lizelberg, etc., etc., and realize the fact that they are mine?"

To appease the natural fears of the hopeful but timid Seemaus, I have written to him acknowledging that I, too, have bought a ticket—Number 19,383, in the same lottery. "If," I continue, "this number prove the winning card in the game, what a destiny will mine be! According to proclamation made under royal authority at Munich, I shall possess, in the first place, 'all those most desirable estates named respectively Walchern and Lizelberg, in the district of Hausneckviertel, charmingly and beautifully situated between Salzburg and Linz; estates which even in the year 1750 were valued at 231,000 Rhenish florins; *item*, the saw-mill in excellent repair, and the complete brewery situated at Lizelberg.'

"Such is the gold mine of which I shall be the possessor if my ticket (one out of 36,000) prove fortunate, of which I am strongly disposed to hope. So now I can put my finger on the spot in my almanac marking the day when, like an aloe suddenly bursting into bloom after forty years without flowers, I shall expand my golden blossoms, and flourish as the Cræsus of our times. I can assure you, my dear friend, that I fully sympathize with your excited feelings, for I am now in circumstances exactly like your own.

"Many others around me are hoping and fearing to evaporate in joy on that day; and such is the benevolent feeling prevailing here that everyone is willing to become a martyr for the benefit of his fellow ticket-holders—willing, among 36,000 men, to be the one man doomed to die. However, as you wish to cherish your hope of gaining Walchern, Lizelberg, the excellent saw-

mill, and the complete brewery, etc., etc., without giving up all hope of life, I will give you some means of calming your fears. Allow me to recommend you an umbrella to defend your head against the sudden shower of gold; or a parasol to defend you from the sun-stroke of good fortune. The danger to be apprehended when we step suddenly into the possession of such enormous wealth is that our minds will be unprepared to cope with our external circumstances. A thousand schemes of expenditure will at once present themselves. While our nerves are tingling with delight, and our veins are throbbing, the brain will be oppressed by ideas too vast, too new, and too numerous to be comprehended; and even the fatal explosion which you apprehend may take place. To prevent such a calamity we must now calmly prepare ourselves for the great crisis. We must familiarize our minds with thoughts of the possession and the distribution of such wealth as will soon be ours. Accordingly, I have made charts of the travels I shall enjoy during my first year of possession. If you could visit me now you would find among my papers some elegant plans and elevations of houses (for after all that has been said in favor of the mansion, I shall build another to suit my own taste); *item*, an extensive catalogue for a new library; *item*, a plan for the benefit of the tenants; besides, Sundries, such as memoranda to 'buy a Silbermann's piano-forte,' 'a good hunter,' etc., etc.

"You will not be surprised that I intend to continue my authorship. But it will in future be conducted in a princely style, as I shall maintain two clerks as quotation-makers and copyists, and another man to correct the press. But my great care has been to prepare a code of laws for my 1,000 families of subjects. Allow me to remind you that you should be preparing a *Magna Charta* for your subjects, for all rulers must be bound before they can be obeyed. The old Egyptians wisely tied together the fore-paws of the crocodile, in order that they might worship him without danger.

"Prepare yourself according to my plan, and then you need not fear that the great gold mine will fall in and crush you as you begin to work it. At least, let us

enjoy for a few days the hope for which we have paid twelve florins; let us not spoil it with anxieties. This hope is like butter on a dog's nose, which makes him eat dry bread with a relish. With their noses anointed with this butter, all our fellow ticket-holders are now eating their bread (black, brown or white, earned by toil, or tears, or servility) with an extra relish. This, for the present time, is a positive enjoyment, and, if we are wise, we shall not disturb it."

THE DREAM OF A NEW YEAR'S EVE.

At midnight, when the Old Year was departing, there stood at his window an old man, looking forth with the aspect of a long despair on the calm, never fading heavens, and on the pure, white, and quiet earth, where there seemed to exist then no creature so sleepless and so miserable as himself. Now near the grave, this old man had, as the results of all his long career, nothing but errors, sins, and diseases; a shattered body, a desolated soul, a poisoned heart, and an age of remorse. The beautiful years of his youth were all changed into dismal goblins, shrinking away now, to hide themselves from the dawn of another New Year.

In his desperation and unutterable grief, he looked up toward the heavens, and cried aloud: "O give me back my youth! O Father! place me but once more upon the crossing of the way, that I may choose the path on the right hand, and not again that on the left!"—But his Father and his youth were gone forever. He saw misguiding *ignes fatui* gleaming forth out of the marsh and fading away in the church-yard. "There are my days of folly!" he said. Then a shooting star fell from heaven, flickered, and vanished on the ground. "That is myself!" said he; while the poisoned fangs of remorse were biting into his bleeding heart. . . .

Then suddenly a peal of bells—a distant church-music hailing the New Year—sounded through the calm air, and his agony was appeased. He looked on the dim horizon, and on the wide world, all around; and he thought of the friends of his youth; of the men who—happier and better than himself—were now teach-

ers of the people, or fathers of joyous children now growing up to a prosperous manhood ; and he exclaimed : " Ah ! my parents ! I, too, might have been sleeping now with eyes not stained with tears, if I had followed your advice, and had responded to your New Year's prayers for me ! "

He covered his face with his hands, and a thousand burning tears streamed down his cheeks, while in his despair he sighed : " Oh, give me back my youth ! "

And his youth suddenly returned. He awoke. And, lo, all the terror of this New Year's Eve had been only a dream. He was still young ; but the sins of his youth had not been dreams. How thankful he felt now that he was still young ; that he had power to forsake the false path, and to enter the road lighted by a bright sun, and leading on to rich fields of harvest.

O young reader ! if you have wandered from the right path, turn back now ! Or this terrible dream may some day be for you a condemnation ; and when you cry out : " O beautiful youth, return ! " your prayer may not be heard ; your youth may come back to you no more.





RICORD, FREDERICK WILLIAM, an American poet and translator, born on the island of Guadeloupe in 1819. His grandfather, a refugee from the horrors of the French Revolution, settled in Baltimore in 1798. His father was graduated from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1810. Young Ricord entered Geneva College at the age of fourteen. Thence he went to Rutgers College, and afterward began the practice of law. This he soon abandoned for teaching, in which he was highly successful. In 1849 he became Librarian of the Library Association of Newark, N. J. He retained the position for twenty years. During sixteen years of this time he was a member of the Newark Board of Education, and its president from 1867 to 1870. He was State Superintendent of Public Instruction for four years, Sheriff of Essex County from 1865 to 1869, Mayor of Newark from 1869 to 1873, and soon after the expiration of his last term was appointed Lay Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Essex County, N. J. He has been since 1890 Librarian and Treasurer of the New Jersey Historical Society, and engaged in editing the *Colonial Documents of New Jersey*. Judge Ricord is an accomplished linguist, and has made translations from the poets of many nations. He has published an *English Grammar*; a *History of Rome*; *The Life of*
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Madame de Longueville, from the French of Cousin ;
The Henriade, from the French of Voltaire ; *English Songs from Foreign Tongues*, and *The Self-Tormentor*, from the Latin of Terence, with *More English Songs from Foreign Tongues*. Interspersed with these are poems of his own. Several of his translations are given in this work.

TO POLLY :—ON HER BIRTHDAY.

The great, round earth on which we tread,
 With all the wealth that's overlaid,
 And stars that circle overhead,
 In six poor little days were made.

But when the Maker, all divine,
 Would win the homage of the spheres,
 And all His other works outshine,
 He took full nigh six thousand years.

And, then, to have, at once, combined,
 All that was beauteous, pure, and true,
 He studied, plann'd ; He wrought, refined :
 And, lo, His work : you, Polly, you !

AN ANGEL .

I have a little prayer-book,
 With pictures through and through,
 It has Morocco covers
 So finely gilded, too.
 Godmother wish'd to teach me,
 And so this book she got,
 Which, though I've had five summers,
 Is without scratch or blot.

No pictures half so lovely
 Can anywhere be found,
 And gold and silver borders
 These pictures all surround.

Of one among them chiefly,
The colors much I prize ;
It is a praying angel,
That has such sparkling eyes.

My playmates, when they look at
This angel's curly hair :
" 'Tis just like that of Charley,
The Miller ! " they declare ;
" The Miller who last summer,
At eve the fancy took,
To tell us that sweet story,
Down there beside the brook."

On Sundays, when the church-bell
Through all the valley rings,
I go to church where Charley,
The sweetest singer, sings.
And when I read my Prayer-book,
And to the Angel come,
I can't turn any further,
And, all at once, I'm dumb.
—*From the Flemish of* H. PEETERS.

THE ONLY FAULT.

Nature, on my Chloris lavish,
Gave her what must hearts e'er ravish ;
Gave a form of grace transcendent ;
Eyes of brilliancy resplendent ;
Cheek where rose and lily blended,
And, what these the more commended,
Gave her, too, a charming spirit,
Adding—which was no small merit—
Talent deftly to expose it ;
But, alas ! my Chloris knows it.
—*From the Dutch of* BELLAMY.

TO A COQUETTE.

Thou polished cast from nature's finest die ;
Thou sunbeam dancing 'round us without rest ;
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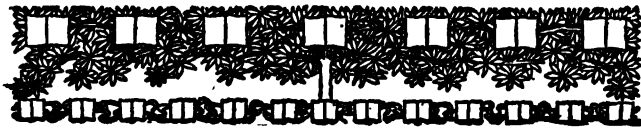
Thou perfum'd thorn ; thou sugar-coated lie,
Piercing and pois'ning those who love thee best ;
Thou yet shalt meet with thine own counterpart ;
And each shall wound, and each shall feel the smart.

MADRIGAL.

If each man's deeply hidden woe
Were written out upon his brow,
For many, then, our tears would flow,
Who, rather, move our envy now.

Alas, how many, in whose breast,
The keenest agonies exist,
Make, in appearing to be blest,
Their sum of happiness consist.
—*From the Italian of METASTASIO.*





RIDDELL, CHARLOTTE ELIZA LAWSON, an English novelist, born in Carrickfergus, County Antrim, in 1837. She is the youngest child of James Cowan. In 1857 she married J. H. Riddell, Esq., of Windsor Green House, Staffordshire, by whose initials she is generally known. His profession is that of a civil engineer. Her first novel, published under the name of F. G. Trafford, was *The Moor and the Fens*, 1858. *Too Much Alone* followed in 1860, and *George Geith of Fen Court* in 1864. Mrs. Riddell now wrote under her husband's name, and produced a succession of novels, dealing chiefly with city and commercial subjects. They include *City and Suburb* (1861); *The World and the Church* (1862); *Maxwell Drewett* (1865); *The Race for Wealth* (1866); *The Rich Husband* and *Far Above Rubies* (1867); *Austin Friars* (1870); *A Life's Assize* (1871); *Home, Sweet Home* and *The Earl's Promise* (1873); *Montmorley's Estate* (1874); *The Ruling Passion* and *Above Suspicion* (1876); *Her Mother's Darling* (1877); *Fair Water* (1878); *The Mystery in Palace Gardens* (1880); *The Senior Partner* and *Alaric Spencer* (1881); *Daisies and Buttercups* and *The Prince of Wales's Garden Party* (1882); *A Struggle for Fame*, *The Uninhabited House*, and *The Haunted River* (1883); *Berna Boyle* (1884); *Susan Drummond* (1884); *Mitre Court* (1885); *Miss Gascoigne* (261)

and *The Nun's Curse* (1887); *Princess Sunshine* (1889); *My First Love* and *A Mad Tour* (1891); *The Head of the Firm* (1892); *The Rusty Sword* (1893); *The Banshee's Warning, and Other Tales*, second edition (1894).

THE CITY OF LONDON.

Thinking of the City as we think of it at the present day, it seems almost incredible that three hundred years since, letters for his Grace, the Archbishop of York, were forwarded to Tower Hill; whilst but half that period has elapsed since a Countess of Devonshire lived in Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate—not in solitude, but surrounded by much gay company—the last lady of rank who clung to the City.

There is no need to look scornful about the matter, most beautiful matron, though you may read this book in a house in Belgravia—for though the City be unfashionable now, no man may ever blot its ancient glory, or its present power and strength, out of the page of history. Not all Pickford's wagons can destroy its romance—not all the ninth of November mummary can efface the recollection of those days when City pageants were symbols of a real power; not all the feet that tramp across Tower Hill can obliterate the mournful histories written on its dust; churches and graveyards, mean courts and narrow alleys, thronged streets and quiet lanes—there is not one of these but repeats its Old World tale of misery and joy, in the ear of the attentive listener. In the dim summer twilight we tread softly through the deserted thoroughfares, feeling that the ground whereon we stand is hallowed—by human suffering, by human courage, by valor and by woe!

But, after all, it is around the City churches that the most interesting memories of olden time cluster.

What story is there that the old walls will not repeat at our bidding? From St. Paul's down, each has its own monuments, its own records—its own separate portion of the narrative of ancient days. Close by where we are now sitting are some of these old churches, and, from one and another, the soft evening breeze

brings whispers of the greatness and the sorrow they contain.

Underneath the high altar of All-Hallows, Barking, lies, crumbling to dust, a heart which knew no repose in life. In the same church, sleep Surrey the poet, and Bishops Laud and Fisher, who were executed on the adjacent Tower Hill; whilst a little to the north stands St. Katharine Cree, where in (for him) more prosperous days, Laud and his fat chaplains laid themselves open to the sarcasm of Prynne, whose description of the consecration of that church will be remembered so long as the history of ancient London has any charms for readers. Near to St. Katharine Cree we find St. Andrew Undershaft, which brings with its name thoughts of spring and May, and garlands and festivity, as well as sadder memories of the great City historian, who, at eighty years of age, begged his bread by royal license, and whose bones were moved from under his own monument to make way for those of a richer comer.

Close by there is another All-Hallows, besides Barking, where the Princess Elizabeth flew to give thanks for her release from the Tower—attracted thither, so runs the pleasant story, by the joyful ringing of its bells.

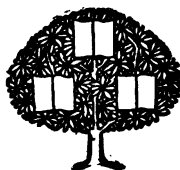
Almost within a stone's throw, what a number of churches there are!—St. Mary-at-Hill, St. Dunstan's in the East, St. Margaret Pattens, St. Catherine Coleman, Aldgate; St. Benet, and St. Dionsis Backchurch; whilst just beyond the wicket-gate stood St. Gabriel, in the almost forgotten graveyard of which we sit.

Were all the City houses—all the long lines of streets, all the closely packed warehouses, all the overflowing shops swept away, the City churches would still form a town of themselves. Dreaming here, we cannot but marvel what this place was like when both houses and churches were destroyed—when London was one broad sheet of flame, and its inhabitants were camped out in the open fields, looking at the ruin which was being wrought.

Do you not wonder what the congregations were thinking about that Sunday morning, when the conflagration began? How many were making up their minds about the removal of their worldly goods—how many

thinking of the great and terrible day of the Lord—how many shivering with fear? Doubtless some of those who sleep within the dusty railings against which we lean, beheld these things—saw the city depopulated by plague, and purified by fire—followed the dead carts—looked down into the pits—hurried from the conflagration—witnessed executions on Tower Hill—attended the theatricals in the church-yard of St. Katharine Cree—and followed royalty, when kings and queens rode in state through the streets.

The very stones in this part of London talk to us eloquently of the past. Under the houses spring the arches of almost forgotten churches—in dim aisles stand stately monuments—in narrow lanes mansions once occupied by the nobility. The dust of great and good, and notorious, and suffering men, has mingled long ago with the earth on which we tread, and there is scarcely an inch of ground but has some story or tradition connected with it.—*From George Geith of Fen Court.*





RIDLEY, NICHOLAS, an English Bishop and martyr, born in Northumberland about 1500; burned as a heretic at Oxford, October 15, 1555. He was among the first in England who embraced the principles of the Reformation. In 1547, soon after the accession of the "boy king," Edward VI., he was made Bishop of Rochester, and in 1550 was transferred to the see of London. Not long after the accession of Queen Mary he was arrested as a heretic, refused to recant, and was condemned and burned at the stake in company with Hugh Latimer, "at the ditch over against Balliol College." While the fire was being lighted Latimer said to his fellow-martyr: "Be of good cheer, Brother Ridley; we shall this day kindle such a torch in England as, I trust in God, shall never be extinguished." While under persecution, Ridley wrote *A Piteous Lamentation of the Miserable Estate of the Church*. His *Life*, by his relative, Dr. Gloucester Ridley, appeared in 1763. His works consist of *A Treatise Concerning Images in Churches*, *A Brief Declaration of the Lord's Supper*, *Certain Godly and Comfortable Conferences Between Bishop Ridley and Mr. Hugh Latimer During Their Imprisonment*, and *A Comparison Between the Comfortable Doctrine of the Gospel and the Traditions of the Popish Religion*. These works were collected and published by the Rev. Henry Christmas in 1841.

PERILS, DELIVERANCES, AND MARTYRDOMS.

Of God's gracious aid in extreme perils toward them that put their trust in Him, all Scripture is full, both Old and New. What perils were the Patriarchs often brought into, as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but of all others, Joseph; and how mercifully were they delivered again! In what peril was Moses, when he was fain to fly for the safeguard of his life! And when was he sent again to deliver the Israelites from servile bondage? Not before they were brought into extreme misery. And when did the Lord mightily deliver his people from Pharaoh's sword? Not before they were brought into such straits that they were so compassed on every side (the main sea on the one side, and the main host on the other), that they could look for none other (yea, what did they else look for then?) but either to have been drowned in the sea, or else to have fallen on the edge of Pharaoh's sword?

What shall I speak of the Prophets of God, whom God suffered to be brought into extreme perils, and so mightily delivered them again? as Helias, Heremy, Daniel, Micheas, and Jonas, and many others whom it were but too long to rehearse and set out at large. And did the Lord use His servants otherwise in the new law after Christ's incarnation? Read the Acts of the Apostles, and you shall see, No. Were not the Apostles cast into prison, and brought out by the mighty hand of God? Did not the angel deliver Peter out of the strong prison, and bring him out by the iron gates of the city, and set him free? And when, I pray you? Even the night before Herod appointed to have brought him in judgment for to have slain him, as he had a little before killed James, the brother of John. Paul and Silas, when, after they had been sore scourged, and were put into the inner prison, and there were held fast in the stocks—I pray you what appearance was there that the magistrates should be glad to come the next day themselves to them, to desire them to be content, and to depart in peace? Who provided for Paul that he should be safely conducted out of all danger, and brought to Felix, the Emperor's deputy, whereas both the high priests, and Pharisees, and the rulers of the Jews had conspired to

require judgment of death against him—he being fast in prison—and also more than forty men had sworn each one to the other that they would never eat nor drink until they had slain Paul! A thing wonderful, that no reason could have invented, or man could have looked for: God provided Paul his own sister's son, a young man, that disappointed that conspiracy and all their former conjuration.

Now to descend from the Apostles to the Martyrs that followed next in Christ's Church, and in them to declare how gracious our good God hath ever been to work wonderfully with them which in His cause have been in extreme peril, it were matter enough to write a long book. . . . But for all these examples, both of Holy Scripture and other histories, I fear me the weak man of God, encumbered with the frailty and infirmity of the flesh, will have now and then such thoughts and qualms (as they call them) to run over his heart, and to think thus: ♣ All these things which are rehearsed out of the Scriptures, I believe to be true; and of the rest truly do I think well, and can believe them also to be true. But all these we must needs grant were special miracles of God, which now in our hands are ceased, we see; and to require them of God's hands, were it not to tempt God?"

Well-beloved brother, I grant such were great, wonderful works of God, and we have not seen many such miracles in our time, either for that our sight is not clear (for truly God worketh with us on His part in all times), or else because we have not the like faith of them for whose cause God wrought such things, or because after that He had set forth the truth of His doctrine by such miracles then sufficiently, the time for so many miracles to be done was expired withal. Which of these is the most special cause of all other, or whether there be any other, God knoweth: I leave that to God. But know thou this, my well-beloved in God, that God's hand is as strong as ever it was; He may do what His gracious pleasure is, and He is as good and gracious as ever He was. Man changeth as the garment doth; but God, our Heavenly Father, is even the same now that He was, and shall be forevermore.

The world, without doubt (this I do believe, and

therefore I say), draweth toward an end, and in all ages God hath had His own manner, after His secret and unsearchable wisdom, to use His elect. Sometimes to deliver them, and to keep them safe; and sometimes to suffer them to drink of Christ's cup—that is, to feel the smart, and to feel of the whip. And though the flesh smarteth at the one, and feeleth ease in the other—is glad of the one, and sore vexed in the other; yet the Lord is all one toward them in both, and loveth them no less when He suffereth them to be beaten—yea, and to be put bodily to death—than when He worketh wonders for their marvellous delivery. Nay, rather, He doth more for them, when in anguish of the torments He standeth by them, and strengtheneth in their faith, to suffer in the confession of the truth and His faith the bitter pains of death, than when He openeth the prison doors and letteth them go loose: for here He doth but respite them to another time, and leaveth them in danger to fall in like peril again; and there He maketh them perfect, to be without danger or pain or peril after that forevermore. But this His love toward them—howsoever the world doth judge of it—is all one, both when He delivereth and when He suffereth them to be put to death. . . .

Thinkest thou, O man of God, that Christ our Saviour had less affection to the first martyr, Stephen, because He suffered his enemies, even at the first conflict to stone him to death? No, surely; nor James, John's brother, which was one of the three that Paul calleth primates, or principals, amongst the Apostles of Christ? He loved him never a whit the worse than He did the other, although He suffered Herod the tyrant's sword to cut off his head. Nay, doth not Daniel say, speaking of the cruelty of Antichrist of his time: "And the learned shall teach many, and shall fall upon the sword and in the flame, and in captivity, and be spoiled and robbed of their goods for a long season." . . .

If that, then, was foreseen for to be done to the godly learned, and for so gracious causes, let every one to whom any such thing by the will of God doth chance, be merry in God and rejoice, for it is to God's glory and his own everlasting wealth.



RIDPATH, JOHN CLARK,* an American historian and essayist, born in Putnam County, Ind. April 26, 1841; died in New York City on July 31st, 1900. He was educated at the Indiana Asbury (now De Pauw) University, and was graduated with the honors of his class in 1863. He was a superintendent of education in Throntown, Ind., and Lawrenceburgh, Ind., for six years. In 1869 he was elected Professor of English Literature in his Alma Mater. In 1871 he was promoted to the chair of Belles-Lettres and History, and five years afterward to that of History and Political Philosophy. In 1879 he was elected Vice-President of the university, and in the following year was honored by Syracuse University with the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1881-83 he was chiefly instrumental in securing for his Alma Mater a large endowment from Washington Charles De Pauw, whose name was conferred memorially on the university.

Professor Ridpath's first formal appearance in literature was in 1875, when he published his *Academic History of the United States*. This was followed in the following year by his *Grammar School History of the United States*, and, in 1875, by the *Popular History of the United States*. In 1879

* The biographical sketch of Dr. Ridpath (editor of the LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE), and the extract from his writings, have been admitted to the collection at the request of the publishers of this work.

appeared his *Inductive Grammar of the English Language*. In 1880 he became one of the editors of the *People's Cyclopædia*. In 1881 appeared *The Life and Work of Garfield*. In the years 1882-85 Dr. Ridpath composed his *Cyclopædia of Universal History* (four volumes). In the years 1887-93 he prepared and finished *The Great Races of Mankind*. In 1893 appeared *The Life and Work of James G. Blaine*; in 1895 *Bishop Taylor's Story of My Life*, and in 1898 *The Life and Times of William E. Gladstone*. In 1897 he became editor of *The Arena Magazine*, and also completed the compilation of the LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

GENIUS OF THE GREEKS.

The men of Greece, though not above the medium height, were graceful and vigorous. Their chests were arched, their limbs straight, their carriage was erect and indicative of great agility. The complexion was fair, but not white; for the Eastern origin of the race, combining in influence with the constant outdoor exercise and the free exposures of their bodies to the air and sun gave a tinge of bronze to the person which was admired rather than avoided. The neck was round and beautifully moulded, and on this was set a head which for symmetry and proportion has never been equalled. The nose descended in a straight line with the forehead, and the lips were full of expression. The chin was strong and round, but not unduly prominent. The whole form and features glowed with an intellectual and spiritual life—an ideal expressiveness which shone upon the beholder like the sunlight.

The female face and figure were still more elevated and refined. Here nature surpassed all art and gave to the world an imperishable ideal. The hands and feet of Greek women were modelled to the finest proportions of which conception or fancy are capable. The

face was full of grace and modesty. The original type was a dark-blonde, the hair auburn, the eyes blue ; and this type was maintained until intercourse with surrounding nations and the intermixture of foreigners from every city of the civilized world modified the features and complexion and brought into favor other styles of beauty. It was the Greek maiden and mother, with their native charms and graces, that gave to the art of ancient Europe those classic models which have been, and are likely ever to remain, the inspiration and the despair of the chisels and brushes of the modern world. Not only the men and women of Athens thus surpassed in strength and loveliness of person, but the people of the other Greek states, as well, entered into the rivalry of beauty. The girls of Bœotia were as much praised for their comely grace as were those of Attica ; and for the women of Thebes artists and poets alike were wont to claim a superiority of loveliness over all the daughters of Hellen. Nor should failure be made to mention the maidens of Ionia, who, alike in the royal courts of the East and in the free vales of the West, were regarded as bearing from an easy contest the palm of matchless beauty.

In mental qualities the Hellenes were still more strongly discriminated from the other peoples of antiquity. They had courage of the highest order. Nothing could daunt or dispirit the Greek. When aroused he went to war. Perhaps the cause was not worthy of the combat, but, being offended, he fought. Arming himself with the best implements of war which an unscientific age could afford, he sought his enemy to slay or be slain. When a Greek fled the law of nature was suddenly reversed, and the clouds smiled at a caprice so exceptional as to be ridiculous ! As a general rule, his courage in battle was a thing so business-like and matter-of-course as to appear natural and inevitable. Before the career of his race was half run the enemy who stood before him in fight expected to be killed, out of the nature of the thing. In the midst of the struggle his valor was first sublime and then savage ; rarely cruel. To be brave was to be Grecian, and not to fight when insulted or wronged, even in trifles, was

so little Greek as to be regarded a stigma in any son of Hellen who thus shamed his race.

In intellectual qualities, properly so-called, the Greek had an easy precedence of any and all competitors in the ancient world. If the word *man* be really derived from the Sanskrit root *to think*, then, indeed, was the Greek the highest order of man. He could think, combine, reason. He could formulate and express his thoughts with a clearness and cogency never surpassed. He could excogitate, imagine. In an age when the coarser senses and more brutal instincts of human nature were rampant and lay like an incubus on the spiritual faculties of man, the Greek mind rose like a lily above the pond. It opened its waxen cup. It gathered the dew. It drank the sunlight by day and the starlight by night. It gave its fragrance first to its own place and then to all the world, and then bequeathed its imperishable beauties and perfume to the immortality of art.

Out of the mind of the Greek were produced the loftiest concepts of philosophy. In a time of universal darkness there was light in Hellas. It is not intended in this connection to sketch an outline of the work done by the great thinkers of Athens. That will appear in another part. From the streets of that city, from her walks, her groves, her Academy, a luminous effulgence has been shed into all the world. In the highest seats of modern learning the reasoning of Plato and the formulæ of Aristotle still, in some measure, hold dominion over the acutest intellects of the world. Nor is it likely that the truth which they evolved from their capacious understanding will ever be restated in a form more acceptable and attractive to the human mind than that to which themselves gave utterance. They are to-day in all the world,

"The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

Besides the general intellectual superiority of the Greeks they possessed certain peculiarities of mind for which they were specially noted. They were witty. However wit may be defined, the Hellenes had it.

They were able to discover far-fetched analogies. They could juxtaposit the heterogeneous and produce an electrical shock by the touch of contradictories. They liked that flash of light which scorches its victim. The paradox was always a generous nut to the Greek who found it. To him the bitterly ridiculous was better than a jewel of fine gold. An impossible verity was his delight. A pungent untruth made true or a luminous and startling lie was to him a joy forever. A joke, even at the expense of the gods, was better than the richest banquet flowing with wine.

Then came subtlety, leading to craft in action. All the fine lines of possibility in a fact and its relations were discovered by the Greek intellect as if by intuition. To perceive with delicacy the exact conditions of the thing considered—an impossible task to the sluggish perceptions of most of the peoples of antiquity—was to the Greek but a process of healthful exercise. He knew more than his enemy. He beat him and laughed at him. He was the most capable animal of all antiquity. He was Reynard in the ancient Kingdom of the Beasts. He planned and contrived while others slept. His were the trick and the stratagem. He held up a false appearance, and smiled at his foe for being fool enough to believe it real. He found more pleasure in setting a trap than in taking a city. He set a snare and stuck a spearhead through the loop. He made cunning a virtue, and recounted a successful wile with the same pride as if reciting the brave exploits of heroes. To succeed by craft was nothing if it succeeded, and success without superior skill was more shameful than defeat. The Greek met the enemy with ambiguous speech. He attacked him with a riddle. He swept the field with a device, and slew the flying foe because he did not understand! He entered the treaty-room with a dilemma, arranged the terms with a subterfuge, and went out with a mental reservation.

In the midst of his keen wit, his happy perception of the ridiculous and his profound subtlety, the Greek retained in the highest degree a sense of the beautiful. He loved and appreciated the delicate outlines of form and color to the extent of adoration. In a beautiful

land he awoke to consciousness. He saw around him a living landscape, and above him a cerulean sky. He held communion with all the nude simplicities of nature, and under her delightful inspiration felt the flutter of wings within him. He would imitate her loveliness. He saw in his musings and even in his slumbers the outlines of radiant forms. He caught at the vision. His thought became Apollo, and his dream was transformed into Psyche.

From the concurrence of such faculties as those possessed by the Greeks, certain kinds of activity were inevitable. Native energy would lead to vigorous achievement. From the first the Hellenes were adventurous. They tempted both land and sea. The voyage from one Cyclade to another fed a hunger and nurtured an ambition. The ocean was something to be overcome. Others, as well as they, desired possession. Hence war, struggle, victory, peace, commerce, the city, the State. Here the Greek found food. He planted himself in his peninsula and islands. He made enterprise. He took advantage of the adventure of others. He made nature his confederate. He filled his sails with her winds. He went abroad and colonized. He sought the world's extreme. He established his dominion in another peninsula in the Western seas, and called it *Great Greece*, as distinguished from his own. He undertook the carrying-trade for the nations, and spoke his musical accents in the marts of Babylon and Memphis and Carthage. He hired himself for gain to Oriental despots whom he despised, and transported their armies in his fleet. He became a cosmopolite, and learned among the swarming millions of foreign lands the lesson of fearlessness. He believed—and not without good reason—that a Greek spear and a Greek stratagem were more than Egyptian cohorts, more than the hosts of Persia. He became self-confident in his activities, arrogant in success, reckless even when his capital was in ashes and his family in exile. He was dauntless, imperturbable, courageous even to the doors of desperation and death.

As to moral qualities, the Greeks were not so greatly pre-eminent above the other peoples of antiquity. They

had, like the Assyrians and the Romans, many of the robust virtues, but it cannot be said that the moral perceptions of the race were, in delicacy of discernment between right and wrong, equal to the keenness of their intellectual faculties. The morality of Greek social life was as high, perhaps higher, than the age. Woman was still a slave, but her condition in Greece was greatly preferable to that exhibited in any Eastern civilization. The conditions of her life were much improved by the influence of Greek institutions, and Greek motherhood and sisterhood were esteemed at something like their true valuation. Nor was it possible in a country where freedom was the rule that love should be absent or its fruit despised. The Hellenic family was maintained more by the action of natural laws than by the influence of the commonwealth, and the altar of domestic affection received its gifts from the hand of preference rather than from the enforcement of duty. Still, this natural freedom was by no means destructive of sacred ties, and although it was productive of much social immorality and abandonment, yet it gave birth to such an array of genius within given limits of population as cannot be paralleled elsewhere in history.

Turning to the domain of ethics proper, and considering what may in general terms be called the fountain of right, namely, adherence to truth and principle, the Greeks were by no means above reproach. They had in this regard fewer of the heroic virtues than did the Romans of the Republic. With the average Greek the rule was that the end justified the means, and the majority adopted this rule without compunction. The natural disposition to adopt intrigue and deception as legitimate instruments for the accomplishment of certain results encroached in practice upon the better principles of action, to the extent of making treachery in private life and perfidy in public affairs much too common for the honor and reputation of the race. While, however, such was in general the ethical code of the Greeks, there were among them not a few philosophers and teachers who, alike in their instructions and examples, were without doubt the best exponents of morality and personal worth that the world has ever pro-

duced. The greatness of Socrates stands unchallenged. The beauty and sublimity of his teachings have never been assailed, except by bigots. The lustre of his life and the heroism of his death have cast a mellow light through the centuries, and his steady belief in immortality has remained as the greatest protest of the pagan world against the notion of the extinction of the human soul. While it is true that the Athenians on an important state occasion gave as a formal reason for the breaking of a treaty the statement that *it was no longer to their advantage to keep it*, and while in multiplied instances the pages of Grecian history are stained with the record of deeds perfidious, it is also true that the discs of Socrates and Plato shine above the fogs of this depravity with an immortal brightness.

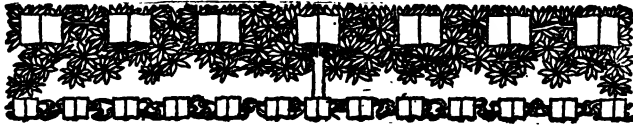
Nor should there be failure to mention the redemptive virtue of Greek patriotism. It may be true, as has been urged by some philanthropists, that those local attachments of man to his own hill, his own province, his own country which, in the aggregate, pass by the name of patriotism are in the nature of a vice which will be extinguished in the higher developments of civilization. But such a proposition cannot be established out of the history of the past, nor is it likely to be established in the immediate future. In general, the progress of mankind, as well as the average happiness of the world, has been fostered and sustained by the devotion of patriotism ; and even in the present condition of the world patriotism remains a fact and internationality a dream.

The Greeks were patriotic. Their land was of such a character as to nurture and stimulate local attachment. There seems to be more principle involved in fighting for a hill than for a brick-yard. The human race fits to inequality of surface. It is difficult to be moved from such a situation. Beauty, sublimity, variety, every element which draws forth from man an affectionate regard for nature, fired the Greek with enthusiasm for his country, his altars, his hearthstones, his gods. The masterful struggles at Marathon, Platæa, and Salamis are but the attestation of the vigor and invincible force of the patriotism of the Greeks.

They loved liberty. Freedom had her birth among the hills of Greece. Here it was that political rights were first debated, and the duties of government limited by statute. There was something in the Greek mind which could not tolerate the exactions of arbitrary authority. What they could not consent to they resisted. They quaffed freedom as from a cup. Their patriotic impulses led to the acceptance of the doctrine that the man existed for the state; but the spirit of liberty made it dangerous to be the state. Hellas was an arena. Contention, party strife, the conflict of opinion, the counter currents of interest, the inebriety of the demagogue, the factious outcry, the excited assembly, the uproar, the ostracism—all these were but the concomitants of that wonderful agitation in the painful throes of which were born the liberties of the people. With the growth of the Grecian commonwealths popular consent became more and more the necessary antecedent of action. The voice of the new-born fact called political freedom cried in the streets. There was a clamor, not wise but loud. It was as a sound in the tree-tops—the voice of democracy—a voice never to be stilled unto the shores of time and the ends of the earth.

—*Cyclopædia of Universal History, Vol. I., pp. 461-63.*





RIGGS, KATE DOUGLAS (WIGGIN), *née* SMITH, an American educator and writer of stories for the young, was born in Philadelphia in 1859. Her girlhood was spent at Hollis, Me., and at Andover, Mass., where she was educated. She removed in early life to California; where, with her sister Norah, she began the study of the Fröbelian system of education. She taught a year in the Santa Barbara College; and in 1878 she organized in San Francisco the first free kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains. She founded the California Kindergarten Training School, which graduated its first class in 1881 and soon had its workers in every State on the Pacific coast, and in Central America and the Sandwich Islands. In 1888 she removed to New York, where she became first Vice-President of the New York Kindergarten Association. Her husband, Samuel Bradley Wiggin, died in 1889; and in 1895 she was married to George Christopher Riggs. Her literary works, by which she is better known to the world at large, and some of which have been translated into French, German, Japanese, Danish, and Swedish, and printed in raised letters for the blind, and all of which have been republished in England, include *Half a Dozen Housekeepers* (1878); *The Birds' Christmas Carol* (1886); *Kindergarten Chimes* (1888); *The Story of Patsy* (1889); *A Sum-*
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mer in a Cañon (1889); *Timothy's Quest* (1890); *The Story Hour* (short stories in collaboration with her sister, 1890); *The Kindergarten and the Public School* (1891); *Children's Rights* (with her sister, 1892); *A Cathedral Courtship* (1893); *Penelope's English Experiences* (1893); *Polly Oliver's Problem* (1893); *The Village Watch Tower* (1895); *Fröbel's Gifts* (1896).

POLLY AND EDGAR.

"Oh, how old and 'gentlemanly' you look, Edgar! I feel quite afraid of you!"

"I'm glad you do. There used to be a painful lack of reverence in your manners, Miss Polly."

"There used to be a painful lack of politeness in yours, Mr. Edgar. Oh, dear, I meant to begin so nicely with you and astonish you with my new, grown-up manners! Now, Edgar, let us begin as if we had just been introduced; if you will try your best not to be provoking, I won't say a single disagreeable thing."

"Polly, shall I tell you the truth?"

"You might try; it would be good practice, even if you didn't accomplish anything."

"How does that remark conform with your late promises? However, I'll be forgiving and see if I receive any reward; I've tried every other line of action. What I was going to say when you fired that last shot was this: I agree with Jack Howard, who used to say that he would rather quarrel with you than be friends with any other girl."

"It is nice," said Polly, complacently. "I feel a sort of pleasant glow myself, whenever I've talked to you a few minutes; but the trouble is that you used to fan that pleasant glow into a raging heat, and then we both got angry."

"If the present 'raging heat' has faded into the 'pleasant glow,' I don't mind telling you that you are very much improved," said Edgar, encouragingly. "Your temper seems much the same, but no one who

knew you at fourteen could have foreseen that you would turn out so exceedingly well."

"Do you mean that I am better looking?" asked Polly, with the excited frankness of sixteen years.

"Exactly."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Edgar. I'm a thousand times obliged. "I've thought so myself, lately; but it's worth everything to have your grown-up college opinion. Of course, red hair has come into vogue, that's one point in my favor, though I fear mine is a little vivid even for the fashion: Margery has done a water-color of my head which Phil says looks like the explosion of a tomato. Then my freckles are almost gone, and that is a great help; if you examine me carefully in this strong light you can only count seven, and two of those are getting faint-hearted. Nothing can be done with my aspiring nose. I've tried in vain to push it down, and now I'm simply living it down."

Edgar examined her in the strong light mischievously. "Turn your profile," he said. "That's right; now, do you know, I rather like your nose, and it's a very valuable index to your disposition. I don't know whether if it were removed from your face, it would mean so much; but, taken in connection with its surroundings, it's a very expressive feature; it warns the stranger to be careful. In fact, most of your features are danger signals, Polly; I'm rather glad I've been taking a course of popular medical lectures on First Aid to the Injured!"

And so, with a great deal of nonsense and a good sprinkling of quiet, friendly chat, they made their way to Professor Salazar's house, proffered Polly's apologies, and took the train for San Francisco.—*Polly Oliver's Problem.*

THE FORE-ROOM RUG.

The room grew dusky as twilight stole gently over the hills of Pleasant River. Priscilla's lip trembled; Diadema's tears fell thick and fast on the white rosebud, and she had to keep wiping her eyes as she followed the pattern.

"I ain't said as much as this about it for five years,"

she went on, with a tell-tale quiver in her voice, "but now I've got going, I can't stop. I'll have to get the weight out o' my heart somehow.

"Three days after I put Lovey's baby into her arms the Lord called her home. 'When I prayed so hard for this little new life, Reuben,' says she, holding the baby as if she would never let it go, 'I didn't think I'd got to give up my own in place of it; but it's the first fiery flood we've had, dear, and though it burns to my feet, I'll tread it as brave as I know how.'

"She didn't speak a word after that; she just faded away like a snow-drop, hour by hour. And Reuben and I stared one another in the face as if we was dead instead of her, and we went about that house o' mourning like sleep-walkers for days and days, not knowing whether we et or slept, or what we done.

"As for the baby, the poor little mite didn't live many hours after its mother, and we buried 'em together. Reuben and I knew what Lovey would have liked. She gave her life for the baby's, and it was a useless sacrifice, after all. No, it wa'n't neither; it *couldn't* have been! You needn't tell me God 'll let such sacrifices as that come out useless! But, anyhow, we had one coffin for 'em both, and I opened Lovey's arms and laid the baby in 'em. When Reuben and I took our last look, we thought she seemed more 'n ever like Mary, the mother of Jesus. There never was another like her, and there never will be. 'Nonesuch,' Reuben used to call her."

There was silence in the room, broken only by the ticking of the old clock and the tinkle of a distant cow-bell. Priscilla made an impetuous movement, flung herself down by the basket of rags, and buried her head in Diadema's gingham apron.

"Dear Mrs. Bascom, don't cry. I'm sorry, as the children say."

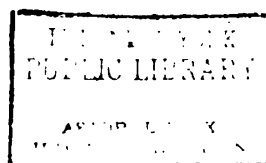
"No, I won't more'n a minute. Jot can't stand it to see me give way. You go and touch a match to the kitchen fire, so't the kettle will be boiling, and I'll have a minute to myself. I don't know what the neighbors would think to ketch me crying over my drawing-in frame; but the spell's over now, or 'bout over, and when I can muster up courage I'll take the rest of the

baby's cloak and put a border of white everlastings round the outside of the rug. It'll always mean the baby's birth and Lovey's death to me; but the flowers will remind me it's life everlasting for both of 'em, and so it's the most comforting end I can think of."

It was indeed a beautiful rug when it was finished and laid in front of the sofa in the fore-room. Diadema was very choice of it. When company was expected, she removed it from its accustomed place, and spread it in a corner of the room where no profane foot could possibly tread on it. Unexpected callers were managed by a different method. If they seated themselves on the sofa, she would fear they did not "set easy" or "rest comfortable" there, and suggest their moving to the stuffed chair by the window. The neighbors thought this solicitude merely another sign of Diadema's "p'ison neatness," excusable in this case, as there was so much white in the new rug.

The fore-room blinds were ordinarily closed, and the chilliness of death pervaded the sacred apartment; but on great occasions, when the sun was allowed to penetrate the thirty-two tiny panes of glass in each window, and a blaze was lighted in the fireplace, Miss Hollis would look in as she went upstairs, muse a moment over the pathetic little romance of rags, the story of two lives worked into a bouquet of old-fashioned posies, whose gay tints were brought out by a setting of sombre threads. Existence had gone so quietly in this remote corner of the world that all its important events, babyhood, childhood, betrothal, marriage, motherhood, with all their mysteries of love and life and death, were chronicled in this narrow space not two yards square.

Diadema came in behind the little school-teacher one afternoon. "I cal'late," she said, "that being kep' in a dark room, and never being tread on, it will last longer'n I do. If it does, Priscilla, you know that white crape shawl of mine I wear to meeting hot Sundays: that would make a second row of everlastings round the border. You could piece out the linings good and smooth on the under side, draw in the white flowers, and fill 'em round with black to set 'em off. The rug would be han'somer than ever then, and the story—would be finished."—*The Village Watch Tower.*





JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
Photogravure—From a photograph.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
Photogravure—From a photograph



RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB, a popular American dialect writer, often referred to as the "Burns of America," was born at Greenfield, Ind., in 1854. As a child he was the constant companion of his father, an attorney-at-law, and on court days, perched in some corner, began unconsciously his studies of Western character and dialect. His school education was carried on irregularly. He wished to be a portrait-painter, but, sign-painting being a shorter road to wealth, he became a wandering decorator of roadsides and fences. He then joined a company of strolling players as both actor and author, rewrote plays, improvised songs, drew caricatures, and laid in a stock of insight into character and knowledge of different phases of life. He made his first appearance as a writer of verses in the *Indianapolis Journal* in June, 1882, and, unlike most aspirants who crowd into the "Poet's Corner" of such journals in their own persons, and celebrate their supposititious experiences and disappointments in love, he created for his poetic purpose an uneducated, elderly rustic named Benjamin F. Johnson, who, in his own words, "from childhood up tel old enough to vote, allus wrote more or less poetry, as many an album in the neighborhood can testify," and wrote "from the hart out."

One of the best estimates of Mr. Riley's poetry and place in literature is found in a review of his work and his creation of the character Benjamin F. Johnson by R. H. Stoddard. He says: "That the personality into which Mr. Riley thus projected himself was a successful one was evident at once from the popularity of his rustic poems among the people who were best qualified to judge them, and who, it is safe to assume, could no more have been taken in by them, if they had not been genuine of their kind, than the countrymen of Burns could have been taken in by bogus Scottish balladry of literary and Saxon origin. Benjamin F. Johnson was a dramatic creation, and his Hoosier rhymes, when rightly understood, are dramatic lyrics, like those that he wrote when he was at his freshest and best in *Bells and Pomegranates*, and as such are admirable. They are occupied with thoughts and feelings common to the uneducated country folk of whom Mr. Johnson is the laureate, and whom he may be said to interpret to themselves by virtue of his sympathy with them and their homely lives, by his clear, strong horse sense and his freedom from sentimentality, by his intuitive use of their mother-tongue, and the curious something which is neither humor nor pathos, but a happy blending of both, an April day of shifting shine and shade. He sees things as they see them, with a little more philosophy, perhaps, and with a keener sense of the picturesqueness of their surroundings, and the gift of seizing and presenting its salient features in felicitous, vital words. A stanza from one of

his descriptive poems is a gallery of natural pictures:

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin'
turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineas and the cluckin' of the
hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyeh as he tiptoes on the
fence;
O, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peace-
ful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to
feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock.

The familiarity with the sights and sounds of nature which a stanza like this exhibits, and there are many such here, is conspicuous in this Hoosier verse which finds its true expression in dialect, which, however loose it may be in its grammar, is consistent and not excessive in its bad spelling. But there are graver things than these in Mr. Johnson's verse, notably in *A Hymn of Faith*:

Make us to feel, when times look bad,
And tears in pity melt,
Thou wast the only he'p we had,
When there was nothin' else.

Death comes alike to ev'ry man
That ever was borned on earth;
Then let us do the best we can
To live for all life's worth.

Ef storms and tempest dred to see
Makes black the heavens ore,

They done the same in Galilee
Two thousand years before.

But, after all, the golden sun
Poured out its floods on them
That watched and waited for the One
Then borned in Bethlyham.

We shall not compare Mr. Riley with the generality of our dialect writers, of whom we have more than a sufficiency, in prose and verse, except by saying that his dialect impresses us with the belief that it is genuine, and not literary; that it represents, as nearly as may be, a spoken speech, and not the ingenuity of a clever manufacturer of possible combinations of misused words, and that whatever it is, or is not, it is certainly not slang. He has the art—perhaps we should say the gift—of writing about the things of every-day life in an unusual fashion, with an insight that reveals more than meets the eye, and that separates the common from the commonplace. Mr. Benjamin F. Johnson is a poor and distant relative of Hosea Biglow, compared with whom he labors under the disadvantage of having written a great deal of homely verse which nowhere suggests the genius to have written anything as good as “Zekle’s Courtin’.”

He has published *The Old Swimmin’ Hole, and ‘Leven More Poems, by Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone* (1883); *The Boss Girl and Other Sketches, Stories and Poems* (1886); *Afterwhiles*, poems, and *Character Sketches and Poems* (1887); *Pipes o’ Pan at Zekesbury* and *Old-Fashioned Roses* (1889); *Rhymes of Childhood Days* (1890); *Neighborly Poems*

(1891); *Flying Islands of the Night* (1891); *An Old Sweetheart of Mine* (1891); *Green Fields and Running Brooks* (1893); *Poems Here at Home* (1893). *Armasinda* (1894) is a volume of Hoosier harvest-airs and child-rhymes.

THE ELF-CHILD.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
 An' wash the cups an' saucers up, and brush the crumbs
 away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth
 an' sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board
 and keep;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire, an' has the mostest fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
 An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
 An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
 His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him
 bawl,
 An' when they turned the kivers down he wasn't there
 at all!
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole
 an' press,
 An' seeked him up the chimby-flue, an' everywhere, I
 guess,
 But all they ever found was this, his pants an' round-
 about :—
 An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of everyone an' all her blood-an-kin.
 An' onc't when they was "company," an' old folks was
 there,
 She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't
 care!
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run and
 hide,
 They was two great Big Black Things a-standin' by her
 side,
 An' snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed
 what she's about!
 An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes Woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is squenched away—
 You better mind yer parents, an' yer teacher fond an'
 dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, and dry the orphant's tear,
 An' help the po' an' needy ones, 'at clusters all about,
 Er the gobble-uns 'll git *you*
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

Old Man never had much to say—
 'Ceptin' to Jim—
 An' Jim was the wildest boy he had—
 And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him!
 Never heard him speak but once
 Er twice in my life—and first time was
 When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
 The Old Man backin' him, fer three months.

And all 'at I heerd the Old Man say
Was jes' as we turned to start away—

“Well; good-by, Jim :
Take keer of yourse'f !”

Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him !—
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
And they skooted for timber and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the Old Man's words in his mind all day—

“Well; good-by, Jim :
Take keer of yourse'f !”

'Peared-like he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f—like, see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him !
And over and over I mind the day
The Old Man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say—
“Well; good-by, Jim :
Take keer of yourse'f !”

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim ;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The Old Man 'peared wrapped up in him :
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole rigiment—white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen—

The Old Man wound up a letter to him
 'At Cap. read to us, 'at said—" Tell Jim
 Good-by;
 And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come back jes' long enough
 To take the whim
 'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
 And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him!—
 Jim allowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
 Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
 And the Old Man give him a colt he'd raised
 And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
 And laid around for a week or so,
 Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
 Tel finally he rid away,
 And last he heard was the Old Man say—
 " Well ; good-by, Jim :
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old Man did,
 A-watchin' fer Jim—
 Think of a private, now, perhaps,
 We'll say like Jim,
 'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
 And the Old Man jes' wrapped up in him :
 Think of him—with the war plum through,
 And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
 A-laughin' the news down over Jim
 And the Old Man, bendin' over him—
 The surgeon turnin' away with tears
 'At hadn't leaked for years and years—
 As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
 His father's, the old voice in his ears—
 " Well ; good-by, Jim :
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

'MONGST THE HILLS O' SOMERSET.

'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset
 Wisht I was a-roaming yet!

My feet won't get usen to
These low lands I'm trompin' through.
Wisht I could go back there and
Stroke the long grass with my hand,
Like my school-boy sweetheart's hair
Smoothed out underneath it there!
Wisht I could set eyes once more
On our shadders, on before,
Climbin', in the airly dawn,
Up the slopes 'at love grewed on
Natcheril as the violet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

How 't'u'd rest a man like me
Jes fer 'bout an hour to be
Up there where the mornin' air
Could reach out and ketch me there!
Snatch my breath away, and then
Rense and give it back again
Fresh as dew, and smellin' of
The old pinks I ust to love,
And a-flavor'n ever' breeze
With mixed hints o' mulberries
And May-apples, from the thick
Bottom lands along the crick
Where the fish bit, dry er wet,
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things
All comes back : the bluebird swings
In the maple, tongue and bill
Trillin' glory fit to kill!
In the orchard, jay and bee
Ripens the first pears fer me
And the "Prince's Harvest," they
Tumble to me where I lay
In the clover, provin' still
"A boy's will is the wind's will."
Clean fergot is time, and care,
And thick hearin' and gray hair—
But they's nothin' I fergot
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged—to be edzact,
Very middle-aged, in fact—
Yet a thinkin' back to *then*,
I'm the same wild boy again !
Ther's the dear old home once *more*,
And ther's mother at the door—
Dead, I know, fer thirty year,
Yet she's *singin'*, and I *hear*.
And there's Joe, and Mary Jane,
And Pap, comin' up the lane !
Dusk's a-fallin' ; and the dew,
'Pears like it's a-fallin', too—
Dreamin' we're all livin' yet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset !





RIPLEY, GEORGE, an American critic and philosopher, born at Greenfield, Mass., October 3, 1802; died in New York, July 4, 1880. He was graduated at Harvard in 1823, at the head of a class of unusual brilliancy; studied at the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1827 became pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston. In 1831 he went to Europe, where he remained for some time, studying German and French literature, and upon his return devoted himself to literary work. In 1838 he undertook the editing of a series of translations by different persons, entitled *Foreign Standard Literature*, which extended to fourteen volumes, and published *Discourses on the Philosophy of Religion* (1839) and *Letters on the Latest Forms of Infidelity*. In 1842 he engaged in establishing the "Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education," which was abandoned after a trial of four years. In 1849 he became literary editor of the New York *Tribune*, and literary adviser for the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, filling these positions until his death. In 1853 he published *Hand Book of Literature and the Fine Arts*. In the same year he and Charles A. Dana undertook the editing of Appleton's *American Cyclopædia* (1853 *et seq.*; second edition, 1874 *et seq.*). As literary editor of the *Tribune* he exercised a wider influence than any other man upon American literature.

Few books of any note appeared which were not "noticed" by him, and always in an impartial and liberal spirit. These "Book Notices" not unfrequently extended to considerable length, and it is to be regretted that no collection of the most important of these has been published.

VOLTAIRE.

The earliest dates in the history of Voltaire present a transparent contrast to the glory of its final success. He first appears in the character of a cunning Bohemian, intent on wresting a livelihood from a reluctant world, rather than as a man of genius whose writings were to excite a fermentation of thought. His first step was to change the family name of Arouet to the more sonorous title of Voltaire. He soon found his place in the brilliant and corrupt society of that period. His pen had free exercise in the field of irony and satire; his mocking genius is called into early action; he sends the shafts of his wit with less regard to the accuracy of their aim than to the effect of their stroke; and by the time he is twenty years old he is thrown into prison for a lampoon on the king. But he soon turns the tables, makes friends of his accusers, and is again launched on the topmost wave of social and literary success. He becomes a shrewd financial manager, a fortunate speculator in stocks, a trader in pensions and offices, and a contractor with the government for furnishing the army with bacon and beef.

The wonderful power of Voltaire in the subsequent stages of his career was doubtless due to the sinuous facility with which he adapted himself to the spirit of the age. He struck while the iron was hot. It was an epoch of transition from mediæval religiousness to modern free-thinking. The whispers of doubt against the authority of the Church were muttered in secret places; Voltaire proclaimed upon the housetops what had been suspected in the cell of the thinker and the study of the scholar. He gave verbal expression to the ideas which had been cherished in private; and the secret of

the sceptic became the property of the world. At that time the sentiment of religion was identified with the faith of the Church in the leading circles of French society. Protestantism had made little headway in the land of the Huguenots. The Roman Catholic faith was considered the genuine type of Christianity, which was held responsible for the encroachments of ecclesiastical power on the claims of human freedom. Voltaire made no distinction between religion and Catholicism. In his attacks on religion he deemed himself the defender of freedom, and supposed that he was battling for the cause of Humanity while attempting to demolish the supremacy of the Church.

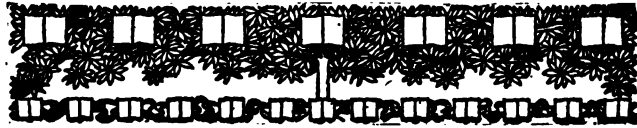
Nor was Voltaire in sympathy with the thorough-going scepticism which was the characteristic of the eighteenth century. He attacked religion less as a creed or a sentiment than as an obstacle, in its existing manifestations, to liberty of thought; and, while he kept no terms with the ecclesiastical authorities of the age, he was wont to express his conviction of a retributive Providence, and even erected a church at Ferney, dedicated to the Supreme Being. The influence of Voltaire on his age accordingly was as the champion of mental freedom and of the unembarrassed pursuit of truth, of the rights of man—to use a phrase which was then coming into vogue.

The methods of Voltaire all took their stamp as much from the character of the age as from his own intellectual traits and tendencies. It was an age when the grave aspect of the scholastic philosophy was softened down into the unwrinkled visage of modern vivacity. Voltaire was essentially the royal jester in the Court of Literature. He did not attempt to "sap a solemn creed by a solemn sneer," but tried to undermine the faith of ages by gay ribaldry and light persiflage. He courted inquiry with some sorry joke on his lips, and laughed off the stage what he could not destroy by serious discussion. He seemed to have no earnestness of character, to play with his strongest convictions, to prefer a sparkling repartee to a lucid argument, and in his most strenuous combats to rely more on the flashes and flourishes of his sword than on the temper of his blade.

His attacks on religion partook of the shallow and mercurial nature of the man. If he could make a brilliant poem against the priesthood, he took little care to verify its truth. He held Christianity responsible with its life for many antiquated theories which since his time have parted with much of the prestige that had embalmed them in the odor of sanctity, and which are now by no means considered as essential elements of an orthodox creed.

Still, in his easy way, Voltaire was a lover of humanity. He had a keen sense of the evils of modern society, and a certain half-ironical hope that they were not past redemption. He felt for "the oppressions that were done under the sun;" but it was less a feeling of love for the oppressed than hatred of the oppressor. . . .

The present century has opened a new era in which Voltaire would find himself a stranger and a foreigner. His influence has left but few traces on the intellectual development of the age; his genius for sarcasm and mockery has grown pale before the rising dawn of a devout earnestness, and the profound seriousness of inquiry which mark the researches of modern science. The spirit of the nineteenth century calls for guides and leaders of a different metal from that of Voltaire. Let the mocking spectre rest unmolested in the realms of shades; let no violence be offered to his aged bones as they rest in their laurelled though moss-grown sepulchre; but let him not be honored as the intellectual sovereign of the present or the coming age. The sceptre has departed from the sage of Ferney; let his name be no longer invoked as the law-giver of thought. Yet while he is dethroned from his intellectual supremacy over a superficial age, let us not fail to do justice to his higher qualities as the armed foe of superstition, and the alert champion of the freedom of the human mind.
—*Tribune, February, 1878.*



RITCHIE, ANNA CORA (OGDEN) MOWATT, an American novelist, born in Bordeaux, France, in 1819; died at Henley, near London, July 28, 1870. At the age of fourteen she was secretly married to James Mowatt, a young lawyer of New York. Her first novel, *Pelayo, or the Cavern of Covadonga*, was published under the pen-name of "Isabel" (1836), and she responded to the adverse criticism of this book by another, entitled *Reviewers Reviewed* (1837). In 1841 she gave a series of dramatic readings, and began to contribute stories to magazines under the name "Helen Berkeley." She wrote several plays, and tried her fortune on the stage, making her *début* in 1845 at the Park Theatre, Boston, as Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*. Her husband died in 1851. In 1854 she was married to William F. Ritchie, of Richmond, Va. After his death, in 1868, she resided in Europe. Her plays include *Gulzara, the Persian Slave* (1840); *Fashion, a Comedy* (1845), and *Armand; or, The Peer and the Peasant* (1847). Her books are *The Fortune-Hunter* (1842); *Evelyn; or, A Heart Unmasked* (1845); *The Autobiography of an Actress; or, Eight Years on the Stage* (1854); *Mimic Life; or, Before and Behind the Curtain* (1855); *Twin Roses* (1857); *Fairy Fingers* (1865); *The Mute Singer* (1866), and *The Clergyman's Wife, and Other Sketches* (1867).

MINISTRATION.

Five o'clock had struck when Madeleine perceived that her companion's eyes had grown heavy, and that he was making a desperate struggle to keep them open. With womanly tact she leaned her elbow on the bed, and rested her forehead on her hand, in such a manner that her face was concealed, and thus avoided any further conversation. In less than ten minutes the sound of clear but regular breathing apprised her that Maurice had fallen asleep.

When she looked up, at first timidly, but soon with security, Maurice was lying back in his arm-chair—his hands were calmly folded together, his head drooped a little to one side, the rich chestnut curls (for his hair had darkened until it no longer resembled Bertha's golden locks) were disordered, and fully revealed his fair, intellectual brow; the pallor of his face rendered more than usually conspicuous the chiselling of his finely cut features; the calm, half-smiling curve of his handsome mouth, gave his whole countenance an expression of placid happiness which it had not worn of late in waking hours. Madeleine sat and gazed at him as she could never have gazed when his eyes might have met hers; she gazed until her whole soul flashed into her face; and if Maurice had awakened and caught but one glimpse of the fervent radiance of that look he would surely have known her secret.

There is intense fascination to a woman in scanning the face that is to her beyond all others worth perusing when the soft breath of sleep renders the beloved object unconscious of the eyes bent tenderly upon his features. No check is given to the flood of worshipping love that pours itself out from her soul; then, and perhaps *then only*, in his presence, she allows the tide of pent-up adoration to break down all its natural barriers. However perfect her devotion at other times, there may, there always *does*, exist a half-involuntary *reticence*, a secret fear that if even her eyes were to betray the whole wealth of her passion it would not be well with her.—*Fairy Fingers*.



RITCHIE, ANNE ISABELLA (THACKERAY), an English novelist, born in London in 1838. The daughter of William M. Thackeray, in early years her father dictated many of his works to her and to her sister. After receiving her education in Paris and London, she was married in 1877 to her cousin, Richmond Thackeray Ritchie. Her books include *The Story of Elizabeth* (1863); *The Village on the Cliff* (1867); *To Esther, and Other Stories* (1869); *Old Kensington and Toilers and Spinsters, and Other Essays* (1873); *Blue Beard's Keys, and Other Stories* (1874); *Miss Angel* (1875); *Anne Evans* (1880); *Mme. de Sévigné*, a biography (1881); a *Book of Sibyls*, reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* (1883); *Mrs. Dymond* (1885); *Tennyson and His Friends* (1893); *Lord Amherst and the British Advance Eastward to Burmah* (1894; in collaboration with R. Evans); *Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs* (1895).

Says the *Saturday Review*: "No work more clear and true and pure, more full of tenderness and grace, and of that insight which nothing but a keen sympathy with every phase of joy and sorrow can give, is produced among us than that by which she sustains the honors of her father's name." And *The Bookman* said in November, 1897: "It need hardly be said that all that Mrs. Ritchie has written in various forms about her father has been

done in exquisite taste in view of the injunction put upon posterity by Thackeray that no biography of him should appear after his death."

IN SHADOW.

It was as well, perhaps, that the cruel news should have come to Dolly as it did—suddenly, without the torture of apprehension, of sympathy. She knew the worst now; she had seen it printed for all the world to read; she knew the worst, even while they carried her upstairs half-conscious; someone said, "Higher up," and then came another flight, and she was laid on a bed, and a window was opened, and a flapping handkerchief that she seemed to remember came dabbing on her face. It was evening when she awoke, sinking into life. She was lying on a little bed like her own, but it was not her own room. It was a room with a curious cross corner and a window with white curtains, through which the evening lights were still shining. There was a shaded green lamp in a closet opening out of the room, in the corner of which a figure was sitting at work with a coiffe like that one she had seen pass the window as she waited in the room down below.

A low sob brought the watcher to Dolly's side. She came up carrying the little shaded lamp. Dolly saw in its light the face of a sweet-looking woman that seemed strangely familiar. She said, "Lie still, my dear child. I will get you some food;" and in a few minutes she came back with a cup of broth, which she held to her lips, for, to her surprise, Dolly found that her hands were trembling so that she could not hold the cup herself.

"You must use my hands," said the lady, smiling. "I am Mrs. Fane. You know my brother David. I am a nurse by trade."

And nursed by these gentle hands, watched by these kind eyes, the days went by. "Dolly had narrowly escaped a nervous fever," the doctor said. "She must be kept perfectly quiet; she could not have come to a better place to be taken care of."

Mrs. Fane reminded Dolly one day of their first meeting in Mr. Royal's studio. "I have been expecting you," she said, with a smile. "We seem to belong to each other."

Marker came, and was installed in the inner closet.

Marker had an objection to institootions. "Let people keep themselves to themselves," she used to say. She could not bear to have Dolly ill in this strange house, with its silence and stiff, orderly ways. She would have gladly carried her home if she could; but it was better for Dolly to be away from all the sad scenes of the last few months. Here she was resting with her grief—it seemed to lie still for a while. So the hours passed. She would listen with a vague curiosity to the murmur of voices, to the tramp of the feet outside, bells struck from the steeples round about, high in the air, and melodiously ringing; Big Ben would come swelling over the house-tops; the river brought the sound to Dolly's open window.

Clouds are in the sky; a great, heavy bank is rising westward. Yellow lights fall fitfully upon the water, upon the barges floating past, the steamers, the boats; the great spanning bridge and the distant towers are confused and softened by a silver autumnal haze; a few yellow leaves drop from the creeper round the window; the water flows cool and dim; the far distant sound of the wheels drones on continually. Dolly looks at it all. It does not seem to concern her, as she sits there sadly and wearily. Who does not know these hours, tranquil but sad beyond words, when the pain not only of one's own grief, but of the sorrow of life itself, seems to enter into the soul? It was a pain new to Dolly, and it frightened her. Someone coming in saw Dolly's terrified look, and came and sat down beside her. It was Mrs. Fane, with her kind face, who took her hand, and seemed to know it all as she talked to her of her own life—talked to her of those she had loved and who were gone. Each word she spoke had a meaning, for she had lived her words and wept them out one by one.

She had seen it all go by. Love and friendship had

passed her along the way ; some had hurried on before , some had lagged behind or strayed away from her grasp, and then late in life had come happiness, and to her warm heart tenderest dreams of motherhood, and then the final cry of parting love and of utter anguish and desolation, and that, too, had passed away. " But the love is mine still," she said ; " and love is life."

To each one of us comes the thought of those who live most again when we hear of a generous deed, of a truthful word spoken ; of those who hated evil and loved the truth, for the truth was in them, and common to all ; of those whose eyes were wise to see the angels in the field at work among the devils. . . . The blessing is ours of their love for great and noble things. We may not all be gifted with the divinest fires of their nobler insight and wider imagination, but we may learn to live as they did, and to seek a deeper grasp of life, a more generous sympathy. Overwhelmed we may be with self-tortures and wants and remorse, swayed by many winds, sometimes utterly indifferent from very weariness, but we may still return thanks for the steadfast power of the noble dead. It reigns unmoved through the raving of the storm ; it speaks of a bond beyond death and beyond life. Something of all this Mrs. Fane taught Dolly by words in this miserable hour of loneliness, but still more by her simple daily actions. . . . The girl, hearing her friend speak, seemed no longer alone. She took Mrs. Fane's hand and looked at her, and asked whether she might not come and live there some day, and try to help her with her sick people.—*Old Kensington.*

REINE.

The tide which sways between the two great shores of England and France sometimes beats against our chalk cliffs, which spread in long, low lines gleaming tranquilly in the sun, while the great wave armies roll up with thundering might to attack them ; sometimes it rushes over the vast sand-plains and sand-hills, the dunes and the marshes of France, spreading and spreading until its fury of approach is spent, and then perhaps, as the sun begins to set, and the sky begins to

clear, suddenly the water stills and brightens, and the fishing-boats put out to sea with the retiring tide. Some people living on the shores listen to the distant moan of the waters as they roll and roll away ; some are so used by long custom that they scarcely heed the sad echoing. But others are never accustomed. . . .

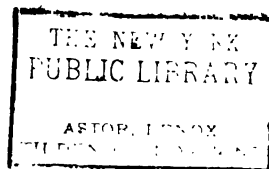
This echo of the sea, which to some was a complaint and a reproach, was to Reine Chrétien like the voice of a friend and teacher—of a religion, almost. There are images so natural and simple that they become more than mere images and symbols ; and to her, when she looked at the gleaming immensity, it was almost actually and in truth to her the great sea, upon the shores of which we say we are as children playing with pebbles. It was her formula. Her prayers went out unconsciously toward the horizon, as some pray looking toward heaven, in the words their fathers have used ; and some pray by the pains they suffer ; and some by the love that is in them ; and some, again, without many words, pray in their lives and their daily work, but do not often put into actual phrases and periphrases the story of their labors and weariness and effort. The other children on the shore are sometimes at variance with these latter in their play ; for while they are all heaping up their stores of pebbles, and stones, and shells, and building strange, fantastic piles, and drawing intricate figures upon the sand, and busily digging foundations which the morning tides come and sweep away, suddenly they seem to grow angry, and they wrathfully pick up the pebbles and fling them at one another, wounding, and cutting, and bruising with the sharp edges. . . .

Reine, on her sea-shore, picked up her stones with the rest of us, and carefully treasured the relics which she inherited from her mother, the good Catholic, since whose death her life would have been a sad one if it had not been so full of small concerns of unintermitting work. She, too, heard the sound of the sea as she went about her daily occupations, but to Reine it seemed like the supplement and encouragement of her lonely life. She listened to it as she went her rounds from the great kitchen to the outer boundaries of the farm, across the orchards and fields to the garden a mile off,

where her beans were growing, or sometimes sitting, resting by the blazing hearth, where the wood was heaped and the dried colza grass flaring. . . .

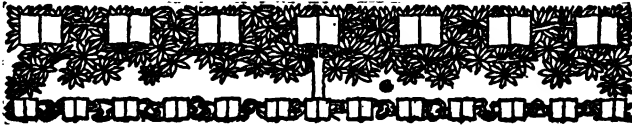
Reine was one of those people whose inner life works upon their outer life, and battles with it. She had inherited her mother's emotional nature and her father's strong and vigorous constitution. She was strong where her mother had been weak. She had thoughts and intuitions undreamt of by those among whom she lived. But things went crossways with her, and she suffered from it. She was hard and rough at times, and had not that gentleness and openness which belong to education and culture. Beyond the horizon dawned for her the kingdom of saints and martyrs, for which her mother before her had longed as each weary day went by: the kingdom where, for the poor woman, the star-crowned Queen of Heaven reigned with pitiful eyes. Reine did not want pity or compassion as yet. She was a woman with love in her heart, but she was not tender, as some are, or long-suffering; she was not unselfish, as others who abnegate and submit until nothing remains but a soulless body, a cataleptic subject mesmerized by a stronger will. . . .

Reine on her knees, under the great arch of Bayeux Cathedral, with the triumphant strains of the anthem resounding in her ears, would have seemed to some a not unworthy type of the Peasant Girl of Domrémy in Lorraine. As the music rang higher and shriller, the vibrations of the organ filled the crowded edifice. Priests stood at the high altar celebrating their mysteries; the incense was rising in streams from the censers; people's heads went bending lower and lower; to Reine a glory seemed to fill the place like the glory of the pink cloud in the Temple, and the heavens of her heart were unfolded. The saints and visions of her dim imaginations had no high commands for their votary; they did not bid her deliver her country, but sent her home to her plodding ways and her daily tasks, moved, disturbed, with a gentler fire in her eye, and with the soft chord in her voice stirred and harmonizing its harsher tone.—*The Village on the Cliff.*





AMÉLIE RIVES.



RIVES, AMÉLIE, an American novelist and poet, born in Richmond, Va., August 23, 1863. Her mother, Miss Macmurdo, was the granddaughter of Bishop Moore, of Virginia, and a great beauty. Her father, Colonel Alfred L. Rives, is the son of William C. Rives, three times minister to France, United States Senator, and author of a *Life of Madison*. Miss Rives's childhood was passed between Mobile, Ala., and the Rives country-place, Castle Hill, Albemarle County, Va. She began to write at nine years of age, her fancy running over a wide range of subjects and forms of expression. Her *A Brother to Dragons*, a story of the sixteenth century, appeared anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1886, and attracted wide attention. Some poems and two other short stories appeared during the following year, and in 1888 *The Quick or the Dead?* published in *Lippincott's*, made her name familiar throughout the reading world. In June of the same year she was married to John Armstrong Chanler, a grandson of John Jacob Astor. She continued her literary pursuits, and the next year began the study of painting in Paris. Discontinuing this art, she again took up literature. She returned to America in August, 1891. She was afterward divorced from Mr. Chanler on the ground of incompatibility, and in 1896 married to Prince Troubetskoy, a

Pole, and a well-known figure in the art-world of London. Besides those mentioned, her works include *Virginia of Virginia* and *Herod and Mariamne* (1888); *The Witness of the Sun* (1889); *According to St. John* (1891); *Barbara Dering* (1893); *Athelwold* (1893); *Tanis, the Sang-Digger* (1893).

Of *The Quick or the Dead?* the *Athenæum*, No. 3,203, says: "The little story is written in a style somewhat too luxurious, and at the same time too frank for American taste. . . . The author's literary style is not good; . . . but as for the general tone of the book there is nothing particularly dreadful to find fault with. . . . The book has one decided merit: it shows a vigorous appreciation of a piece of character—a passionate young woman who cannot make up her mind between her lover and her dead husband whom she adored."

THE FARRIER LASS O' PIPING PEBWORTH.

Well, the winter passed, and spring came on again, and 'twas May o' that year that I did break my hammer-arm. God above us only knows what would 'a' befallen us had 't not been for my Keren. Wilt believe 't? (but then I think thou'lt believe a-most anything o' that lass o' mine now—eh, comrade?) th' lass did set to work, and in two weeks' time a was as good a farrier as was e'er her daddy afore her. Bodykins, man! thou shouldst 'a' seen her at it: clad from throat to feet she was in a leathern apron, looking as like mine own as though th' mare's skin whereof mine was fashioned had, as 'twere, foaled a smaller one for th' lass—ha! ha!—and her sleeves rolled up from her bare arms, and th' cords a-standing out on them like th' veins in a horse's shoulder. And so would she stand, and work th' bellows at th' forge, until, what with th' red light from the fire on her face, and on her hair, and on her bare arms, I was

minded o' th' angel that walked i' the fiery furnace with th' men in Holy Writ. . . .

Well, ne'er saw I such trouble as that arm gave me (and 't has ne'er been strong since). First 'twould not knit, and then when 't did 'twas all wrong, and had to be broken and set o'er again. But th' lass ne'er gave out once. Late and early, fair weather and foul, a was at th' forge; and a came to be known for as good a smith as there was in all Warwickshire. But, for that none had e'er heard tell o' a woman at such work, or for some other reason, they did come to call her, moreover, "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth."

Well, th' months swung round, and 'twas nigh to Martlemas in that same year, and one day as I sat i' th' forge door, a-swearing roundly to myself concerning my lame arm, and how that 'twould not mend, up comes galloping a man, like one distraught, and a child on the saddle afore him, and a flings himself down with th' child in 's arms (making no shift whate'er to hold th' horse, which gallops on with th' reins swinging), and a cries out, a-setting of th' child on my knee—a cries out, "For God's sake, help me! My child hath been bit by a mad dog! Help me in some way, for th' love of God!"

And I saw that 'twas Robert Hacket that crouched and quivered at my knee like a hurt bound, and the child as like to him as one leaf on a tree is to th' other. But ere I could do or say aught, comes that lass o' mine, and ups with th' babe in her arms, and he roaring as lustily as any bull-calf with th' wound in 's little brown arm, and she sees where the beast hath bitten him. Then sets she him down again on my lap, and runs and fetches a bar o' iron and beats it i' th' forge till 'tis white-hot, and all th' time th' poor father a-sobbing, and kissing of the babe, and calling on me to help him, like as though I were God Almighty. And while he was so doing, and the babe like to burst with weeping, and I gone mad with not knowing what to be at, comes that wench, comrade, and jerks up th' babe, and sets th' white-hot metal in 's soft flesh.

Ay, comrade, a did, and a held it there till where th' dog's fangs had been was burned as black as th' anvil. And then, when 'tis done, and th' babe again upon 's

feet, and we two for praising and blessing o' her, down drops she all in a heap on th' floor atween us, like a hawk that hath been smitten in mid-heaven. Then 'twas, comrade, that th' babe was left to endure his pain as best he might; never thought more did 's father give him that day; but he runs and lifts th' lass in 's strong arms and bears her out into th' fresh air, and he calls her his "dear," and the "own," and his "life," and his "Keren," till had 't not been for my lass 's coming back to life, I would 'a' struck him in th' mouth for a-speaking so unto her, and he th' husband o' another woman.

But no sooner opes she her eyes than he hath both her hands hid in one o' his, and close against his breast, and she lying back in 's arms as though she were any chrisom child, and her big eye wide on his, and he saith to her: "Lass! lass!" saith he, "I ha' come to marry thee, and thou wilt have me," quoth he. "I ha' come to marry thee; and may God bless thee for saving th' child!"

Then did I understand; but she saith, with her great eyes moving—saith she—only one word—"Ruth?" saith she even so, once, low like that—"Ruth?" "Ay, lass, I know," he saith unto her, "I know," he saith. "But all's well with Ruth. Ruth is in heaven."

Then saith she, while a light leaps out o' her tearful eyes, like as when the sun doth shine suddenly through April rain—saith she, as she were breathing her life into th' words,

"Methinks I be there, too."

And also did I understand her, how that she meant that to be lying in th' arms o' him she loved, after all those weary year, was like being in heaven; but he questions her. "How, lass?" saith he. "Where dost thou think thou art? Thou art in thy true love's arms," saith he.

"Ay, there is heaven," she saith.

And I stole away to get the babe some kickshaws i' th' village, that they twain might be alone together.



ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS, a Canadian poet, born at Douglas, New Brunswick, January 10, 1860. He was educated at the University of New Brunswick; after graduating in 1879, he was a teacher for some years in the grammar-schools of Fredericton. In 1883 he became editor of *The Week*, a Toronto periodical; and in 1885 he was made Professor of English and French Literature and Political Economy in King's College University at Windsor, Nova Scotia. Later, he removed to New York City. His *Orion and Other Poems* was published in 1880, his next volume, *In Divers Tones*, in 1887. In 1888 appeared his *Poems of Wild Life*; other books are *The Book of the Native*, and the following prose works: *Earth's Enigmas*, a collection of short stories; *The Forge in the Forest*, an Acadian romance; *History of Canada*; *Around the Camp Fire*; *Canadian Guide Book*; *Reube Dare's Shad Boat*; *The Raid from Beausejour*, and *How the Carter Boys Lifted the Mortgage*. "His volumes," writes Thomas O'Hagan in *The Catholic World*, "are packed full of rich poetic thought. The general character of his workmanship is of such high order as to gain for him a large audience on both sides of the Atlantic. Roberts is a virile writer, and possesses in an eminent degree that even wedding of thought and language so essential to the production of a first-rate poem."

AN ODE FOR THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY.

Awake, my country—the hour is great with change !
 Under the gloom which yet obscures the land,
 From ice-blue straits and stern Laurentian range
 To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
 A deep voice stirs vibrating in men's ears
 As if their own hearts throbbed with thunder forth
 A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
 The voice of the desire of this strong North—
 This North whose heart of fire
 Yet knows not its desire
 Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream :
 The hour of dream is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam !

Awake, my country—the hour of dreams is done !
 Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
 Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
 And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait ;
 Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
 "Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame !"
 And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
 Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name—
 This name which yet shall grow
 Till all the nations know
 Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
 Loyal to our native earth—our own Canadian land !

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
 Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard !
 These mighty streams, resplendent with our story,
 Those iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred—
 What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure !
 What vales of plenty those calm floods supply !
 Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
 Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die ?
 O strong hearts of the North !
 Let flame your loyalty forth,
 And put the craven and base to an open shame
 Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name !



ROBERTSON, FREDERICK WILLIAM, an English clergyman and religious writer, born in London, February 3, 1816; died at Brighton, August 15, 1853. He was graduated at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1840, and took orders the same year. Among his fellow-students at Oxford was John Ruskin, and the two became close friends. After leaving college he made a pedestrian tour among the Alps, for the benefit of his health. In 1847, after serving as curate in several places, he became minister of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. From the first he was active in promoting enterprises for the intellectual and spiritual improvement of the working classes. Some of his views in regard to the Sabbath, the Atonement, and Inspiration were sharply censured as being at variance with those of the Anglican Church, while his talents, sincerity, and lofty personal character were acknowledged by all. He belonged to what is known as the Broad Church, and though he rather avoided than sought popularity, his eloquence and original ideas soon won for him general admiration. Nearly all of his works were published only after his death. Among them are *Sermons Preached at Trinity Chapel*, four series (1855-63); *Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics* (1858); *Lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians* (1870). His *Life and Letters*, edited by Stopford A. Brooke, were published in 1865.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

"Let us be going." There were two ways open to Christ in which to submit to His doom. He might have waited for it; instead of which He went to meet the soldiers. He took up the cross; the cup of anguish was not forced between His lips; He took it with His own hands, and drained it quickly to the last drop. In after years his disciples understood the principle, and acted upon it. They did not wait till persecution overtook them; they braved the Sanhedrim; they fronted the world; they proclaimed aloud the unpopular and unpalatable doctrines of the Resurrection and the Cross.

Now in this there lies a principle: Under no conceivable set of circumstances are we justified in sitting

By the poisoned springs of life,
Waiting for the morrow which shall free us from the strife.

Under no circumstances, whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be *done*, as well as something to be suffered. And thus it is that the spirit of Christianity draws over our life, not a leaden cloud of remorse and despondency, but a sky, not perhaps of radiant, but yet of most serene and chastened and manly hope. There is a Past which is gone forever, but there is a Future which is still our own.

THE SMILES AND TEARS OF LIFE.

The sorrows of the past stand out most visibly in our recollections, because they are the keenest of our sensations. At the end of a long existence we should probably describe it thus: "Few and evil have the days of Thy servant been." But the innumerable infinitesimals of happiness that from moment to moment made life sweet and pleasant are forgotten; and very richly has our Father mixed the materials of these with the homeliest actions and domesticities of existence. See two men meeting together in the streets—mere acquaintances. They will not be five minutes together before a smile will overspread their countenances, or a

merry laugh ring off at the lowest amusement. This has God done. God created the smile and the laugh, as well as the sigh and the tear. The aspect of this life is stern—very stern. It is a very superficial account of it which slurs over its grave mystery, and refuses to hear its low undertone of anguish. But there is enough, from hour to hour, of bright, sunny happiness to remind us that its Creator's highest name is Love.

THE BIBLE IN HUMAN HISTORY.

This collection of books has been to the world what no other book has ever been to a nation. States have been founded on its principles ; kings rule by a compact based on it. Men hold the Bible in their hands when they prepare to give solemn evidence affecting life, death, or property ; the sick man is almost afraid to die unless the book be within the reach of his hands ; the battle-ship goes into action with one on board whose office it is to expound it. Its prayers, its psalms, are the language which we use when we speak of God. . . . If there has been a prayer or a hymn enshrined in the heart of a nation, you are sure to find its basis in the Bible.

The very translation of it has fixed language and settled the idioms of speech. Germany and England speak as they speak because the Bible was translated. It has made the most illiterate peasant more familiar with the history, customs, and geography of ancient Palestine than with the localities of his own country. Men who know nothing of the Grampians, of Snowdon, or of Skiddaw, are at home in Zion, the Lake of Gennesareth, or among the hills of Carmel. People who know little about London know by heart the places in Jerusalem where those blessed feet trod which were nailed to the cross. . . . The orator holds a thousand men for half an hour breathless—a thousand men as one, listening to a single word. But the Word of God has held a thousand nations for thrice a thousand years spell-bound ; held them by an abiding power—even the universality of its truth ; and we feel it to be no more a collection of books, but *the Book*.



ROBERTSON, THOMAS WILLIAM, an English dramatist and actor, born at Newark-on-Trent, January 9, 1829; died at London, February 3, 1871. He became an actor in a travelling company of which his father was manager. In 1851 he produced his first piece, entitled *A Night's Adventures*; and in 1854 he sold for £3 a play called *Castles in the Air*, which was produced at the City Theatre. He became prompter at the Olympic, and there wrote his *Photographs and Ices*, *My Wife's Diary*, and *A Row in the House*. He wrote for unimportant papers for a pittance; and on account of his poverty he tried to enlist in the army, but was rejected. In 1856 he married Elizabeth Burton, whose real name was Taylor, and the pair starred together with scanty success. He withdrew from the stage and betook himself to writing for magazines and translating French plays. His first successful drama was *David Garrick*, produced in 1864. Others were *Society* (1865); *Ours* (1866); *Caste* (1867); *Play* (1868); *School* (1869); *Dreams* (1869), and *M. P.* (1870). Robertson's *David Garrick* had been originally written as a novel; and besides this he published two novels, entitled *Dazzled*, *Not Blinded*, and *Stephen Caldric*.

"Robertson may be credited," writes Joseph Knight, "with the foundation of a school, the influence of which survives and is felt. His theory

of comedy-writing was to place, amid worldly and cynical surroundings, a tender, youthful, and sentimental interest, which would show the brighter for its *entourage*. In his best work, *Caste*, and in half a dozen other works, the process produced very satisfactory results. He was the inventor of a system, which though artificial was effective, of giving antiphonally portions of conversations, the one sentimental, the other not seldom worldly. The term 'Teacup and Saucer School' applied to him by the *Athenæum*, suggested by his affection for domestic interiors, stuck to his work, and is not wholly inapt. His work is healthy and much of it original. He caught quickly the manners of his time, and his characters are usually life-like." A portion of his inspiration he derived from De Musset and Sand.

EVADNE AND HER DADDY.

"Never mind mamma, my pet; she's in bed and asleep. Tell me all about it."

"Well, then, dear daddy—how thin you are, and you've got a wig on—we were married in London two days after I left you, but I knew you would not keep the secret."

"Never mind that, my beautiful——"

"And Percy expected all his money from an aunt, a very haughty lady, who prided herself on her birth, and who, if she had known of his marriage with an obscure actress, would have cut him off——"

"Without a shilling," laughed Evadne's husband the baronet; "but three months ago she died——"

"And we have only just found out where you were," added the baronet's wife.

I blessed them both, and then shook hands with my son-in-law. I had begun to cry copiously when I remembered I hadn't time for it. Lady Lysart threw a

cloak over her head and shoulders—she looked exactly as she used to in Little Red Riding Hood, in the opening of the pantomime at Bagshot-in-the-Wold—and ran home with me.

My wife had gone to bed, leaving a tripe supper in a vegetable-dish on the hob for me. It is odd, but in all the important events of my life tripe has ever pursued me—ever been on my track!

The fire had gone out, and the lucifers were in the bedroom. We groped upstairs in the dark.

"That you?" said my wife, from under the bed-clothes. "Had your tripe?"

"Tripe be hanged, madam. Behold your child!" And I struck a lucifer. Need I describe the meeting?

We all went back to the hotel, where a table was laid with all the delicacies of the season—including lobster-salad; but we none of us could eat, except Sir Percy, who enjoyed himself with the lobster-salad amazingly.

After supper, when we were all seated round the fire, Evadne left the room for a few minutes, and returned with—what do you think? A baby! A real, live baby, with practicable mouth, and eyes to work—a baby who, as soon as it was in my arms, seized my wig and sucked my eyebrows.

"That's mine, papa!" said Lady Lysart. "And mine," said the baronet; "allow me to put in my claim to joint-proprietorship."

The baby—a son eight months old—was a great success; he was good with me, but would not go to his grandmamma—a course of conduct that enabled me to triumph over Mistress Mephistopheles for a week.

The next morning, the baronet asked me when I could leave the company I was engaged in. He told me, too, that he was expecting a cheque from his banker's.

"If it will be of any accommodation, Sir Percy," I said, "here is a cool two hundred I can lend you."

I placed on the table the notes that had been sent me.

Evadne looked at them, showed them to her husband, and then, throwing her arms round my neck, said, "Oh! you dear, good old daddy. I thought you wouldn't use them. If you had you could have taken a theatre."

It is probable I might.—*From Mr. Mumford's Story.*



ROBERTSON, WILLIAM, a Scottish divine and historian, born at Borthwick, September 19, 1721; died near Edinburgh, June 11, 1793. He was graduated at the University of Edinburgh in 1741, and in 1743 was presented to the living of Gladsmuir. In the General Assembly he was a leading advocate of lay patronage. In 1757 he defended John Home, who was censured for writing the tragedy of *Douglas*. In 1761 he was made a Dean of the Chapel Royal; in 1762 Principal of the University of Edinburgh and minister of the old Greyfriar's. In 1764 he was appointed Historiographer of Scotland. The historical works of Robertson are *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and James VI.* (1759); *History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.* (1769); *History of America* (1777); *An Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India* (1791).

In all of these we perceive a rich and melodious though somewhat artificial style, great though not always accurate research, and a strong power of vivid and pathetic description. The *History of Scotland* is perhaps the work most honorable to Robertson's genius, for in the others the grandeur and dramatic interest of the subject were such that, in the hands even of an inferior author, the reader's curiosity could not but be excited and

gratified. Moreover, though many of the general disquisitions prefixed or introduced in Robertson's history are marked by largeness of view and lucidity of arrangement, his account of many episodes of the life of Charles V., and in particular of his retirement to San Yuste, contains much of the romantic and theatrical inaccuracy which recent investigations have dispelled; and in this work, as well as in the wondrous story of Columbus and the Conquestadors, he either knew not or neglected vast stores of information which would have thrown a very different light upon the characters and events he had to portray. This assertion will be amply proved by comparing Robertson's account of these great events with the more recent labors of Prescott, Motley, and others.

Of the three great British historians of the eighteenth century two were Scotsmen. Some of Robertson's work shows that he had a wider and more synthetic conception of history than either Hume or Gibbon. His review of the state of Europe prefixed to the *History of Charles V.*, and the first book of his *History of Scotland*, with all their shortcomings in the eye of modern criticism, have a distinctive value which time cannot take away.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of form she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent

in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspecting; impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents which we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit was not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her. We must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence.

Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve; and may perhaps prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them we are apt altogether to forget these frailties. We think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.—*History of Scotland.*

FRANCIS I. AND CHARLES V.

During twenty-eight years an avowed rivalry subsisted between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V., which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe, in wars that were prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known at any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess toward gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favorable circumstance peculiar to the other.

The Emperor's dominions were of greater extent ; the French king's lay more compact. Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power ; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address. The troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising ; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage ; but, being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigor of pursuit, from impatience, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness ; but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it.

The success of their enterprises was suitable to the diversity of their characters, and was uniformly influenced by it. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the Emperor's best laid schemes ; Charles, by a more calm but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or

repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or a campaign, broke in upon the enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him ; the latter, waiting until he saw the force of his rival beginning to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts toward conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to a happy issue ; many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner.
—*History of Charles V.*

THE FIRST LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed toward the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot on the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not see the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast

machines in which they traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were Children of the Sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those that flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated on their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper-color; their features singular rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well-shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first, through fear; but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transport received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn—the only commodity of value which they could produce.

Toward evening Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes; and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity.—*History of America.*



ROBINSON, AGNES MARY FRANCES, an English poet, novelist, and historical essayist, born at Leamington, February 27, 1857. After receiving her education in Brussels and Italy, and at the University College, London, where she gave especial attention to Greek literature, she began to write stories, essays, and poems. She was married in 1888 to James Darmesteter, a celebrated French Orientalist. Her works include *A Handful of Honeysuckles* (1878); *The Crowned Hippolytus*, a translation from Euripides, with new poems (1881); *Mary Schnewald*, a short story (1882); *Janet Fisher*; *Arden*, a novel; *Emily Brontë*, and *Margaret of Angoulême* (1883); *The New Arcadia*, poems (1884); *An Italian Garden*, poems (1886); *Songs of the Inner Life, Ballads, and a Garden Play* (1888); *The End of the Middle Ages* (1889); *Lyrics* (1891); *Retrospects and Other Poems* (1893), and *Life of Ernest Rénan* (1897).

Her sister, FRANCES MABEL ROBINSON, is the author of several novels: *Mr. Butler's Ward*, *Disenchantment*, *The Plan of Campaign*, *A Woman of the World* (1890), and *Hovenden, V. C.* (1891).

Of the *New Arcadia and Other Poems*, the *Saturday Review* says: "There is no question of the vigor of these poems, of their remarkable graphic quality, their picturesque force, the lurid and stormful color that renders some of them vital

with dramatic significance." Of the *Songs, Ballads, and a Garden Play*, the *Athenæum* says: "These poems are for the most part the sane and strong expression of a mind which can control as well as analyze its own emotions. . . . The graceful diction which has been generally admired is still there, but it is united to a certain restrained nobility of style which was sometimes wanting in this author's earlier efforts."

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The train stopped, and they got out and walked down the wide streets of the bleak little town.

"Well," said Gerard, as he looked about him, "I have often longed to see this place. It is the Mecca of our drama. I guess when the *Mayflower* set out for Plymouth, the Pilgrim Fathers little dreamed that of all the towns in the old country there would be none for which their children would cherish so fantastic a devotion as for the birthplace of the Stratford play-actor. Nothing strikes one so much in life as the incongruity of things. I call that an incongruity—they would have called it a degeneration; Harvard would call it the influence of culture. To me it's simply incongruous. There's a delightful humor about it. And the place itself, that's incongruous, too. There's no breath of romance here; no comedy idleness and sweetness, as there is about Guyscliff, or Stoneleigh, or Kenilworth. I can see no reason why Shakspeare should have to be born in this bare little town. It's just the one bleak, prosy little place in this Elizabethanshire. All the rest is pure *pay-sage pour rire*, as Vernon Lee says somewhere, or Colvin, I don't know which. Just the effects for a stage: low-lying meadows full of king-cups and lady-smock, the bend of a full, sleepy river, a plank bridge; or that mill at Guyscliff, with the balcony for the stage princess to come out and sing upon, and the cascade in front, with the ivied hall breaking through the trees.

"Here we are," said Sylvie. It was indeed the well-known timbered house. They rang the bell and entered.

"Why, Harry," said Arden, in a caressing whisper, "it's not half so pretty as our old house at home!"

"I've allus liked th' old house," replied her husband in as low a voice, "but, Sylvie, love, I never thought it fit for the likes of thee!"

"I've been very happy there," said Arden. And, as they went together through the narrow little house, all Gerard's banter failed to bring a frown to Farmer William's serious brow. It was a very happy party that laughed and theorized in the tumble-down brown chambers where Shakspeare played his childhood and dreamed his youth away. They liked to imagine—Arden and Gerard—the many times in which that house had seen him in disgrace; they invented superior young friends of his, who had doubtless come to see him in the back shop and were afterward held up as examples to him by his parents; they fancied the excuses he would make to slip away to Anne Hathaway in her pretty cottage, and discuss the attraction which an older woman has for boys of genius. Gerard had just begun upon the remonstrances of old Mr. Shakspeare when his good-for-nothing son proposed to join the strolling players, when Harry interrupted the flow of his would-be Elizabethan tongue.

"Muster Rose," he said, rather awkwardly, "I fancy there's a fairish number o' sights we've got to see."

"That's so," said Gerard, comprehending in one glance the serious faces of Susie and the attendants. "It doesn't do to mock the idol in his temple," he whispered to Arden as he led her out.

She laughed. Harry's face clouded over again. They were always laughing together.

They passed the old grammar-school where Shakspeare got his slender schooling, and then they set out for the church that stands so well between its broad, green avenue and the sleepy river at the back. They wandered silently through the aisles, and looked at the storied tombs with their rough carving.

"Odd, isn't it," said Gerard, "that in the very years you always call the flowering time of the Fine Arts in

England, your grandees could get no better tombs carved for themselves than their great-great-grandfathers had been accustomed to? What surface! what paucity of detail! It must have been a real martyrdom, anyway, for some travelled courtier and dabbler in art to know that when his time came he would have to repose under the weight of such a thing as that. Shades of Pisano and Della Quercia! they all went to Italy, your lords and scholars. Why in the world did they never bring some carvers back?"

"We're in church," interposed Susie, softly; but she was quite as much shocked at the criticism as the sacrilege. It was all so fine and rare to her. Gerard bowed, and kept silence until they reached the chancel and the painted bust of Shakspeare.

"Well, I declare," cried Gerard. "It's the most pathetic thing I ever saw. Is this all they could do for Shakspeare?"

They stopped and looked at the portrait with interest and wonder; but, after a glance, Arden strayed away. When Gerard lowered his eyes he saw that she had moved forward, and was looking at the nearest monument.

It is indeed a contrast to the rude figure-head which stands for Shakspeare's presence in his church. Two young people, in the beautiful, careless dress of the court of Charles II., are looking out of a square, carved frame at the passers-by. Handsome youth and beautiful girl, undimmed by age or change, wearing their lace ruffles and bygone finery with an easy grace as out of date as these, they still look out at the altering world with a facile, indifferent interest, as though, seated in their opera-box, they were looking out on a play.

"I like them best," said Arden, looking up. "What a difference!" and she glanced back at the painted bust.

"Yes," answered the young man, "it's apocalyptic! It brings home to me, with a shock of understanding, the whole social difference between Shakspeare and his London world. The little glover's shop never told us that. But this! oh, one understands the sonnets now! Let him be what he would—greatest tragedian since *Æschylus*; greatest comedy-writer of all time; friend

and accepted equal of Elizabeth's finest courtiers—one sees now that he never really was on their level. He was always hopelessly above or below them. He was Shakspeare. He was Shakspeare, the glover's son. He lives for all time ; but while he lived on earth, he was never the equal of these two beautiful, careless, unrenowned young people."—*Arden*.

CALAIS BEACON.

For long before we came upon the coast and the line of
the surge,
Pale on the uttermost verge,
We saw the great white rays that lay along the air on
high,
Between us and the sky.

So soft they lay, so pure and still : "Those are the
way," you said,
"Only the angels tread ;"
And then we watched them tremble past the hurrying
rush of the train
Over the starlit plain.

Until at last we saw the strange, pallid, electrical star
Burning wanly afar :
The lighthouse beacon sending out its rays on either
hand
Over the sea and the land.

Those pale and filmy rays that reach to mariners, lost
in the night,
A hope of dawn and a light—
How soft and vague they lie along the darkness, shroud-
ing o'er
The dim sea and the shore.

And many fall in vain across the untenanted marshes
to die,
And few where sailors cry ;
Yet, though the moon go out in clouds, and all of the
stars grow wan
Their pale light shineth on.

O souls, that save a world by night, ye, too, are no rays
of the noon
And no inconstant moon ;
But such pale, tender-shining things as yon faint beacon
afar,
Whiter than any star.

No planet names that all may tell, no meteor radiance
and glow

For a wondering world to know :
You shine as pale and soft as that, you pierce the
stormy night
And know not of your light.

—*An Italian Garden.*

THE SCAPE-GOAT.

She lived in the hovel alone, the beautiful child.
Alas, that it should have been so !
But her father died of the drink, and the sons went
wild ;
And where was the girl to go ?

Her brothers left her alone in the lonely hut.
Ah, it was dreary at night
When the wind whistled right through the door that
never would shut,
And sent her sobbing with fright.

She never had slept alone ; for the stifling room
Held her, brothers, father—all.
Ah, better their violence, better their threats, than the
gloom
That now hung close as a pall !

When the hard day's washing was done, it was sweeter
to stand
Hearkening praises and vows,
To feel her cold fingers kept warm in a sheltering
hand,
Than crouch in the desolate house.

Ah, me ! she was only a child ; and yet so aware
Of the shame which follows on sin.
A poor, lost, terrified child ! she stept in the snare,
Knowing the toils she was in.

Yet now, when I watch her pass with a heavy reel,
Shouting her villanous song,
Is it only pity or shame, do you think, that I feel
For the infinite sorrow and wrong ?

With a sick, strange wonder I ask, Who shall answer
the sin,
Thou, lover, brothers of thine ?
Or he who left standing thy hovel to perish in ?
Or I, who gave no sign ?

—*The New Arcadia.*





ROBINSON, CHARLES SEYMOUR, an American clergyman and hymnologist, born at Bennington, Vt., March 31, 1829; died at New York, February 1, 1899. He was graduated at Williams College in 1849, studied theology in the Union Seminary of New York City, and at Princeton; in 1855 became pastor of a Presbyterian church at Troy, N. Y., and in 1870, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York. This pastorate he resigned in 1887. From 1890 to 1892 he was pastor of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York; and in 1892 became pastor of the New York Presbyterian Church, from which he retired near the close of 1897. He received the degree of D.D. from Hamilton in 1867, and that of LL.D. from Lafayette in 1885. Dr. Robinson has published several collections of hymns, among them, *Songs of the Church* (1862); *Songs for the Sanctuary* (1866), and *Laudes Domini* (1884). He has also published *Studies of Neglected Texts* (1883); *The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus* (1887); *Simon Peter, His Life and Times* (1888); *New Laudes Domini* (1892); *Annotations upon Popular Hymns* (1893), and *Simon Peter, Later Life and Labors* (1894). In 1889 he established *Every Thursday*. Dr. Robinson has kept up his studies in Egyptology and revisited the land of the Nile, recording his researches in word-pictures singularly vivid and interesting.

THE BODY OF RAMESES II.

After the verification by the Khedive of the outer winding sheet of the mummy in the sight of the other illustrious personages, the initial wrapping was removed, and there was disclosed a band of stuff or strong cloth rolled all round the body ; next to this was a second envelope, sewed up and kept in place by narrow bands at some distance each from each ; then came two thicknesses of small bandages ; and then a new winding-sheet of linen, reaching from the head to the feet. Upon this a figure representing the goddess Nut, more than a yard in length, had been drawn in red and white color, as prescribed by the ritual for the dead. Beneath this amulet there was found one more bandage ; when that was removed, a piece of linen alone remained, and this was spotted with the bituminous matter used by the embalmers, so at last it was evident that Rameses the Great was close by—under his shroud. It seems solemn and pathetic to think of the way in which cool science shreds away from the real man all the mere adornments and factitious shows that an opulent or adulatory world may have laid over him when he died. It is just so that history deals with every one of us. . . .

The enthusiasm grew thoughtful and reverent at this point. With only the decent covering of a linen shroud between his form and the epoch, Rameses II. lay completely in the power of a generation of human beings that was going to review his case once more as it stood in forgotten history ; only a layer of cloth represented three thousand years of decorous and forbearing silence—covering his face and his crimes. . . . Think of the historic changes which had passed over the world since that linen cloth was put around the form of the king. Think what civilizations stood facing an old era like his. Christianity was confronting the despot who refused to recognize Jehovah as the Supreme Monarch of the universe, and in an august moment of tremendous decision was going to pronounce its righteous judgment on his life according to the light of the New Testament.

A single clip of the scissors, and the king was fully disclosed. The head is long and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare. On the temple there are a few sparse hairs, but at the poll the hair is quite thick, forming smooth, straight locks about two inches in length. White at the time of death, they have been dyed a light yellow by the spices used in embalment. The forehead is low and narrow; the brow-ridge prominent; the eyebrows are thick and white: the eyes are small and close together; the nose is long, thin, arched like the noses of the Bourbons; the temples are sunken, the cheek-bones very prominent; the mouth small but thick-lipped; the teeth worn and very brittle but white and well-preserved. The mustache and beard are thin. They seem to have been kept shaven during life, but were probably allowed to grow during the king's last illness; or they may have grown after death. The hairs are white, like those of the head and eyebrows, but are harsh and bristly, and a tenth of an inch in length. The skin is of earthy brown splotched with black.

Finally, it may be said the face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the face of the living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal; but, even under mummification, there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. The rest of the body is as well preserved as the head; but, in consequence of the reduction of the tissues, its external aspect is less life-like. He was over six feet in height. The chest is broad; the shoulders are square; the arms are crossed upon the breast; the hands are small and dyed with henna. The legs and thighs are fleshless; the feet are long, slender, somewhat flat-soled, and dyed, like the hands, with henna.

The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous and robust old man.

And thus our story of this mighty dead king is ended for the moment.—*The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus.*



ROBINSON, EDWARD, an American Biblical scholar, born at Stonington, Conn., April 10, 1794; died in New York, January 27, 1863. He was graduated at Hamilton College in 1816, and became a tutor in the college. Having prepared a text-book for college use, consisting of a portion of the *Iliad*, with notes, he went to Andover in 1821 for the purpose of having it printed. Becoming acquainted with Professor Stuart, his attention was directed to the Hebrew language, and in 1823 he was made Assistant Professor of Hebrew in the Andover Theological Seminary. In 1826 he went to Germany, where he remained four years, studying philology at Halle and Berlin, and married a daughter of Professor Jakob of Halle. He returned to America in 1830, and was appointed Professor of Sacred Literature in the Andover Seminary. He resigned this position in 1833, on account of impaired health. During the succeeding three years he resided at Boston, engaged in preparing a *Lexicon of the Greek Testament* and in translating Gesenius's *Hebrew Lexicon*; both works being published in 1836. The Hebrew Lexicon received so much enlargement in subsequent editions that it was finally published under his own name.

In 1837 he accepted the chair of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New

York; but before entering upon the duties of his professorship he made a long-projected tour in Palestine and the adjacent regions. His *Biblical Researches in Palestine and the Adjacent Countries* was published in 1841. In 1852 he made another tour in Palestine, visiting portions of the country which he had not reached in the previous tour. His *Later Researches* were published in 1856, forming a complement to the earlier work, which was then carefully revised. Dr. Robinson continued his professorship during his life, and at the time of his death was engaged upon *The Physical Geography of the Holy Land*. This work, edited by his widow, was published in 1865. Besides the works already mentioned, Dr. Robinson prepared a Harmony of the *Four Gospels* in Greek and English, translated Buttman's *Greek Grammar*, superintended a revised edition of Calmet's *Biblical Dictionary*, and was for several years editor of the *Biblical Repository*, and subsequently of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

SITE OF THE ANCIENT BEERSHEBA.

Our road thus far had been among swelling hills of moderate height. We now began gradually to ascend others higher, thinly covered with grass, now dry and parched. We looked before us over a broad lower part, beyond which our eyes were greeted with the first sight of the mountains of Judah south of Hebron, which skirted the open country, and bounded the horizon on the east and northeast. We now felt that the desert was at an end. Descending gradually we came out at two o'clock upon an open, undulating country. The shrubs ceased, or nearly so; green grass was seen along the lesser water-courses, and almost greensward; while the gentle hills, covered in ordinary seasons with grass

and rich pasture, were now, at the middle of April, burnt over with drought. Arabs were pasturing their camels in various parts, but no trace of dwellings was anywhere visible. At two o'clock we reached Wady es-Seba, a wide water-course or bed of a torrent, running here W. S. W. Upon its northern side, close upon the bank, are two deep wells, still called *Bir-es-Seba*—the ancient Beersheba. We had entered the borders of Palestine.

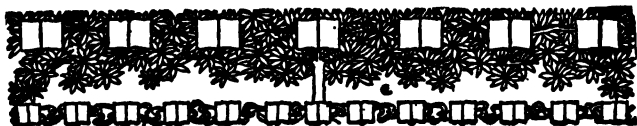
These wells are some distance apart; they are circular, and stoned up very neatly with solid masonry, apparently much more ancient than that of the wells at Abdeh. The largest one is twelve and a half feet in diameter, and forty-four and a half feet deep to the surface of the water, sixteen feet of which, at the bottom, is excavated in the solid rock. The other lies fifty-five rods W. S. W., and is five feet in diameter, and forty-two feet deep. The water in both is pure and sweet, and in great abundance. Both wells are surrounded with drinking-troughs of stone for camel and flocks; such as were doubtless used of old for the flocks which then fed upon the adjacent hills. The curb-stones were deeply worn by the friction of the ropes in drawing up water by hand.

We had heard of no ruins here, and hardly expected to find any; for none were visible from the wells; yet we did not wish to leave so important a spot without due examination. Ascending the low hills, north of the wells, we found them covered with the ruins of former habitations the foundations of which are still distinctly to be traced, although scarcely one stone remains upon another. The houses appear not to have stood compactly, but scattered over several little hills, and in the hollows between. They seem to have been built chiefly of round stones, though some of the stones are squared, some hewn. We could find no special traces of churches or other public buildings, although one or two large heaps of stones may probably have been such edifices. These ruins are spread over a space half a mile in length along the northern side of the water-course, and extending back about a quarter of a mile. Fragments of pottery are scattered over the whole. On the south side of the water-course is a long wall of hewn stone under the

bank, extending for several hundred feet, apparently intended to protect the bank from being washed away by the torrent. . . .

Here, then, is the place where the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob often dwelt. Here Abraham dug, perhaps, this very well; and journeyed from hence with Isaac to Mount Moriah to offer him up there in sacrifice. From this place Jacob fled to Padan-Aram, after acquiring the birthright and blessing belonging to his brother; and here, too, he sacrificed to the Lord on setting off to meet his son Joseph in Egypt. Here Samuel made his sons judges; and from here Elijah wandered out into the southern desert, and sat down under a shrub of Retem, just as our Arabs sat down under it every day and night. Here was the border of Palestine proper, which extended from Dan to Beersheba. Over these swelling hills the flocks of the patriarchs once roved by thousands, where now we found only a few camels, asses, and goats.

Beersheba is last mentioned in the Old Testament as one of the places to which the Jews returned after the exile. The name does not occur in the New Testament; nor is it referred to as then existing by any writer earlier than Eusebius and Jerome of the fourth century. They describe it as a large village with a Roman garrison. It is found as an episcopal city in the early ecclesiastical and other *Notitia* referring to the centuries before the Mohammedan conquests; but none of its bishops are anywhere mentioned. Its site, in like manner, was long forgotten; and the crusaders assigned this name to the place now called *Beit Jibrin*, lying between Hebron and Askalon. About the middle of the fourteenth century Sir John Mandeville and two others passed on this route from Sinai to Hebron and Jerusalem, and all of them mention here Beersheba. From this time onward for five centuries it has again remained, until this day, apparently unnoticed and unknown.—*Biblical Researches*.



ROBINSON, FREDERICK WILLIAM, an English novelist, born in Spitalfields, London, in 1830. He was educated at Clarendon House School, Kensington. A prolific writer, he has produced since 1862 about fifty separate works. Among these are *Little Kate Kirby* (1873); *As Long as She Lived* (1876); *Romance of a Back Street* (1878); *Coward Conscience* (1879); *Poor Zeph* (1880); *The Hands of Justice* (1883); *The Courting of Mary Smith* and *A Fair Maid* (1886); *99 Dark Street* (1887); *The Keeper of the Keys* and *Our Erring Brother* (1890); *A Very Strange Family* and *Her Love and His Life* (1891); *The Fate of Sister Jessica* and *The Wrong That Was Done* (1893); *The Woman in the Dark* (1896).

"Mr. Robinson," says Percy Russell, in his *A Guide to British and American Novels*, "affords us a good insight into the ways in which money is actually made and commercial success achieved. We learn from his plain, matter-of-fact books the way whereby most of his characters earn their living—a thing that never would have been tolerated in the palmy days of the three-volume 'fashionable' novel. . . . I know no novelist who more realistically draws out true human interest from sordid pecuniary trials, and his realism, exact as that of Zola, is always devoid of offence of any kind."

IN THE GARDEN.

Mary Smith did not endeavor to overtake the person who had been watching the house, and who had fled precipitately down a side-walk as she descended the stone steps to a lower ground. The one who had retreated had had too much of a start, and it was not likely Mary Smith would be able to come up with her. Besides, there was the objection to act like a spy or a policeman, and the conviction slowly forced itself upon her that Mr. Lovett had put her in a false position by sending her in search of his daughter. She went along the garden paths toward the extremity of the grounds, and near the great greenhouse, and at some distance from the house she came upon Verity Lovett, walking leisurely toward her, with her maid, Jane Rebchain, at her side.

"Are you looking for me, Miss Smith?" was the inquiry; and though the voice was low and subdued, there seemed a little effort to render it firm.

"Yes, Miss Lovett, I am," was the reply.

"You must not think me rude in escaping from the music," she said, "but the room was hot, and the garden was tempting, and papa did not want *me*."

"He has sent me to tell you that he does," answered Mary Smith.

"I am coming in. The evening is chillier than I fancied," and she gave a very perceptible shiver as she spoke. "What does my father want?"

"I do not know."

"He has not told you?"

"No."

"That is strange, for he takes you into his confidence a great deal, Miss Smith," said Verity.

Mary Smith shook her head and laughed. "I have not remarked it," she replied. Miss Verity turned to her maid.

"Jane, you can leave us," she said. "I am quite safe now. Miss Smith is with me and I cannot possibly come to any harm."

Jane Rebchain nodded her head, gave an impudent, almost defiant, look at the companion, and then tripped

away. Mary Smith noticed that Jane Rebchain did not proceed toward the house, but made a cross-cut over the broad lawn, dived into a shadowy side-path, and disappeared. Mistress and companion went on to Castle Lovett. When they were at the foot of the steps leading to the upper terrace, Mary Smith, who had been considering the young lady's last remarks, and turning them over in her mind, said, quietly, "I am sorry you do not like me, Miss Lovett, for I should have been glad to become your friend."

"I do not make friends readily," replied Verity.

"I see that."

"You should be content, Miss Smith, with being my companion."

"I am hardly your companion."

"Hardly," was the slow assent to this.

"I had hoped it might come to something like friendship," continued Mary, "for you are very young, and I was anxious to be of help to you and to win upon your confidence by degrees, even upon your affection."

"And betray me to my father and aunt?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then I could trust you?" she asked, with considerable eagerness, and with a voice that trembled with suppressed emotion. "You will be on my side, not on theirs? If they were hard and oppressive, and unfair, you would sympathize with *me*—take my part; be my real, true friend?"

"I would be your real, true friend if I could," repeated Mary Smith.

"Miss Smith, I——"

"But pray do not misunderstand me," she went on. "To be your true friend would be to advise you, to put you on your guard, to tell you what is right and what is wrong."

"Oh! You mean to preach to me!" she answered, scornfully. "I know what that means."

"No; I am a bad preacher, and I should not have too much faith in the power of my own sermon," said Mary Smith, thoughtfully.

"Miss Smith, I will be frank with you," Verity said, as they stood together at the bottom of the steps, both

reluctant, as it were, to advance toward the higher level, where the light was streaming from the unfastened and open windows of the great house. "I thought, when I first saw you, I should like you very much. My heart went out toward you because your face was young and kindly ; because, like myself, you were a motherless girl, and had known the agony of a mother's loss, and wept and grieved like me, and took no comfort from the shallow friends about you, whose loss was not yours, and yet who talked as if it were. I said I might like you—that it depended upon yourself—that yours was a face that said, 'Trust me.' Do you remember all this?"

"Oh, yes! very well."

"And—I was deceived. I don't think," she said, hesitatingly, "that I shall ever trust you now."

"Why not?"

"I am afraid of you," she confessed. "You—talk of advising me—and I have had so much advice already," was the dry addition here ; "and it does so little good and so much harm, and sets me against you all."

It was an open, if a wild, confession—outburst such as a wilful girl driven to bay might very naturally exhibit. And it did not set Mary Smith against her—on the contrary, drew her toward her.

"Do you remember, also, what I said on the night of our first meeting," she asked of the excited girl, "and in reply to you?"

"N—no," was the hesitative answer.

"That I should not be in too great a hurry to run away from you," said Mary Smith, "because—though I did not tell you this—I should not form my judgment hastily, and should feel entitled, on my side, to a fair trial—because I do not take offence too readily, and because——" She paused, and Verity Lovett looked at her and wondered why she paused.

"And because," she continued, speaking very rapidly now, "you remind me of a dear one whom I loved, and whom I lost—who went away from me—forever away—and whom I shall never, never see again."

"I—I don't understand," said Verity, bewildered by this sudden animation.

"I will tell you some other time—when we have confidence in each other," replied Mary. "Let us go in now. They are speculating where we are by this time."

As they ascended the steps to the terrace, Verity Lovett put her hand into that of Mary Smith's, as a child might do who needed guidance and a stronger touch. "I think, after all, I shall like you," she murmured, as she pressed her hand.—*The Courting of Mary Smith.*





ROBINSON, HENRY CRABB, an English diarist, born at Bury St. Edmunds, May 13, 1775; died in London, February 5, 1867. His parents were in very moderate circumstances, and he was apprenticed to an attorney. When a young man he went up to London, where he became a sort of assistant sub-editor of the *Times*. His literary tastes and genial nature gained for him admittance to the most select literary and artistic circles, and a high estimate was formed of his capacities. But, as he tells us, he did not recognize in himself qualities which would secure a high place in letters. He abstained almost absolutely from authorship, and although he occasionally wrote an anonymous article for some periodical, only the short pieces were published with his signature during a long lifetime of more than ninety years. These were a paper in the *Times* signed with his initials; an essay on *The Etymology of the Mass*, originally read in 1833 before a learned society; and a pamphlet, in 1840, in reply to some misrepresentations made against his friend Thomas Clarkson. He was, however, most industrious with his pen, leaving behind him more than a hundred large volumes of manuscript, comprising, besides a voluminous *Correspondence*, a *Journal*, coming down to the year 1810; a *Diary* begun in 1811, and regularly continued down to four days before his death—a

period of forty-six years ; *Reminiscences*, especially of men of letters, down to 1843 ; and *Journals* of several Continental tours. To these records, made at the time, he was wont to add memoranda and afterthoughts, always carefully indicating their date. This mass of material was placed in the hands of his friend, Mr. Thomas Sadler, who, in 1869, put forth a selection of the more notable passages, under the title, *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson*.

Probably no man was so intimate personally with Wordsworth as was Robinson, and to him we owe, more than to any other, what we really know of Wordsworth—the man, in whom he was among the first to recognize the great poet.

FIVE POETS AT ONE DINNER-TABLE.

April 4, 1823.—Dined at Monkhouse's. Our party consisted of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. Five poets of very unequal worth and most disproportionate popularity, whom the public probably would arrange in a very different order. During this afternoon Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent. I have not for years seen him in such excellent health, and with so fine a flow of spirits. His discourse was addressed to Wordsworth on points of metaphysical criticism, Rogers occasionally interposing a remark. The only one of the party who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very attentive to Coleridge, but seemed not to relish Lamb, next to whom he was placed.

[*Mem. added some years later.*] Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore, when he could not articulate very distinctly : "Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me ?" suiting the action to the word, and then hob-nobbing. Then he went on :

"Mister Moore, until now I have always felt an antipathy to you ; but now that I have seen you, I shall like you ever after." I mentioned this to Moore. He recollected the fact, but not Lamb's amusing manner. Moore's talent was of another sort. For many years he had been the most brilliant man of his company. In anecdote, small-talk, and especially in singing, he was supreme. But he was no match for Coleridge in his vein. As little could he feel Lamb's humor.

Besides these four bards were no one but Mrs. Wordsworth, Miss Hutchinson, Mary Lamb, and Mrs. Gillman. I was at the bottom of the table, where I very ill performed my part.

In after years Robinson was wont to spend the Christmas holidays with Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. He notes this in his *Diary* for 1835, making an addition to the entry eighteen years after, when Wordsworth had been dead three years.

WORDSWORTH AND HIS SISTER AND WIFE.

December 25, 1835.—This year's visit to Wordsworth, at a season when most persons shun the lakes, was succeeded by many others. Indeed, there were few interruptions until old age and death put an end to this and other social enjoyments. The custom began in consequence of a pressing invitation from Mrs. Wordsworth, who stated—and I have no reason to doubt her perfect sincerity—that she thought it would promote *his* health ; my "buoyant spirits"—to borrow her own words—"producing a cheerful effect on him." I gladly accepted the invitation ; but insisted on this condition, that lodgings should be taken for me in the neighborhood of Rydal Mount. In these lodgings I was to sleep and breakfast ; the day I was to spend with the Wordsworths, and I was to return in the evening to my lodgings.

I soon became known in the neighborhood, and was considered as one of the family. This family then consisted, besides themselves, of Miss Wordsworth (Dorothy, the sister "Emily" of the Poems, and our compan-

ion in the Swiss tour of 1820); but her health had already broken down. In her youth and middle age she stood in somewhat the same relation to her brother William as dear Mary Lamb to her brother Charles. In her long illness she was fond of repeating the favorite small poems of her brother, as well as a few of her own. And this she did in so sweet a tone as to be quite pathetic. The temporary obscuration of a noble mind can never obliterate the recollections of its inherent and essential worth. There are two fine lines in Goethe's *Tasso* which occur perpetually to my mind, as peculiarly applicable to her. I can only give them in this shape: "These are not phantoms bred within the brain; I know they are eternal, for they *are*."—Wordsworth's daughter, Dora ("Dorina" I called her by way of distinction), was in better health than usual; but generally her state of health was a subject of anxiety. She was the apple of her father's eye.—Mrs. Wordsworth was what I have ever known her; and she will ever be, I have no doubt, while life remains, perfect of her kind. I did not know her when she was a "phantom of delight;" but since I have known her she has been

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command."

Mr. Crabb Robinson, as he was usually designated, had passed his ninetieth birthday before any notable decline was observable in his physical or mental powers. He still kept up his *Diary*; but a sombre air pervades it, especially during the last Christmas season and New Year which he was to see on earth. The last entry bears date on the last day of January, 1867. The entry is brief, and breaks off abruptly. Two days after, the beginning of the end came; and in two days more he passed quietly away.



ROBINSON, THERESE ALBERTINE LOUISE VON JAKOB, a German miscellaneous writer, born at Halle, Germany, January 26, 1797; died in Hamburg, April 13, 1870. In 1807 she accompanied her father, Ludwig Heinrich von Jakob, to Russia, where she studied Slavic language and literature and wrote poems. In 1828 she was married to Professor Edward Robinson, an American Biblical scholar. She wrote for the *Biblical Repository*, a *Historical View of the Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations, with a Sketch of Their Popular Poetry*, which was revised and published in 1860. Her works include: Translations from the Servian *Volkslieder der Serben* (2 vols., 1825-26); *Versuch einer geschichtlichen Charakteristik der Volkslieder germanischer Nationen* (1840); *Untersuchung über die Authenticität des Ossian* (1840); *Geschichte Captain John Smith* (1845); *Die Colonisation von New England* (1847), and several novels published in Germany and translated into English by her daughter, including: *Heloise, or the Unrevealed Secret* (1850); *Life's Discipline* (1851), and *The Exiles* (1853), republished as *Woodhill*. She also translated into German Pickering's treatise *On the Indian Tongues of North America*. Her last work was *Fifteen Years, a Picture from the Last Century*. She wrote under the signature of Talvj (Talvi), the initial letters of her maiden name.

A MESSAGE.

Thus the summer had passed away, and a part of winter. The peaceful quiet of this year had only been interrupted by the terrible news from Hungary, which announced to Mary the bloody ruin of her country, and named her own husband as its principal tool. At length the coronation of King Joseph put an end to the executions. The Hungarians resigned their freedom of election, and the stage of Eperies was taken down. Shortly after, the revolution of the year brought back to Mary the day on which she had once left Samosko. She still observed it, with the most painful reminiscences, and it seemed to her a cruel freak of accident when a servant announced that a gypsy-woman wished to see her.

But quickly the thought of Kossanya flashed across her mind. "Let her come in," she said, and her voice trembled. The woman entered, but it was not the young, blooming Kossanya. Could she have changed, in three short years, to this careworn figure, on which grief had stamped its seal? Yellow and withered, the skin of the cheeks hung around the bone, a gloomy and sickly glance was in her eye. The black braids had been cut off, and a tattered garment hardly covered the limbs, bent by sorrow. In the dim evening twilight, Mary did not recognize poor Kossanya under this terribly altered form.

"What do you wish, my good woman?" asked Mary, in a gentle tone.

"Did I not think so?" said Kossanya, and a bitter smile played around her mouth. "But I still know you, Countess Szentirany. You are just as milk-white and beautiful yet as when you once stood before me, in the Carpathian Mountains, as the wife of Emmeric Barcochy."

"Kossanya!—you!" cried Mary, turning pale. . . .

"And what do you want of me, Kossanya!" inquired Mary. "Can I serve you, poor woman? Tell me—or do you bring news of——"

"Of Emmeric, mean you? You have guessed well.

That I have sought you everywhere among men, and without resting, when I had rather hidden myself in the thick forest or under the ground in the cold grave—think you that I did it for my own pleasure? No! by the prophet! Fair as you are and gentle, the sight of you is loathsome to me! The glance of your eye wounds me like a dagger; poison breathes on me from your sweet lips, when you open them. But I have promised it to Emmeric! he made me swear to him by my gods and his that I would follow you to the ends of the earth.”

“You come in Emmeric’s name, unhappy creature?” asked Mary, trembling and sinking into a chair. “Tell me, what do you bring me!”

“This I bring you!” replied the gypsy, taking from her bosom an embroidered handkerchief, which had once been white, but now was thickly dyed with dark blood.

“Take it,” she said, in a penetrating tone—“take it, countess! Emmeric sends it to you as a last love-token. It is Emmeric’s heart’s blood that has dyed the kerchief. When his head rolled in the dust to the other heads, and the thick, hot blood sprang up in a jet from the body, I dipped it in for you. For so he would have it!”

“Day of judgment!” murmured Mary’s trembling lips. But her benumbed hands had not the power to take the handkerchief. The gypsy threw it into her lap.

“My errand is fulfilled,” she continued. “Do you shudder? Does terror seize you? Weep you tears for him whom you alone have sacrificed? Rejoice now at your work with that villain, your infamous husband, whom the curse of thousands rests upon! If only he lives long enough! . . .”

“Woman! thou art terrible!” said Mary, rousing herself from partial unconsciousness. “The All-Merciful, who has long since looked into my broken and contrite heart, may judge between me and thee! Happy am I that He is more merciful than you, my fellow-mortal!”

The gypsy looked perplexed; but she quickly turned, with firm steps, and was about to leave the room.

"I will not let thee go!" cried Mary, starting up. "Oh, Kossanya, if thou art human—if thou art a woman—I beseech thee, tell me more—tell me all!"

Kossanya looked wildly around her. "Here," she cried, "on these silken carpets, within these walls of splendor they are to rest, the wearied, broken limbs! Let me go out into the forest, let me hide in the tents of my people! There I can sob and shriek; there I can roll on the ground and howl! But I will not do it any more!—oh, I am free now!—oh!"

"Poor maiden!" said Mary, forgetting for a few moments her own fate in that of Kossanya—"Poor maiden!—oh, remain here!—go not from me in anger, Kossanya; collect thy spirits. I will not let thee go until thou hast learned to forgive my wretched heart!" With these words hot tears dropped from her eyes on the maiden's hands, which she had lovingly grasped. Kossanya fixed on her immovably the most disconsolate gaze, and the unaccustomed sympathy at length melted her frozen heart. The hard features, the convulsive quivering of grief, were dissolved in scalding tears, which gradually grew more and more gentle.

Before long the two weeping women were seated opposite each other, and Kossanya related her sad story. Anxiously did Mary listen for a word about Emmeric, but she had not the courage to interrupt the poor girl, when she devoted also to her own sufferings a few words of lament.—*Life's Discipline: A Tale of the Annals of Hungary.*





ROCHEFOUCAULD, FRANÇOIS DE LA, DUC DE, a French moralist, born in Paris, December 15, 1613; died there, March 17, 1680. He was of a noble family and hereditary Prince de Marcillac. In youth he served with distinction in the army; took part with Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII., in her contest with Cardinal Richelieu, and was banished by the Cardinal, but was recalled by Anne after his death. Subsequently he took part in the civil war of the Fronde. In his later years he withdrew from politics, and devoted himself to literature and literary society. He wrote *Memoirs of the Reign of Anne of Austria* (1662), and *Reflections and Maxims* (1665). The last work, by which he is almost entirely known, consists of about 550 detached pieces, many of them being of not more than a couple of lines, and few of more than as many pages. The view of conduct which they illustrate is usually and not quite incorrectly summed up in the words "everything is reducible to the motive of self-interest." Though not absolutely incorrect, the phrase is misleading. The *Maxims* are independent judgments on different relations of life, different affections of the human mind, etc., from which, taken together, the general view may be deduced. They voice the reflections of a mature man well versed in the business and pleasures of the world, and possessed of

an unusually acute intellect. In uniting the four qualities of brevity, clearness, fulness of meaning, and point, La Rochefoucauld has no rival. The following is the last and one of the longest of the *Reflections* :

ON THE CONTEMPT OF DEATH.

After having spoken of the falsity of so many apparent virtues, it is reasonable to say something of the falsity of the Contempt of Death : I mean that contempt of death which the Pagans boast of deriving from their own strength, without the hope of a better life.

There is a difference between enduring death with firmness, and despising it. The first is common enough ; but the other, in my opinion, is never sincere. Everything, however, has been written which could by any possibility persuade us that death is not an evil, and the weakest men, as heroes, have given a thousand examples to support this opinion. Nevertheless, I doubt whether any man of good sense ever believed it ; and the pains men take to persuade others, and themselves of it, lets us see that the task is by no means easy. We may have many causes of disgust with life, but we never have any reason for despising death. Even those who destroy their own lives do not think it such a little matter, and are as much alarmed at, and recoil as much from, it as others when it comes upon them in a different way from the one they have chosen. The inequality remarkable in the courage of a vast number of brave men arises from the fact of death presenting itself in a different shape to the imagination, and appearing more instant at one time than another. Thus it results that, after having despised what they know nothing of, they end by fearing what they do know.

If we would not believe that death is the greatest of all evils, we must avoid looking at it and all its circumstances in the face. The cleverest and bravest are those who take the most respectable pretexts to prevent themselves from reflecting on it ; but any man

who is able to view it in its reality finds it a horrible thing. The necessity of dying constituted all the firmness of the philosophers. They conceived they should go through with a good grace what they could not avoid; and as they were unable to make themselves eternal, they had nothing left for it but to make their reputations eternal, and preserve all that could be secured from the shipwreck.

To put a good face on the matter, let us content ourselves with not discovering to ourselves all that we think of it; and let us hope more from our constitutions than from those feeble reasonings which would make us believe that we can approach death with indifference. The credit of dying with firmness; the hope of being regretted; the desire of leaving a fair reputation; the certainty of being freed from the miseries of life, and of no longer depending upon the caprices of fortune, are remedies which we should not reject. But at the same time we should not believe that they are infallible. They do as much to assure us as a simple hedge in war does to assure those who have to approach a place to the fire of which they are exposed. At a distance it appears capable of affording a shelter; but when near, it is found to be a feeble defence. It is flattering ourselves to believe that death appears to us, when near, what we fancied it at a distance; and that our sentiments—which are weakness itself—are of a temper so strong as not to suffer from that aspect of terror. It is but a poor acquaintance with the effects of self-love to think that it can aid us in treating lightly what must necessarily destroy itself; and reason, in which we think to find so many resources, is too weak in this encounter to persuade us of what we wish.

On the contrary, it is reason which most frequently betrays us; and, instead of inspiring us with the contempt of death, serves to reveal to us all that it has dreadful and terrible. All that reason can do for us is to advise us to turn away our eyes from death, to fix them on other objects. Cato and Brutus chose illustrious ones; a lackey a short time since amused himself with dancing upon the scaffold on which he was about to be executed. Thus, though motives may differ, they

often produce the same effects. So that it is true that whatever disproportion there may be between great men and common people, both the one and the other have been a thousand times seen to meet death with the same countenance ; but it has been with this difference, that in the contempt which great men show for death it is the love of glory which hides it from their view ; and in the common people it is an effect of their want of intelligence, which prevents their being acquainted with the greatness of their loss, and leaves them at liberty to think of other things.

CARDINAL DE RETZ.

He appears ambitious without being so ; he has nevertheless known how to skilfully handle public misfortunes to make himself cardinal. He has endured prison life with determination, and owes his liberty only to his bravery. He was engaged in various political conclaves, his conduct always adding to his reputation. He shows diligence in the pressure of his affairs, but rests indifferently when they are concluded. He has a rich fund of wit, and knows how to turn to his advantage those occasions which Fortune presents, and which he seems to have foreseen and desired. He loves to tell stories, and often his imagination furnishes him with more than his memory. He is insensible to hatred or to friendship, although he is at some pains to seem occupied with either the one or the other. He is incapable of envy and of avarice, either because of his amiability or his phlegmatic temperament. He has borrowed much from his friends, without any especial hope of being able to return his loans ; knowing that flattery can obtain as much as credit checks, he has trusted this art for his acquittal. He has not a particle of taste nor of delicacy ; he amuses himself with everything, and pleases himself with nothing. He adroitly avoids the discovery that he has but a surface knowledge of all subjects. His recent retirement is the most brilliant and the falsest action of his life ; it is a sacrifice made to his pride under the guise of devotion : he leaves the court to which he could not attach himself,

and withdraws himself from a world which has withdrawn itself from him.—*From Les Mémoires. Translated by Miss Dorothea Shepperson, for THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.*

MAXIMS.

Had we no faults of our own, we should not take so much pleasure to note them in others.

Crowds of people would be godly, but no one cares to be humble.

A man who loves nobody is more unhappy than one whom nobody loves.

Quarrels would be shortlived, if the wrong were only on one side.

The surest sign of being born with great qualities is to be born without envy.

It shows great cleverness to be able to hide one's cleverness.

We have but few faults which are not more excusable than the means we employ to hide them.

Humility is the true badge of the Christian virtues; without it we hug our faults, and they are only overgrown with pride, which conceals them from others and oftentimes from ourselves.

Humility is the altar on which God wills that we should offer Him sacrifices.

There is no disguise which can long conceal love where it is, or feign it where it is not.

The pleasure of love is in loving, and we are happier in the passion which we feel than in that which we inspire.

The power possessed over us by those we love is nearly always greater than that which we possess over ourselves.

A true friend is the greatest of all blessings and that which we least of all dream of securing.

It is more shameful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them.

We are sometimes less unhappy in being deceived about one we love than in being undeceived.

We console ourselves easily for the misfortunes of our friends when they serve to signalize our affection for them.

Seemliness is the least of all the laws and the most observed.

—*Selected from Les Maximes, by DOROTHEA SHEP-
PERSON.*





ROD, EDOUARD, a Swiss novelist and journalist, born at Nyon in 1857. He was educated at Berne and Berlin, where he gave special attention to philology. Removing to Paris, he at first busied himself as a literary critic, and became in 1884 editor-in-chief of *La Revue Contemporaine*. Upon returning to his native land, he was made, in 1887, Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Geneva. "Besides his thesis on *Le Développement du Mythe d'Eschyle dans la Littérature*, M. Rod has published several works which display," says Larousse, "critical power and erudition," among which we cite *A Propos de l'Assommoir* (1879); *Les Allemands à Paris* (1880); *Wagner et l'Esthétique Allemande* (1886), and *Giacomo Leopardi*, a study on the nineteenth century, in 1888. It is, however, largely as a novelist that he is known. "Imbued," says Larousse, "with the philosophy of Schopenhauer and the musical theories of Wagner, he has written quite a series of novels with psychological analysis for a basis, in which he has often borrowed the pessimism of his masters." These books are *Palmyre Veulard* (1881); *La Chute de Miss Topsy* (1882); *L'Autopsie du Docteur Z.* (1884); *La Femme de Henri Vanneau* (1884); *La Course à la Mort* (1885); *Tatiana Leiloff* (1886); *Névrosée* (1886); *Le Sens de la Vie* (1889), "a sort of psychological autobiography," says a critic, "where the au-

thor, after having painted the ennui and trials of home life, extols the sacrifice of the individual for the family good." Other works are *Scènes de la Vie Cosmopolite*, *Lilith*, *L'Eau et le Feu*, *L'Idéal de M. Gendre* (1889); *Nouvelles Romances*, *Les Idées Morales du Temps Présent*, *Dante*, *Stendhal* (1891); *La Sacrifiée* (1892); *La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier* (1893); *La Seconde Vie de Michel Teissier* (1894); *Le Silence* (1894); *Les Roches Blanches* (1895).

The French critic Pellissier wrote, upon the appearance of *Les Roches Blanches* in 1895: "This book has a tone of the truly picturesque. His little village is one of real life, and the people who inhabit it have a characteristic individuality of their own. He knows how to paint them, to make them talk; in short, to show in them local customs faithfully portrayed. We recognize personal observation; M. Rod describes what he has seen, his is the reality of *life*. The romanesque element is substituted almost throughout for the psychological. We were expecting a serious study, and he has given us an idyl. The interest, however, does not flag. In default of strong scenes, he has furnished charming ones."

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE ROCKS.

"Do you know the legend, monsieur, the legend of the two rocks at the end of that path?"

Trembloz collected all his strength to answer.

"No, monsieur."

"It is curious," continued the American. "It has a deeper and more modern significance than is usual with this kind of story. Shall I relate it to you?"

"If you please."

"It deals with two beings who loved each other and

yet were kept apart by some cause or other that is not explained. They wished to find a refuge in God; whether that they felt too weak to respect their duties without other support than the fragile support of the world, or that their hearts sought in divine love a consolation; or, perhaps, something their own love might feed on. The man entered a Trappist monastery, the ruins of which, at the foot of the Jura, you are doubtless acquainted with. The woman took the veil in a convent which formerly existed yonder on the other side of the tower."

He turned round toward Bielle, which appeared in all its coquettish grace, prettily toned down under the cloudy sky.

"How they saw each other again, the story does not say. But it is related that they met almost every night in a clearing of the Bois-Joli, which at that time was a thick forest of pines. They were both faithful and loyal of soul, and determined to respect their vows. However, every time they met, they felt their love was increasing. Though they repressed it with all their energy, this love was driving them into each other's arms with all the tragic force that is in noble hearts. They then understood that their will was exhausted in the struggle, and defeat was approaching. On the evening when, for the first time, their lips were united, they agreed they would never meet again. They bade each other a farewell which they believed would be eternal. But, when they tried to separate, a wonder occurred; their limbs stiffened, the propitious soil on which their love had sprung into being held them; the mysterious power of the earth kept them side by side forever. In the effort against love, humanity had died in them. Their souls had conquered, but had perished in the agony of the struggle. They were now two stones, forever insensible—the White Rocks."—*From Les Roches Blanches.*

THE YOUNG PASTOR.

The bedrooms were just such apartments as the poor live in. The only one that would have a livelier aspect would be the room in the second story, which he intended

to make his study ; it would, at least, contain books, the two or three hundred volumes in paper covers which he preserved with the greatest care. He reckoned on having them out of their boxes as soon as he had nailed up the deal benches which were to serve him for bookshelves. And then from his window, opening on a little balcony, along which a wistaria in flowers was creeping, the view was superb ; it stretched over the entire little lake, now of a blue as deep as that of the sky, in which the last mists of the morning were vanishing, while the jagged summits of the Alps, still half-veiled, overhanging the villages, steeples, fields and woods of Savoy, shut in the horizon with their snow-white peaks. Trembloz forgot himself for a moment in the contemplation of this magnificent picture. He was now entering on a definite phase of his existence, and, since he was in the vein for reverie and the revival of early memories, he allowed his mind to wander backward. He saw himself a child on the paternal farm. At that time, he had not a corner to himself, but was hunted from every quarter with his books by his elder brother, who was always sneering at the sluggard, as he called him. Between the ambition of the mother, who came to the resolution from which she never swerved of making a " Monsieur " of her son, and the hesitation of the father at each fresh expense, Henri grew up knocked about from one side to the other, and was very wretched.

Often in a busy season, he was forced to lay aside his books and take a spade or scythe in his hands. He hated tasks which interrupted his studies, besides exhausting and disgusting him. He hated them the more that he executed them badly, and thereby attracted the gibes of his brothers, who paid him back at these times for the superiority his education gave him over them.

" Much good your studies do you," they said to him, " eating up the money of the family, when they don't teach you even to hold a barrow properly!"—*From Les Roches Blanches.*



ROE, EDWARD PAYSON, an American novelist, born at New Windsor, N. Y., March 7, 1838; died at Cornwall, N. Y., July 19, 1888. He was educated at Williams College, but not graduated, owing to an affection of the eyes, and in later years the college gave him the degree of B.A. He afterward studied theology at Auburn and at New York City. In 1862 he became chaplain in the volunteer army, and served throughout the Civil War. From 1865 to 1874 he was pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, N. Y. He then settled at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where he gave his time to literature and to the cultivation of small fruits. His first book, *Barriers Burned Away*, written after he visited the ruins of Chicago's great fire, was first published as a serial in the New York *Evangelist*, and met with enormous success when it was issued in book-form in 1872. His other works are *Play and Profit in My Garden* (1873); *What Can She Do?* (1873); *Opening a Chestnut Burr* (1874); *From Jest to Earnest* (1875); *Near to Nature's Heart* (1876); *A Knight of the Nineteenth Century* (1877); *A Face Illumined* (1878); *A Day of Fate* (1880); *Success with Small Fruits* (1880); *Without a Home* (1880); *His Sombre Rivals* (1883); *A Young Girl's Wooing* (1884); *Nature's Serial Story* (1884); *An Original Belle* (1885); *Driven Back to Eden* (1885); *He Fell in Love with*

His Wife (1886); *The Earth Trembled* (1887); *Miss Lou* (1888); *The Home Acre* (1889); *Taken Alive* (1889).

"CHRISTINE, AWAKE! FOR YOUR LIFE!"

For a block or more Dennis was passively borne along by the rushing mob. Suddenly a voice seemed to shout almost in his ear, "The north side is burning!" and he started as from a dream. The thought of Christine flashed upon him, perishing, perhaps, in the flames. He remembered that now she had no protector, and that he for the moment had forgotten her; though in truth he had never imagined that she could be imperilled by the burning of the north side.

In an agony of fear and anxiety he put forth every effort of which he was capable, and tore through the crowd as if mad. There was no way of getting across the river now save by the La Salle Street tunnel. Into this dark passage he plunged with multitudes of others. It was indeed as near Pandemonium as any earthly condition could be. Driven forward by the swiftly pursuing flames, hemmed in on every side, a shrieking, frenzied, terror-stricken throng rushed into the black cavern. Every moral grade was represented there. Those who led abandoned lives were plainly recognizable, their guilty consciences finding expression in their livid faces. These jostled the refined and delicate lady, who, in the awful democracy of the hour, brushed against thief and harlot. Little children wailed for their lost parents, and many were trampled under foot. Parents cried for their children, women shrieked for their husbands, some praying, many cursing with oaths as hot as the flames that crackled near. Multitudes were in no other costumes than those in which they had sprung from their beds. Altogether it was a strange, incongruous writhing mass of humanity, such as the world had never looked upon, pouring into what might seem, in its horrors, the mouth of hell.

As Dennis entered the utter darkness, a confused roar smote his ear that might have appalled the stoutest heart, but he was now oblivious to everything save

Christine's danger. With set teeth he put his shoulder against the living mass and pushed with the strongest till he emerged into the glare of the north side. Here, escaping somewhat from the throng, he made his way rapidly to the Ludolph mansion, which to his joy he found was still considerably to the windward of the fire. But he saw that from the southwest another line of flame was bearing down upon it.

The front door was locked, and the house utterly dark. He rang the bell furiously, but there was no response. He walked around under the window and shouted, but the place remained as dark and silent as a tomb. He pounded on the door, but its massive thickness scarcely admitted of a reverberation.

"They must have escaped," he said; "but, merciful heaven! there must be no uncertainty in this case. What shall I do?"

The windows of the lower story were all strongly guarded and hopeless, but one opening on the balcony of Christine's studio seemed practicable, if it could be reached. A half-grown elm swayed its graceful branches over the balcony, and Dennis knew the tough and fibrous nature of this tree. In the New-England woods of his early home he had learned to climb for nuts like a squirrel, and so with no great difficulty he mounted the trunk and dropped from an overhanging branch to the point he sought. The window was down at the top, but the lower sash was fastened. He could see the catch by the light of the fire. He broke the pane of glass nearest it, hoping that the crash might awaken Christine, if she were still there. But after the clatter died away, there was no sound. He then noisily raised the sash and stepped in. . . .

There was no time for sentiment. He called loudly: "Miss Ludolph, awake! awake! for your life!"

There was no answer. "She must be gone," he said. The front room, facing toward the west, he knew to be her sleeping apartment. Going through the passage he knocked loudly, and called again; but in the silence that followed he heard his own watch tick, and his heart beat. He pushed the door open with the feeling of one profaning a shrine, and looked timidly in. . . .

She lay with her face toward him. Her hair of gold, unconfined, streamed over the pillow ; one fair, round arm, from which her night-robe had slipped back, was clasped around her head, and a flickering ray of light, finding access at the window, played upon her face and neck with the strangest and most weird effect.

So deep was her slumber that she seemed dead, and Dennis, in his overwrought state, thought she was. For a moment his heart stood still, and his tongue was paralyzed. A distant explosion aroused him. Approaching softly he said, in an awed whisper (he seemed powerless to speak louder), "Miss Ludolph !—Christine !"

But the light of the coming fire played and flickered over the still, white face, that never before had seemed so strangely beautiful.

"Miss Ludolph !—Oh, Christine, awake !" cried Dennis, louder.

To his wonder and unbounded perplexity, he saw the hitherto motionless lips wreath themselves into a lovely smile, but otherwise there was no response. . . .

A louder and nearer explosion, like a warning voice, made him wholly desperate, and he roughly seized her hand.

Christine's blue eyes opened wide with a bewildered stare ; a look of the wildest terror came into them, and she started up and shrieked, "Father ! father !"

Then, turning toward the as yet unknown invader, she cried piteously : "Oh, spare my life ! Take everything ; I will give you anything you ask, only spare my life !"

She evidently thought herself addressing a ruthless robber.

Dennis retreated toward the door the moment she awakened ; and this somewhat reassured her.

In the firm, quiet tone that always calms excitement, he replied, "I only ask you to give me your confidence, Miss Ludolph, and to join with me, Dennis Fleet, in my effort to save your life."

"Dennis Fleet ! Dennis Fleet ! save my life ! O ye gods, what does it all mean ?" and she passed her hand in bewilderment across her brow, as if to brush away the wild fancies of a dream.

"Miss Ludolph, as you love your life, arouse yourself and escape! The city is burning!"

When Dennis returned, he found Christine panting helplessly on a chair.

"Oh, dress! dress!" he cried. "We have not a moment to spare."

The sparks and cinders were falling about the house, a perfect storm of fire. The roof was already blazing, and smoke was pouring down the stairs.

At his suggestion she had at first laid out a heavy woollen dress and Scotch plaid shawl. She nervously sought to put on the dress, but her trembling fingers could not fasten it over her wildly throbbing bosom. Dennis saw that in the terrible emergency he must act the part of a brother or husband, and, springing forward, he assisted her with the dexterity he had learned in childhood.

Just then a blazing piece of roof, borne on the wings of the gale, crashed through the window, and in a moment the apartment, that had seemed like a beautiful casket for a still more exquisite jewel, was in flames.

Hastily wrapping Christine in the blanket-shawl, he snatched her, crying and wringing her hands, into the street.

Holding his hand, she ran two or three blocks with all the speed her wild terror prompted; then her strength began to fail, and she pantingly cried that she could run no longer. But this rapid rush carried them out of immediate peril, and brought them into the flying throng pressing their way northward and westward.—*Barriers Burned Away.*





ROGERS, HENRY, an English essayist and theologian, born at St. Albans, October 18, 1806; died August 20, 1877. He was educated privately, and in his seventeenth year was apprenticed to a surgeon. From surgery he turned to theology, and after three years at Highbury College, he entered the Congregational University in June, 1829. In 1836 he was appointed to the chair of English language and literature at University College, London, and in 1839 he took a similar tutorship, including mathematics and mental philosophy, in Spring Hill College, Birmingham, which he held for nearly twenty years. In 1858 he was made President of the Lancashire Independent College, where he held the chair of theology until 1871. He contributed largely to the *Edinburgh Review*, and a collection of his articles was published in 1850, with additions in 1855. He published an *Essay on the Life and Genius of Thomas Fuller* (1856), and wrote biographical sketches on Bishop Butler, Gibbon, Hume, Robert Hall, Pascal, Paley, and Voltaire for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. His most important work is *The Eclipse of Faith*, published anonymously in 1852. This was written in reply to Francis W. Newman's *Phases of Faith*. Newman answered in his *Reply to the Eclipse of Faith* (1854), to which Rogers rejoined in his *Defence of the Eclipse of Faith*.

"In Rogers," says J. M. Rigg, "a piety which, although essentially Puritan, had in it no tinge of sourness was united with a keen and sceptical intellect. He was widely read, especially in the borderland between philosophy and theology, but he was neither a philosopher nor a theologian."

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS.

And now what, after all, does this carping criticism amount to? Little as it is in itself, it absolutely vanishes. It is felt that the Christ thus portrayed *cannot* be the right interpretation of the history in the face of all those glorious scenes with which the evangelical narrative abounds, but of which there is here entire oblivion. But humanity will not forget them; men still wonder at the "gracious words which proceeded out of Christ's mouth," and persist in saying, "Never man spake like this man." The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the "upper chamber" where He instituted the feast which should forever consecrate His memory, and bequeathed to His disciples the legacy of His love; the scenes in the garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary, and at the sepulchre; the sweet remembrance with which He bore wrong, the gentleness with which He forgave it; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which He well earned for himself—from self-righteous pride and from censorious hypocrisy—the name of the "friend of publicans and sinners;" these, and a hundred things more which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity; and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell. These things lispings Infancy loves to hear on its mother's knees, and over them Age, with its gray locks, bends in devoted reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compo-

sitions, he must get rid of the Gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by *fictions* yet more wonderful !

Ah, what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me ! But, if the last be impossible, at least the Gospels must cease to exist before infidelity can succeed. Yes, before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they have ever done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears. They must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at last the Monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be "Remembered by Him when He came into His kingdom." They must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs sat listening at his feet, and "in their right mind." They must blot out the remembrance of the tears which He shed at the grave of Lazarus—not surely for him whom He was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity—for the myriads of desolate mourners who could not, with Mary, fly to Him and say "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died !" They must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proof of His mission and guarantees of the truth of His doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of His character, and are types of the spiritual cures His Gospel can yet perform. They must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered and saw what was never seen before but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him "who brought life and immortality to light." They must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately, and found Him unbidden at her side ; type of ten thousand times ten thousand who have "sought the grave to weep there," and found joy and consolation in Him "Whom, though unseen, they loved." They must blot out the discourses in which He took leave of His disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many despairing souls with patience

and with triumph. They must blot out the yet sublimer words in which He declares himself "the Resurrection and the Life"—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with childlike trust.

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It is in vain to tell men it is an *illusion*. If it be an illusion, every variety of experiment proves it to be inveterate; and it will not be dissipated by a million of Strausses and Newmans. *Probatum est*. At His feet guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there "the peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found, and will find, repose there; and have invested Him with veneration, love, and gratitude which will never, never, be paid to any other name than His.





ROGERS, SAMUEL, an English poet, born at Stoke Newington, July 30, 1763; died in London, December 18, 1855. His father was an eminent banker, into whose counting-house the son early entered. The father, dying in 1793, left an ample fortune to his son, who retired from active participation in the business of the house, but retained an interest in it as partner. Ten years afterward Rogers established his residence in London, and his "breakfasts" were for half a century frequented by all men noted in literature and art who could obtain an invitation to them. Rogers commenced writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the age of eighteen. His principal poems are *The Pleasures of Memory* (1792); *Jacqueline*, published in the same volume with Byron's *Lara* (1814); *Human Life* (1819); *Italy* (Part I., 1821; Part II., 1834). Not only was Rogers a poet of sufficient mark to be hailed by Byron with perverse but sincere admiration—as the melodious Rogers and one of the few men of genuine weight in an age of scribblers—but he was also for half a century the most celebrated entertainer of celebrities in London. His last, longest, and most interesting work is *Italy*, which is likely to be long popular. He also, from time to time, put forth small volumes of *Poems*. In his *Italy* he gives the following quite just estimate of himself:

ROGERS UPON HIMSELF.

Nature denied him much,
 But gave him at his birth what most he values :
 A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
 For poetry—the language of the gods—
 For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
 A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
 The light of an ingenuous countenance,
 And—what transcends them all—a noble action.

REMEMBRANCE AND ANTICIPATION.

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;
 To hover round his evening walk unseen,
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;
 To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
 And heaven and nature opened to their view.
 Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
 A smiling circle emulous to please,
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
 And bless the scene they loved in life so well.
 O thou, with whom my heart was wont to share,
 From Reason's dawn, each pleasure and each care,
 With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know
 The humble walks of happiness below,
 If thy blest nature now unites above
 An angel's pity with a brother's love,
 Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
 Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;
 Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
 Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned ;
 Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
 Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
 To meet the changes Time and Chance present
 With modest dignity and calm content,
 When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
 Thy meek submission to thy God expressed,
 When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
 A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed,

What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
 Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
 The sweet remembrance of unblemished youth,
 The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!
 Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone—
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light,
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest
 Where Virtue triumphs and her sons are blest.

—*The Pleasures of Memory.*

GRAVEYARD MUSINGS.

When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
 Methinks an Angel sits upon the stone,
 Like those of old, in that thrice-hallowed night,
 Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright,
 And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
 Says, pointing upward, "Know, He is not here:
 He is risen!"

But the day is almost spent;
 And stars are twinkling in the firmament,
 To us how silent—though like ours, perchance,
 Busy and full of life and circumstance:
 Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,
 Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few;
 And, as the sun goes round—a sun not ours—
 While from her lap another Nature showers
 Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
 Think on themselves within, without inquire;

At distance dwell on all that passes there,
 All that the world reveals of good and fair ;
 And as they wander, picturing things, like me,
 Not as they are, but as they ought to be,
 Trace out the journey through their little day,
 And fondly dream an idle hour away.

—*Human Life.*

VENICE.

There is a glorious City in the Sea ;
 The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
 Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
 Clings to the marble of her palaces.
 No track of man, no footsteps to and fro,
 Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
 Invisible ; and from the land we went,
 As to a floating city—steering in,
 And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
 So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
 Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
 The statues ranged along an azure sky ;
 By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
 Of old the residence of merchant-kings ;
 The fronts of some—though time had shattered them—
 Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
 As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

—*Italy.*

REGENERATION FOR ITALY.

O Italy, how beautiful thou art !
 Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas !
 Low in the dust ; and they who come admire thee
 As we admire the beautiful in death.
 Thine was a dangerous gift—the gift of beauty.
 Would thou had less, or went as once thou wast,
 Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee !
 But why despair ? Twice thou hast lived already ;
 Twice shone among the nations of the world,
 As the sun shines among the lesser lights
 Of heaven : and shalt again. The hour shall come
 When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,

Who, like the eagle lowering o'er his prey,
 Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
 If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
 Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
 Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
 And dying, left a splendor like the day,
 That like the day diffused itself, and still
 Blesses the earth—the light of genius, virtue,
 Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
 God-like example. Echoes that have slept
 Since Athens, Lacedæmon were Themselves,
 Since men invoked "By Those in Marathon!"
 Awake along the Ægean; and the dead—
 They of that sacred shore—have heard the call,
 And through the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
 Moving as once they were; instead of rage
 Breathing deliberate valor.

A TEAR.

Oh, that the chemist's magic art
 Could crystallize this sacred Treasure!
 Long should it glitter near my heart,
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
 Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
 Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
 The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
 In thee the rays of Virtue shine,
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
 Who ever fliest to bring relief,
 When first we feel the rude control
 Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
 In every clime, in every age,
 Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
 In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
 And bids it trickle from its source—
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And glides the planets in their course.

NAPLES.

This region, surely, is not of the earth.
 Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,
 Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot
 Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
 But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
 On the clear wave some image of delight,
 Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
 Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
 To muse on as the bark is gliding by.
 And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide,
 From daybreak, when the mountain pales his fire
 Yet more and more, and from the mountain-top,
 Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,
 Solemn and slow, as erst from Ararat,
 When he, the Patriarch, who escaped the Flood,
 Was with his household sacrificing there—
 From daybreak to that hour, the last and best,
 When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,
 Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,
 And, when the nets are thrown, the evening hymn
 Steals o'er the trembling waters.

Everywhere

Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,
 Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,
 And laughed and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,
 Like a young child her grandam. Fable came;
 Earth, sea, and sky reflecting, as she flew,
 A thousand, thousand colors, not their own:
 And at her bidding, lo! a dark descent
 To Tartarus, and those thrice happy fields,
 Those fields with ether pure and purple light
 Ever invested, scenes by him described
 Who here was wont to wander and record
 What they revealed, and on the western shore
 Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,
 Beloved Parthenope.

Yet here, methinks,
Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape
Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,
By turns inclining to blind ecstasy
And soberest meditation.

—*From Italy.*

JORASSE.

Jorasse was in his three-and-twentieth year ;
Graceful and active as a stag just roused ;
Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,
Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up
Among the hunters of the Higher Alps ;
Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,
Their haggard looks and strange soliloquies.
Arising (so say they that dwell below)
From frequent dealings with the Mountain-Spirits.
But other ways had taught him better things ;
And now he numbered, marching by my side,
The great, the learned, that with him had crossed
The frozen tract—with him familiarly
Through the rough day and rougher night conversed
In many a châlet round the Peak of Terror,
Round Tacul, Tour, Well-horn, and Rosenlau,
And her whose throne is inaccessible,
Who sits, withdrawn in virgin majesty,
Nor oft unveils. Anon an avalanche
Rolled its long thunder ; and a sudden crash,
Sharp and metallic, to the startled ear
Told that far down a continent of ice
Had burst in twain. But he had now begun ;
And with what transport he recalled the hour
When, to deserve, to win his blooming bride,
Madelaine of Annecy, to his feet he bound
The iron crampons, and, ascending, trod
The upper realms of frost ; then, by a cord
Let half-way down, entered a grot star-bright,
And gathered from above, below, around,
The pointed crystals ! Once, not long before
(Thus did his tongue run on, fast as his feet,
And with an eloquence that Nature gives
To all her children—breaking off by starts

Into the harsh and rude, oft as the mule
Drew his displeasure)—once, not long before,
Alone at daybreak on the Mettenberg,
He slipped, he fell; and, through a fearful cleft
Gliding from ledge to ledge, from deep to deeper,
Went to the under world! Long while he lay
Upon his rugged bed, then waked like one
Wishing to sleep again and sleep forever!
For, looking round, he saw, or thought he saw,
Innumerable branches of a cave,
Winding beneath that solid crust of ice;
With here and there a rent that showed the stars!
What then, alas! was left him but to die?
What else in those immeasurable chambers,
Strewn with the bones of miserable men,
Lost like himself? Yet must he wander on,
Till cold and hunger set his spirit free!
And, rising, he began his dreary round;
When hark! the noise as of some mighty river
Working its way to light! Back he withdrew,
But soon returned, and, fearless from despair,
Dashed down the dismal channel; and all day,
If day could be where utter darkness was,
Travelled incessantly; the craggy roof
Just overhead, and the impetuous waves,
Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength,
Lashing him on. At last, as in a pool,
The water slept; a pool sullen, profound,
Where if a billow chanced to heave and swell
It broke not; and the roof, that long
Had threatened, suddenly descending, lay
Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,
His journey ended, when a ray divine
Shot through his soul. Breathing a prayer to her
Whose ears are never shut, the Blessed Virgin,
He plunged, he swam—and in an instant rose,
The barrier passed, in sunshine! Through a vale,
Such as in Arcady, where many a thatch
Gleams through the trees, half seen and half embowered,
Glittering the river ran; and on the bank
The young were dancing ('twas a festal day)
All in their best attire. There first he saw

His Madelaine. In the crowd she stood to hear,
When all drew round, inquiring ; and her face,
Seen behind all, and varying, as he spoke,
With hope and fear and generous sympathy,
Subdued him. From that hour he loved.

—*From Italy.*

GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandina),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee ; through their arched walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the springtime, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun
Sets ere one-half is seen ; but ere thou go,
Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious race ;
Done by Zampieri—but I care not whom.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware !" her vest of gold
Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp ;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,

A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Anthony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor,
That, by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture ; and thou wilt not
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child ; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire ;
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him ?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, forever in his sight ;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

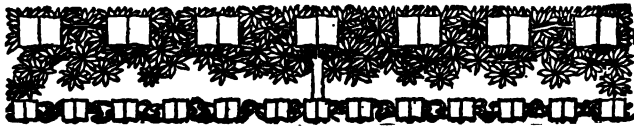
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the bridal-feast,
When all sate down, the bride was wanting there,
Nor was she to be found. Her father cried,
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love."
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,

His house she enters—there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night ;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing,
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
Back from a world we love, alas ! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his ! her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined ;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before !

—*From Human Life.*





ROHLFS, ANNA KATHARINE (GREEN), an American novelist, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., November 11, 1846. After graduating at Ripley College, Vt., in 1867, she lived in Buffalo. In 1884 she was married to Charles Rohlf's of Brooklyn. She has published several detective stories, including *The Leavenworth Case* (1878); *A Strange Disappearance* (1879); *The Sword of Damocles* (1881); *X. Y. Z.* (1883); *Hand and Ring* (1883); *The Mill Mystery* (1886); *7 to 12* (1887); *A Matter of Millions* and *The Forsaken Inn* (1890); *The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock* (1895); *Dr. Izard* (1895). Mrs. Rohlf's is also the author of the *Defence of the Bride, and Other Poems* (1882), and *Risifi's Daughter*, a dramatic poem (1886). In commenting on *Dr. Izard*, *Current Literature* said, in October, 1895: "Such works, told as Mrs. Rohlf's tells them, is no ordinary task. With her actions speak louder than words. There is quite as much analysis of motive in her books as in those of many professedly analytical writers, if the reader will take the pains to understand the true significance of action and apply it to the study of character. Her books are read and reread, and with keener zest upon the subsequent reading than upon the first, when her remarkable constructive skill does not stand in the way of appreciating the many touches indicative of a truly comprehensive and artistic mind."

A TRUE BILL.

The town of Sibley was in a state of excitement. About the court-house, especially, the crowd was great, and the interest manifested intense. The Grand Jury was in session, and the case of the Widow Clemmens was before it. . . .

But what is the curiosity of the rabble to us? Our interest is in a little room far removed from this scene of excitement, where the young daughter of Professor Darling kneels by the side of Imogene Dare, striving, by caress and entreaty, to win a word from her lips or a glance from her heavy eyes.

"Imogene," she pleaded, "Imogene, what is this terrible grief? Why did you have to go to the court-house this morning with papa, and why have you been almost dead with terror and misery ever since you got back? Tell me, or I shall perish of mere fright. For weeks now, ever since you were so good as to help me with my wedding-clothes, I have seen that something dreadful was weighing upon your mind, but this which you are suffering now is awful; this I cannot bear. Cannot you speak, dear? Words will do you good."

"Words!"

Oh, the despair, the bitterness, of that single exclamation! Miss Darling drew back in dismay. As if released, Imogene rose to her feet and surveyed the sweet and ingenuous countenance uplifted to her own, with a look of faint recognition of the womanly sympathy it conveyed.

"Helen," she resumed, "you are happy. Don't stay here with me, but go where there are cheerfulness and hope." . . .

She sank back, but the next moment started again to her feet: a servant had opened the door.

"What is it?" she exclaimed; "speak, tell me."

"Only a gentleman to see you, miss."

"Only a——" But she stopped in that vain repetition of the girl's simple words, and looked at her as if she would force from her lips the name she had not the courage to demand; but turned away to the glass, where

she quietly smoothed her hair and adjusted the hair at her throat, and then, catching sight of the tear-stained face of Helen, stooped and gave her a kiss, after which she moved mechanically to the door and went down those broad flights, one after one, till she came to the parlor, when she went in and encountered—Mr. Orcutt.

A glance at his face told her all she wanted to know.

"Ah!" she gasped, "it is then——"

"Mansell."

It was five minutes later. Imogene leaned against the window where she had withdrawn herself at the utterance of that one word. Mr. Orcutt stood a couple of paces behind her.

"Imogene," said he, "there is a question I would like to have you answer."

The feverish agitation expressed in his tone made her look around.

"Put it," she mechanically replied.

But he did not find it easy to do this, while her eyes rested upon him in such despair. He felt, however, that the doubt in his mind must be satisfied at all hazards; so choking down an emotion that was almost boundless as her own, he ventured to ask: "Is it among the possibilities that you could ever again contemplate giving yourself in marriage to Craik Mansell, no matter what the issue of the coming trial may be?"

A shudder, quick and powerful as that which follows the withdrawal of a dart from an agonizing wound, shook her whole frame for a moment, but she answered, steadily: "No; how can you ask, Mr. Orcutt?" A gleam of relief shot across his somewhat haggard features.

"Then," said he, "it will be no treason in me to assure you that never has my love been greater for you than to-day. That to save you from the pain which you are suffering I would sacrifice everything, even my pride. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show you, any deed I can perform for your sake, I am ready to attempt it, Imogene."

"Would you—" she hesitated, but gathered courage as she met his eye—"would you be willing to go to *him* with a message from me?"

His glance fell, and his lips took a hue that startled Imogene, but his answer, though given with bitterness, was encouraging.

"Yes," he returned ; "even that."

"Then," she cried, "tell him that to save the innocent, I had to betray the guilty, but in doing this I did not spare myself ; that whatever his doom may be I shall share it, even though it be that of death."—*Hand and Ring.*





ROLAND, CHANSON DE, the most noted of the French poems of chivalry. It has been styled "the French national epic;" and Steinthal recognizes it as one of the world's four greatest national epics, the others being the Hellenic *Iliad*, the Finnish *Kalevala*, and the German *Nibelungenlied*. The date of the poem is placed approximately about the year 1100. Its authorship is ascribed to Théroulde or Tuoldus, a Norman trouvère. About half a century later it was translated into German by Konrad, a Swabian ecclesiastic, and the *Rolandslied* became nationalized in Germany as well as the *Chanson de Roland* in France. The poem, in about four thousand lines, sets forth the exploits and death of Roland, the most doughty of the paladins of Charlemagne, in the partly mythical expedition of the great Emperor against the Moors of Spain. Roland, the hero of Roncesvalles and many another battle-field, is, through the treachery of Ganelon, set upon by an overwhelming force in the pass of Fontarabia. His comrades are slaughtered around him, and he himself is wounded unto death. With his expiring breath he blows such a blast upon his horn that it reaches the ears of Charlemagne, who hurries to the spot. He finds the hero dead, but takes fearful vengeance upon the Moors and their traitorous accomplice.

DEATH OF THE MARTIAL ARCHBISHOP TURPIN.

The Archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,
 Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free ;
 And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,
 And a faint shudder through his members ran.
 Upon the battle-field his knee was bent,
 Brave Roland saw, and to his succor went ;
 Straight was his helmet from his brow unlaced,
 And torn the shining hauberk from his breast ;
 Then raising in his arms the man of God,
 Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.
 "Rest, sire !" he cried, "for rest thy suffering needs."
 The priest replied : "Think but of warlike deeds !
 The field is ours ; well may we boast this strife ;
 But death steals on—there is no hope of life ;
 In Paradise, where almoners live again,
 There are our couches spread—there shall we rest from
 pain."

Sore Roland grieved ; nor marvel I, alas !
 That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.
 When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,
 "O Heavenly Father ! Holy Saint Marie !
 Why bringing death to lay me in my grave ?
 Beloved France ! how have the good and brave
 Been torn from thee, and left thee weak and poor !"
 Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er
 His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,
 "My gentle friend, what parley full of woe !
 Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see—
 Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee !
 Christ, who didst save from realms of woe beneath
 The Hebrew prophets from the second death."
 Then to the Paladins, whom well he knew,
 He went, and one by one, unaided, drew
 To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore ;
 No heart had he to smile, but weeping sore,
 He blest them in God's name, with faith that He
 Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

The Archbishop then—on whom God's benison rest—
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast ;
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore ;
And many a wound his swollen visage bore ;
Slow beats his heart—his panting bosom heaves ;
Death comes apace—no hope of cure relieves ;
Toward heaven he raised his dying hands and prayed
That God—who for our sins was mortal made,
Born of the Virgin, scorned and crucified—
In Paradise would place him by his side.

Thus Turpin died in service of Chalon—
In battle great, and eke great in orison,
'Gainst pagan host alway strong champion—
God grant to him his holy benison.

—*Translation of* LONGFELLOW.





ROLLIN, CHARLES, an eminent French historian and professor of belles-lettres, born in Paris, January 30, 1661; died September 14, 1741. He became Professor of Rhetoric in the College of Plessis in 1687; Professor of Eloquence in the Royal College of France in 1687; Principal of the University of Paris in 1694. He revived the study of Greek and made reforms in the system of education. His chief works are *On the Study of Belles-Lettres* (1726); *Ancient History* (12 vols., 1730-38); *History of Rome* (1738). His *Ancient History*, both in the original and in translations, was held in the highest repute for nearly a century; but has since been wholly superseded by later works.

"His *Study of Belles-Lettres* is still regarded," says Villemain, "as a monument of good sense and taste." "Rollin," according to Voltaire, "was one of the first French authors who wrote a good style in prose. His character was amiable and virtuous."

ON GOOD TASTE.

Good taste, as it now falls under our consideration—that is, with reference to the reading of authors, and composition—is a clear, lively, and distinct discerning of all the beauty, truth, and justness of the thoughts and expressions which compose a discourse. It distinguishes what is conformable to eloquence and propriety in every character, and suitable in different circumstances. And whilst, with a delicate and exquisite

sagacity, it notes the graces, turns, manners, and expressions most likely to please, it perceives also all the defects which produce the contrary effect, and distinguishes precisely wherein those defects consist, and how far they are removed from the strict rules of art and the real beauties of nature.

This happy faculty, which it is more easy to conceive than define, is less the effect of genius than of judgment, and is a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. It serves in composition to guide and direct the understanding. It makes use of the imagination, but without submitting to it, and keeps it always in subjection. It consults nature universally, follows it step by step, and is a faithful image of it. Reserved and sparing in the midst of abundance and riches, it dispenses the beauties and graces of discourse with temper and wisdom. It never suffers itself to be dazzled with the false, how glittering a figure soever it may make. It is equally offended with too much and too little. It knows precisely where it must stop, and cuts off, without regret or mercy, whatever exceeds the beautiful and the perfect. It is the want of this quality which occasions the various species of bad style—as bombast, conceit, and witticism—in which, as Quintilian says, the genius is void of judgment, and suffers itself to be carried away with an appearance of beauty, *quoties ingenium judicio cavet, and specie boni fallitur*.

Taste, simple and uniform in its principle, is varied and multiplied an infinite number of ways: yet so as under a thousand different forms, in prose or verse, in a declamatory or concise, sublime or simple, jocose or serious, style, it is always the same; and carries with it a certain character of the true and natural, immediately perceived by all persons of judgment. We cannot say the style of Terence, Phædrus, Sallust, Cæsar, Tully, Livy, Virgil, and Horace is the same. And yet they have all—if I may be allowed the expression—a certain tincture of a common spirit which, in that diversity of genius and style, makes an affinity between them and the sensible difference also between them and the other writers who have not the stamp of the best age of antiquity upon them.

I have already said that this distinguishing faculty was a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. In reality all men bring the first principles of taste with them into the world, as well as those of rhetoric and logic. As a proof of this we may urge that every good orator is almost always infallibly approved of by the people; and that there is no difference upon this point, as Tully observes, between the ignorant and the learned. The case is the same with music and painting. A concert that has all its parts well composed and well executed, both as to instruments and voices, pleases universally. But if any discord arises, any ill tone of voice be intermixed, it shall displease even those who are absolutely ignorant of music. They know not what it is that offends them, but they find something in it grating to their ears. And this proceeds from the taste and harmony transplanted in them by nature. In like manner a fine picture charms and transports a spectator who has no idea of painting. Ask him what pleases him, and why it pleases him, and he cannot easily give an account, or specify the real reasons; but natural sentiment works almost the same effect in him as art and use in connoisseurs.

The like observations will hold good as to the taste we are here speaking of. Most men have the first principles of it in themselves, though in the greater part of them they lie dormant, in a manner, for want of instruction or reflection, as they are often stifled or corrupted by vicious education, bad customs, or reigning prejudices of the age and country. But how depraved soever the taste may be, its power is never absolutely lost. There are certain fixed remains of it, deeply rooted in the understanding, wherein all men agree. Where these secret seeds are cultivated with care, they may be carried to a far greater height of perfection. And if it so happens that any fresh light awakens these first notions, and renders the mind attentive to the immutable rules of truth and beauty, so as to discover the natural and necessary consequences of them, and serves at the same time as a model to facilitate the application of them, we generally see that men of the best sense gladly cast off their ancient errors, correct the mistakes of their

former judgments, and return to the justness and delicacy which are the effects of a refined taste, and by degrees draw others after them into their way of thinking.

To be convinced of this, we need only look upon the success of certain great orators and celebrated authors who, by their natural talents, have recalled these primitive ideas, and given fresh life to these seeds which lie concealed in the mind of every man. In a little time they united the voices of those who made the best use of their reason in their fervor ; and soon after gained the applause of every age and condition, both ignorant and learned. It would be easy to point out among us the date of the good taste which now reigns in all arts and sciences. By tracing each up to its original we should see that a small number of men of genius have acquired for the nation this glory and advantage. —*Study of Belles-Lettres.*

DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF LUXURY.

The most judicious historians, the most learned philosophers, and the profoundest politicians, all lay it down as a certain indisputable maxim, that wherever luxury prevails, it never fails to destroy the most flourishing states and kingdoms ; and the experience of all ages, and all nations, does but too clearly demonstrate the truth of this maxim.

What is this subtle, secret poison, then, that thus lurks under the pomp of luxury and the charms of pleasure, and is capable of enervating, at the same time, both the whole strength of the body, and the vigor of the mind ? It is not very difficult to comprehend why it has this terrible effect. When men are accustomed to a soft and voluptuous life, can they be very fit for undergoing the fatigues and hardships of war ? Are they qualified for suffering the rigor of the seasons ; for enduring hunger and thirst ; for passing whole nights without sleep upon occasion ; for going through continual exercise and action, for facing danger and despising death ?—*Ancient History.*



ROLLINS, ALICE MARSLAND (WELLINGTON), an American novelist, poet, and essayist, born at Boston, Mass., June 12, 1847; died at Lawrence Park, Bronxville, New York City, December 5, 1897. She was educated by her father, Ambrose Wellington, and completed her studies in Europe. In 1876 she was married to Daniel M. Rollins of New York City. She was a weekly contributor of reviews to the *New York Critic* for the first seven years of its existence, and for twenty years her essays appeared in the best American magazines. She made a study of tenement life, putting the result of her investigations into the novel *Uncle Tom's Tenement*. She was the author of *The Ring of Amethyst*, poems (1878); *The Story of a Ranch* (1885); *All Sorts of Children* (1886); *The Three Tetons* (1887); *Uncle Tom's Tenement* (1888); *From Snow to Sunshine* (1889); *From Palm to Glacier* (1892); *The Finding of the Gentian*, *Little Page Fern* and *Other Verses*, and *Unfamiliar Quotations* (1895).

NATURE'S PAINT-POTS.

The Man of Sense and the Maiden would ride that morning. The day before it had been too hot, and the saddle-horses had been allowed to plod along by the wagons. In the afternoon it would be again too hot, perhaps; but at eight o'clock nothing could be more tempting than a ride as far as the Paint-Pots. The road led them by the field of geysers, looking strangely different in the bright morning air. More than a hundred of them seemed to be "up and at it," sending up their light, curling wreaths of steam with a zeal that

never flags, even with the thermometer about them at forty degrees below zero. . . .

Two hours later they entered the curious grove, about a mile from the main road, where the Paint-Pots are. There are more than five hundred of them, and they are admirably named. The little pools are like nothing so much as great paint-pots, and the bubbling, boiling, gurgling mass seething within them is like nothing so much as paint. It is soft, smooth, and satiny to the touch, though it turns hard later in lovely coral work around the basin, only to crumble away if you try to preserve it. Not that we did break it off and try to preserve it! Oh, Mr. Government Detective! No, indeed; but we have read in the guide-books that it crumbles.

But the wonder of these hot paint-pots is the coloring. Because I have been quite frank in acknowledging that the Yellowstone is not a "pretty place" through its whole three thousand square miles, I shall expect you to trust me when I tell you where it is pretty, and to believe me when I say that these colored paint-pots are alone worth a journey of many miles to see. It had been curious to see pools of so many different colors far apart from each other at the Norris Basin; but, within two or three feet of each other, were pools some of which were blood-red, some sulphur-orange, some delicate rose-color, and some looking as if filled with hot cream.

Here, too, is the one great joke of the park. How seldom nature jests. She is awful, beautiful, bewitching; but when is she funny? It is Hamilton Gibson, I think, who makes a pretty picture of the comical witch-hazel; but the witch-hazel does not know that she is smiling; she is not trying to amuse you. It is the human element which catches the funniness and laughs. Only a man of imagination would interpret the joke and smile.

But there is one paint-pot at the Yellowstone that is a genuine joke. It is a great pool, apparently full of white paint. The effort of this thick white paint to be a geyser, resulting in a sputter, sputter, sputter—gurggle, gurggle, gurggle—blob, blob, blob—and then for a

moment silence—is something so ludicrous that no one can stand beside it and not laugh aloud in sympathy. It is not the seething of the hot spring, nor the bubbling of the boiling pool, nor the hiss of steam rushing from subterranean caverns, nor the roar of the geyser; it is sputter, sputter, sputter—gurgle, gurgle, gurgle—blob, blob, blob—till the spectator is convulsed with merriment.—*The Three Tetons.*

OCTOBER.

The very air
Has grown heroic; a few crimson leaves
Have fallen here; yet not to yield their breath
In pitiful sighing at so sad a fate,
But royally, as with spilt blood of kings.
The full life throbs exultant in my veins,
Till half-ashamed to wear so high a mood,
Not for some splendid triumph of the soul,
But simply in response to light and air,
Slowly I let it fall.

And later, steal
Down the broad garden-walk, where cool and clear,
The sharp-defined, white moonlight marks the path.
Not the young moon that, shy and wavering down,
Trembled through leafy tracery of boughs
In happy nights of June; the peace that wraps
Me here is not the warm and golden peace
Of summer afternoons that lull the soul
To dreamy indolence; but strong, white peace—
Peace that is conscious power in repose.
No fragrance floats on the autumnal air;
The white chrysanthemums and asters star
The frosty silence, but their leaves exhale
No passion of remembrance or regret.
The perfect calmness and the perfect strength
My senses wrap in an enchanted robe
Woven of frost and fire; while in my soul
Blend the same mingled sovereignty and rest;
As if indeed my spirit had drained deep
Some delicate elixir of rich wine,
Ripened beneath the haughtiest of suns,
Then cooled with flakes of snow.

—*The Ring of Amethyst.*



RONSARD, PIERRE DE, a noted French poet, born near Couture, in the province of Vendômois, September 11, 1524; died at the priory of Saint-Côme, Touraine, December 27, 1585. In his tenth year he was placed in the Collège de Navarre, but was soon withdrawn to enter the royal household as page, first to the Dauphin, and, at his death, to the Duke of Orleans, the second son of Francis I. On the marriage of Marie of Lorraine to James V. of Scotland, he accompanied the bride to Scotland, and remained for more than three years in Great Britain. He then returned to France, re-entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, and was sent on courtly errands to Flanders and elsewhere. His career was checked by deafness which followed a serious illness. Ronsard quitted Court, and for several years applied himself to study at the Collège de Coqueret, Paris. Here, with Du Bellay and others, he formed a society styled the *Pléiade*, whose object was the reformation of French poetry on classic models. Du Bellay's *Illustration de la Langue Française* (1549) was the first war-note. It was followed in the next year by Ronsard's *Amours* and *Quatre Livres d'Odes*. The literary world of France rose in arms, but the classicists triumphed. Ronsard was applauded as the "prince of poets;" he received from Mary of Scotland a set of plate

inscribed: *À Ronsard, l'Apollon de la Source des Muses*, and from Elizabeth of England a set of diamonds. Pensions and honors were heaped upon him in France. He published two volumes of *Hymnes* (1555-56), and in 1572 four books of an epic entitled *La Françiade*, which gained him as a testimonial of royal approval the abbey of Croix-Val and Bellozane, and the priories of Saint-Côme and Evailles. He did not complete the epic, which was to have consisted of twenty-four books. In 1584 he published his works collectively, in one volume.

OF HIS LADY'S OLD AGE.

When you are very old, at evening
 You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,
 Humming my songs—"Ah, well! ah, well-a-day!
 When I was young of me did Ronsard sing."
 None of your maidens that doth hear the thing,
 Albeit with her weary task foredone,
 But wakens at thy name, and calls you one
 Blest, to be held in long remembering.

I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid
 On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,
 While you beside the fire, a granddame gray,
 My love, your pride, remember and regret.
 Ah, love me, Love! we may be happy yet;
 And gather roses while 'tis call'd to-day.

TO HIS LYRE.

O golden lyre, whom all the Muses claim,
 And Phœbus crowns with uncontested fame,
 My solace in all woes that Fate hath sent!
 At thy soft voice all nature smiles content,
 The dance springs gayly at thy jocund call,
 And with thy music echo bower and hall.
 When thou art heard, the lightnings cease to play,
 And Jove's dread thunder faintly dies away;

Low on the triple-pointed bolt reclined,
His eagle droops his wing and sleeps resigned,
As at thy power, his all-pervading eye
Yields gently to the spell of minstrelsy.
To him may ne'er Elysian joys belong
Who prizes not, melodious lyre, thy song !
Pride of my youth, I first in France made known
All the wild wonders of thy god-like tone ;
I tuned thee first—for harsh thy chords I found,
And all thy sweetness in oblivion bound ;
But scarce my eager fingers touch thy strings,
When each rich strain to deathless being springs.
Time's withering grasp was cold upon thee then,
And my heart bled to see thee scorned of men
Who once at monarch's feasts, so gayly dight,
Filled all their courts with glory and delight.

To give thee back thy former magic tone,
The force, the grace, the beauty all thine own,
Through Thebes I sought, Apulia's realm explored,
And hung their spoils upon each drooping chord.
Then forth, through lovely France we took our way,
And Loire resounded many an early lay :
I sang the mighty deeds of princes high,
And poured the exulting song of victory.
He, who would rouse thy eloquence divine,
In camps or tourneys may not hope to shine,
Nor on the seas behold his prosperous sail,
Nor in the fields of warlike strife prevail.

But thou my forest, and each pleasant wood
Which shades my own Vendôme's majestic flood,
Where Pan and all the laughing nymphs repose ;
Ye sacred choir, whom Bray's fair walls enclose,
Ye shall bestow upon your bard a name
That through the Universe shall spread his fame,
His notes shall grace, and love, and joy inspire,
And all be subject to his sounding lyre !
Even now, my lute, the world has heard thy praise,
Even now the sons of France applaud thy lays :
Me as their bard above the rest they choose.
To you be thanks, oh, each propitious Muse,

That, taught by you, my voice can fitly sing,
 To celebrate my country and my king!
 Oh, if I please, oh, if my songs awake
 Some gentle memories for Ronsard's sake,
 If I the harper of fair France may be,
 If men shall point and say, "Lo! that is he!"
 If mine may prove a destiny so proud
 That France herself proclaims my praise aloud,
 If on my head I place a starry crown,
 To thee, to thee, my lute, be the renown!
 —*Translation of COSTELLO.*

LOVES.

My sorrowing Muse, no more complain!
 'Twas not ordained for thee,
 While yet the bard in life remain,
 The meed of fame to see.
 The poet, till the dismal gulf be past,
 Knows not what honors crown his name at last.
 Perchance, when years have rolled away,
 My Loire shall be a sacred stream,
 My name a dear and cherished theme,
 And those who in that region stray
 Shall marvel such a spot of earth
 Could give so great a poet birth.
 Revive, my muse! for virtue's ore
 In this vain world is counted air,
 But held a gem beyond compare
 When 'tis beheld on earth no more:
 Rancor the living seeks—the dead alone
 Enjoy their fame, to envy's blights unknown.
 —*Translation of COSTELLO.*

RETURN OF SPRING.

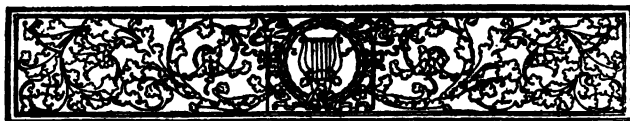
God shield ye, heralds of the spring!
 Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,
 Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,
 Turtles, and every wilder bird,
 That makes your hundred chirpings heard
 Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small,
And he whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,
I welcome ye once more !

God shield the embroidered train
Of butterflies, that on the plain
Of each sweet herblet sip ;
And ye, new swarm of bees, that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow
To kiss them with your lip !

A hundred thousand times I call
A hearty welcome on ye all !
This season how I love—
This merry din on every shore—
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
Forbade my steps to rove.





ROOT, GEORGE FREDERICK, an American composer and musical publisher, born at Sheffield, Mass., August 30, 1820; died August 6, 1895. He received only a common-school education, and while working on a farm devoted his spare moments to the study of music. In his eighteenth year he began teaching music in Boston, and in 1844 he went to New York and was engaged as teacher of music in several musical institutions. He went to Paris in 1850, remaining there a year. In 1853, after his return, he composed and published his first song, *Hazel Dell*, which achieved great popularity. The normal musical institutes owe their origin to him, and he was a member of the first one, held in New York in 1852. In 1860 he went to Chicago, where he founded the well-known musical firm of Root & Cady, which was brought to a close by the great Chicago fire. The University of Chicago made him a Doctor of Music in 1872. His songs include *Rosalie*, the *Prairie Flower* (1855); *The Battle Cry of Freedom* (first sung by the Hutchinson Family at a New York mass meeting) (1861); *Just Before the Battle, Mother Dear* (1863); *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching* (1864); *The Old Folks Are Gone, A Hundred Years Ago*, *Old Potomac Shore*, and the quartet *There's Music in the Air*. His cantatas include *The Flower Queen* (1852) and *The Hay-makers* (1857).

Perhaps no song-writer has come so near the realization of that dictum of old Fletcher of Saltoun as to the comparative influence of the maker of ballads and the maker of laws; for his stirring pieces, sung around camp-fires, in prisons and on battle-fields, become the heroic inspirators of the time, nerving the soldiers to fortitude in suffering and high courage in combat.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once
again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
The Union forever, Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen
more,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

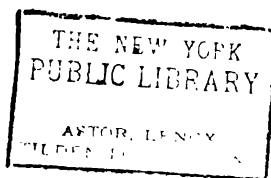
We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and
brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
And although they may be poor, not a man shall be a
slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

So we're springing to the call from the East and from
the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the
best,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.



ROSCOE, WILLIAM, an English merchant and historian, born in Liverpool, March 8, 1753; died there, June 30, 1831. He entered the office of an attorney as clerk, and during his apprenticeship he acquired a good knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian. After practising as a barrister for a short time, he entered successfully into mercantile business, at the same time making Italian history and literature a special study. He was also active in promoting the welfare of the city of his birth and residence, and in general philanthropic movements, those especially looking to the abolition of the slave-trade. In 1815 the banking-house with which he was connected failed; and Roscoe was obliged to dispose of his valuable library and his extensive collection of works of art. In 1827 he received the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature, in recognition of his merits as a historian. Roscoe's principal works are *The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, Called the Magnificent* (1796), and *The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* (1805).

Three sons and a grandson of William Roscoe became distinguished as authors. ROBERT ROSCOE (1790-1850) wrote poems, and completed his friend's, Mr. Fitchett, epic of *Alfred*.—THOMAS ROSCOE (1791-1871), besides numerous works of his own, translated the *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini* (1822); *Sismondi's Literature of the South of*





AT THE COURT OF LORENZO DE MEDICI
Painting by Hans Makart.

Europe (1823); *Specimens from Italian Novelists* (1825); *Specimens from German Novelists* (1826); *Specimens from Spanish Novelists* (1832); Lanzi's *History of Painting* (1828); *Memoirs of Scipio Ricci* (1833).—HENRY ROSCOE (1799–1836) became a barrister in London, wrote several legal works, a *Life of William Roscoe*, and *Lives of Eminent Lawyers* in *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*.—HENRY ENFIELD ROSCOE, son of Henry, born in 1833, became eminent as a scientist. In 1857 he was chosen Professor of Chemistry in Owens College, Manchester. He has published *Elementary Lessons in Chemistry* (1866) and *Lectures on the Spectrum Analysis* (1869). In 1873 he received the gold medal of the Royal Society.

CHARACTER OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

In the height of his reputation, at a premature period of his life—he was but forty-four—died Lorenzo de' Medici; a man who may be selected from all the characters of ancient and modern history as exhibiting the most remarkable versatility of talent and comprehension of mind. Whether genius be a predominant impulse, directed toward some particular object, or whether it be an energy of intellect that arrives at excellence in any department in which it may be employed, it is certain that there are few instances in which a successful exertion in any human pursuit has not occasioned a dereliction of many other objects, the attainment of which might have conferred immortality. If the powers of the mind are to bear down all obstacles that oppose their progress, it seems necessary that they shall sweep along in some certain course, and in one collected mass.

What, then, shall we think of that rich fountain which, while it was poured forth by so many different channels, flowed through each with a full and equal stream? To be absorbed in one pursuit, however im-

portant, is not the characteristic of the higher class of genius, which, piercing through the various combinations and relations of surrounding circumstances, sees all things in their just dimensions, and attributes to each its due. Of the various occupations in which Lorenzo engaged, there is not one in which he was not eminently successful; but he was most particularly distinguished in those which justly hold the first rank in human estimation. The facility with which he turned from subjects of the highest importance to those of amusement and levity, suggested to his countrymen the idea that he had two distinct souls combined in one body. Even his moral character seems to have partaken in some degree of the same diversity, and his devotional poems are as ardent as his lighter poems are licentious. On all sides he touched the extremes of human character; and the powers of his mind were only bounded by that impenetrable circle which prescribes the limits of human nature.

As a statesman Lorenzo de' Medici appears to peculiar advantage; uniformly employed in securing the peace and promoting the happiness of his country by just regulations at home and wise precautions abroad; and teaching to the surrounding governments those important lessons of political science on which the civilization and tranquillity of nations have since been found to depend. Though possessed of unusual talents for military exploits, and of sagacity to avail himself of the imbecility of neighboring powers, he was superior to that avarice of dominion which, without improving what is already acquired, blindly aims at more extensive possessions. The wars in which he engaged were for security—not for territory; and the riches produced by the fertility of the soil, and the industry and ingenuity of the inhabitants of the Florentine republic, instead of being dissipated in imposing projects and ruinous expeditions, circulated in their natural channels, giving happiness to the individual and respectability to the state. If he was not insensible to the charms of ambition, it was the ambition to deserve rather than to enjoy; and he was always cautious not to exact from the public favor more than it might be ready voluntarily to bestow.

The approximating suppression of the liberties of Florence under his descendants may induce suspicions unfavorable to his patriotism; but it will be difficult—not to say impossible—to discover, either in his principles or his conduct, anything which ought to stigmatize him as an enemy to the freedom of his country. The authority which he enjoyed was the same which his ancestors had enjoyed, without injury to the republic, for nearly a century, and had descended to him as inseparable from the wealth, the respectability, and the powerful foreign connections of his family. The superiority of his talents enabled him to avail himself of these advantages with irresistible effect; but history suggests not an instance in which they were devoted to any other purpose than that of promoting the honor and independence of the Tuscan state. It was not by the continuance, but by the dereliction of the system which he had established, and to which he adhered to the close of his life, that the Florentine republic sank under the degrading yoke of despotic power; and to his premature death we may unquestionably attribute not only the destruction of the commonwealth, but all the calamities that Italy soon afterward sustained.—*Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.*





ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL, an English painter and poet, born in London, May 12, 1828; died at Birchington-on-Sea, on Easter Day, April 9, 1882. He studied art, and became one of the founders of the "Pre-Raphaelite" school of painting, and was noted for the imaginative character of his designs, and for the exquisiteness of his coloring. Among his paintings are illustrations of Tennyson's poems: *The Girlhood of the Virgin* (1849); *Dante's Dream on the Day of the Death of Beatrice* (1858); *Fair Rosamond* (1860). He published *The Early Italian Poets*, being translations from Dante and his predecessors (1861); *The Blessed Damsel* (1870); *Dante and His Circle* (1874), and two volumes of *Ballads and Sonnets*, including his series of one hundred sonnets called *The House of Life*, the last about a year before his death.

His brother, WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI, born in London in 1829, was educated at King's College School, London, and in 1845 received an appointment as clerk in the London excise office, of which he was made assistant secretary in 1869. He became an art-critic as early as 1850; published a translation, in blank verse, of *Dante's Comedy—Hell* (1865); an edition of Shelley, with *Notes* and a *Memoir* (1870), and has edited several collections of poems, one of which includes two volumes of *American Poems* (1875).

His sister, CHRISTINA GEORGINA, was born in

London in 1830; died December 30, 1894. She wrote some very charming verses. Among her poems are *Goblin Market* (1862); *The Prince's Progress* (1866); *Sing-Song* (1872); *Annus Domini*, a Prayer and a Text for each day of the year (1874); *A Pageant* (1881); *Letter and Spirit* (1883); *Time Flies* (1886), and *The Face of the Deep* (1892).

Their father, GABRIELE ROSSETTI (1783-1854), was from 1814 to 1821 director of the Museum at Naples, but was exiled on account of his political opinions. In 1824 he settled in England, and in 1831 was made Professor of Italian Literature in King's College, London. Having become blind he resigned the professorship in 1845. He wrote several poems in Italian, but is specially notable as a commentator upon Dante.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn ;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers ;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 . . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
 Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing : the autumn fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
 That she was standing on ;
By God built over the sheer depth
 The which is space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
 Of ether, as a bridge
Beneath, the tides of day and night
 With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this Earth
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers newly met
 'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
 Their heart-remembered names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like their flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
 Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made
 The bar she leaned on warm.
And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
 Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
 Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
 The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened ? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side,
Down all the echoing stair ?)

" I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
" Have I not prayed in Heaven ?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

" When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light ;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

" We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God :
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

" We two will be i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here ; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas ! We two, we two, thou say'st !
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee ?)

"We two !" she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded ;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robcs for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear haply, and be dumb :
Then I will lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak :
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged, unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles :
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
 Thus much for him and me :
 Only to live as once on earth
 With Love, only to be,
 As then awhile, forever now
 Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild—
 "All this is when he comes." She ceased.
 The light thrilled through her, fill'd
 With angels in strong, level flight,
 Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 Was vague in distant spheres :
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

THE NEVERMORE

Look in my face ; my name is Might-have-been ;
 I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell ;
 Unto thine ear I hold the dead sea-shell
 Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between ;
 Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
 Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
 Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
 Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.
 Mark me, how still I am ! But shouldst thou dart
 One moment through my soul the soft surprise
 Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of
 sighs—
 Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
 Thy visage to mine ambush at my heart,
 Sleepless with old, commemorative eyes.

CONSIDER.

Consider
 The lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief :

We are as they ;
Like them we fade away
As doth a leaf.

Consider
The sparrows of the air, of small account ;
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount :
He guards us, too.

Consider
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair :
What profits all this care,
And all this coil ?

Consider
The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks ;
God gives them food :
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Oh, why is heaven built so far,
Oh, why is earth set so remote ?
I cannot reach the nearest star
That hangs afloat.

I would not care to reach the moon,
One round monotonous of change ;
Yet even she repeats her tune
Beyond my range.

I never watch the scattered fire
Of stars, or sun's far-trailing train,
But all my heart is one desire,
And all in vain :

For I am bound with fleshy bands,
Joy, beauty, lie beyond my scope ;
I strain my heart, I stretch my hands,
And catch at hope.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE MILKING-MAID.

The year stood at its equinox,
And bluff the North was blowing,
A bleat of lambs came from the flocks,
Green, hardy things were growing ;
I met a maid with shining locks
Where milky kine were lowing.

She wore a kerchief on her neck,
Her bare arm showed its dimple,
Her apron spread without a speck,
Her air was frank and simple.

She milked into a wooden pail,
And sang a country ditty,
An innocent, fond lovers' tale,
That was not wise nor witty,
Pathetically rustical,
Too pointless for the city.

She kept in time without a beat,
As true as church-bell ringers,
Unless she tapped time with her feet,
Or squeezed it with her fingers ;
Her clear, unstudied notes were sweet
As many a practised singer's.

I stood a minute out of sight,
Stood silent for a minute,
To eye the pail, and creamy white
The frothing milk within it—
To eye the comely milking-maid,
Herself so fresh and creamy.
“Good-day to you !” at last I said ;
She turned her head to see me.
“Good-day !” she said, with lifted head :
Her eyes looked soft and dreamy.

And all the while she milked and milked
The grave cow heavy-laden :
I've seen grand ladies, plumed and silked,
But not a sweeter maiden.

But not a sweeter, fresher maid
Than this in homely cotton,
Whose pleasant face and silky braid
I have not yet forgotten.

Seven springs have passed since then, as I
Count with a sober sorrow ;
Seven springs have come and passed me by,
And spring sets in to-morrow.

I've half a mind to shake myself
Free, just for once, from London,
To set my work upon the shelf,
And leave it done or undone ;

To run down by the early train,
Whirl down with shriek and whistle,
And feel the bluff North blow again,
And mark the sprouting thistle

Set up on waste patch of the lane
Its green and tender bristle ;

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,
Crisp primrose-leaves and others,
And watch the lambs leap at their pranks,
And butt their patient mothers.

Alas ! one point in all my plan
My serious thoughts demur to :
Seven years have passed for maid and man,
Seven years have passed for her, too.

Perhaps my rose is over-blown,
Not rosy, or too rosy ;
Perhaps in farm-house of her own
Some husband keeps her cosey,
Where I should show a face unknown—
Good-by, my wayside posy !
—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.





ROUGET DE LISLE, CLAUDE JOSEPH, a French soldier and composer of songs, born at Montaigu, Lons-le-Saulnier, France, May 10, 1760; died at Choisy-le-Roi, June 27, 1836. His father was a Royalist, and the son refused to take the oath of allegiance to the constitution abolishing the crown, and was stripped of his rank as first lieutenant and imprisoned. He escaped after the death of Robespierre, was wounded in battle, and retired to Montaigu, where his life was one continual battle against death by starvation. He wrote a number of songs, but is best known by the *Marseillaise*, first called *Chant de guerre pour l'armée du Rhin*. The circumstances of the writing of this song are interesting. The young Royalist was visiting the Baron de Dietrich, then Mayor of Strasburg. Only garrison bread and a few slices of ham could be produced for dinner. Dietrich proposed to sacrifice the last remaining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar if it would aid De Lisle's poetic invention and inspire him to compose a patriotic song for the public ceremonies shortly to take place at Strasburg. The ladies approved and sent for the last bottle of wine the house possessed. After dinner De Lisle sought his room, and though it was bitterly cold, sat down at the piano, and between reciting and playing and singing eventually composed *La Marseillaise*, and, ex-

hausted, fell asleep with his head on his desk. In the morning he was able to recall every note of the song, and immediately wrote it down and carried it to his friend the baron. It was immediately copied and arranged for a military band on the following day, and performed by the band of the Garde Nationale at a review on Sunday, April 29th. On June 25th a singer named Mireur sang it at a civic banquet at Marseilles with so much effect that it was immediately printed and distributed to the volunteers of the battalion then just starting for Paris. They entered the city on July 30th, singing their new hymn, and marched to the attack on the Tuileries on August 10, 1792, with the song on their lips. It spread like wild-fire all over France, though the Republican versions varied extensively from the original. De Lisle's mother, a devoted Royalist, asked: "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which those brigands sing?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a Royalist, when fleeing for his life in the Jura Mountains, heard it as a menace of death, and asked his guide what it was called. He answered, *Marseillaise Hymn*, and so it was known till hymns went out of fashion, when it became known by the one word. When broken by age De Lisle was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Curiously enough, the *Marseillaise* is still the official patriotic hymn under the most Philistine of republics.

The *Marseillaise* has often been used by composers, notably Salieri, in the opening chorus of his opera *Palmira* (1795), and Grison, in the intro-

duction to the oratorio *Esther*, in his song of the *Two Grenadiers*, with magnificent effect, and again in his overture to *Hermann und Dorothea*.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory !
 Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise !
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears and hear their cries !
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?
 To arms ! to arms ! ye brave !
 The avenging sword unsheath ;
 March on ! march on ! all hearts resolved
 On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
 Which treacherous kings confederate raise ;
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And lo ! our fields and cities blaze ;
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force, with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands imbruing ?
 To arms ! to arms ! ye brave, etc.

O Liberty ! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame ?
 Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee ?
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms ! to arms ! ye brave, etc.



ROUSSEAU, JEAN JACQUES, a French philosopher, born at Geneva, June 28, 1712; died at Ermenonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. Left motherless in infancy, he was reared by an aunt until his eleventh year, when he was placed with a Protestant pastor at Bossey. Here he remained for two years. It was then decided that he should study law, but the attorney to whom he was sent soon reported him unfit for the profession, and he was apprenticed to an engraver, from whom, after three years of ill-treatment, he ran away. Henceforth he led an unsettled life, making many friends who provided him with homes, and many enemies who, he conceived, drove him from every refuge. It is not necessary to enter into the details of his melancholy and erring existence. He was a sentimentalist who could talk of the sacredness of love, and pass from one unworthy amour to another; who could plead with parents the right of children to happiness and love and "the sweetness of living," and send his own five offspring to the foundling hospital; who talked of despising the world, while writhing at the world's neglect; yet was he a man of genius whose eloquence took captive those whom it could not convince, and whose flaming darts of invective, cast against the fabric of society, helped to kindle the flame of the French Revolution. In his *Discours sur l'Origine*

et les Fondements de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes (1755), he declaims against the rights of property. *Julie, ou la Nouvelle Héloïse*, a novel, appeared in 1760; *Du Contrat Social, ou principes du Droit Politique*, in 1762; *Émile, ou de l'Éducation*, in 1762, and *Les Confessions, suivies des Réveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire*, in 1782. Besides these are a *Lettre à d'Alembert sur les Spectacles*, *Lettre à l'Archevêque de Paris*, and Rousseau's *Correspondence*. *Émile*, whatever may be thought of the logical outcome of its system, deserves the attention of every teacher. In the following extract from a letter written in his fiftieth year, and addressed to M. de Malesherbes, he pictures himself as he wished others to regard him.

DELIGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

Oh, why is not the existence I have enjoyed known to all the world! Every one would wish to procure for himself a similar lot; peace would reign upon the earth; man would no longer think of injuring his fellows, and the wicked would no longer be found, for none would have an interest in being wicked. But what did I enjoy when I was alone? Myself; the entire universe; all that is, all that can be; all that is beautiful in the world of sense; all that is imaginable in the world of intellect. I gathered around me all that could delight my heart; my desires were the limits of my pleasures. Never have the voluptuous known such enjoyments; and I have derived a hundred times more happiness from my chimeras than they from their realities. . . .

What period do you think I recall most frequently and most willingly in my dreams? Not the pleasures of my youth; they were too rare, too much mingled with bitterness, and are now too distant. I recall the period of my seclusion, of my solitary walks; of the fleeting but delicious days that I have passed entirely by myself, with my good and simple house-keeper, with

my beloved dog, my old cat, with the birds of the field, the hinds of the forest, with all Nature, and her inconceivable Author.

In getting up before the sun to contemplate its rising from my garden when a beautiful day was commencing, my first wish was that no letters or visits might come to disturb the charm. After having devoted the morning to various duties, that I fulfilled with pleasure because I could have put them off to another time, I hastened to dine, that I might escape from importunate people, and ensure a longer afternoon. Before one o'clock, even on the hottest days, I started in the heat of the sun with my faithful Achates, hastening my steps in the fear that someone would take possession of me before I could escape; but when once I could turn a certain corner, with what a beating heart, with what a flutter of joy, I began to breathe, as I felt that I was safe; and I said, "Here now I am my own master for the rest of the day!"

I went on then at a more tranquil pace to seek some wild spot in the forest, some desert place, where nothing indicating the hand of man announced slavery and power—some refuge to which I could believe I was the first to penetrate, and where no wearying third could step in to interpose between Nature and me. It was there that she seemed to display before my eyes an ever-new magnificence. The gold of the broom and the purple of the heather struck my sight with a splendor that touched my heart. The majesty of the trees that covered me with their shadow, the delicacy of the shrubs that flourished around me, the astonishing variety of the herbs and flowers that I crushed beneath my feet, kept my mind in a continued alternation of observing and admiring. This assemblage of so many interesting objects contending for my attention, attracting me incessantly from one to the other, fostered my dreamy and idle humor, and often made me repeat, to myself: "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!"

The spot thus adorned could not long remain a desert to my imagination. I soon peopled it with beings after my own heart; and, dismissing opinion, prejudice, and

all factitious passions, I brought to these sanctuaries of Nature men worthy of inhabiting them. I formed with these a charming society, of which I did not feel myself unworthy. I made a Golden Age according to my fancy; and, filling up these bright days with all the scenes of my life that had left the tenderest recollections, and with all that my heart still longed for, I affected myself to tears over the true pleasures of humanity—pleasures so delicious, so pure, and yet so far from men. If in these moments any ideas of Paris, of the age, and of my little author-vanity, disturbed my reveries, with what contempt I drove them instantly away, to give myself up entirely to the exquisite sentiments with which my soul was filled. . . .

From the surface of the earth I soon raised my thoughts to all the beings of Nature, to the Universal System of Things—to the incomprehensible Being who enters into all. Then as my mind was lost in this immensity, I did not think, I did not reason, I did not philosophize. I felt, with a kind of voluptuousness, as if bowed down by the weight of this universe; I gave myself up with rapture to this confusion of grand ideas. I delighted in imagination to lose myself in space. My heart, confined within the limits of the mortal, found not room; I was stifled in the universe; I would have sprung into the Infinite. I think that, could I have unveiled all the mysteries of Nature, my sensations would have been less delicious than was this bewildering ecstasy to which my mind abandoned itself without control, and which, in the excitement of my transports, made me sometimes exclaim, "O great Being! O great Being!" without being able to think or say more.

Thus glided on in continued rapture the most charming days that ever human being passed, and when the setting sun made me think of returning, astonished at the flight of time, I thought I had not taken sufficient advantage of my day. I fancied I might have enjoyed it more; and, to regain the lost time, I said, "I will come back to-morrow!" I returned slowly home, my head a little fatigued, but my heart content. I reposed agreeably on my return, abandoning myself to the impression of objects, but without thinking, without imagining, without

doing anything beyond feeling the calm and the happiness of my situation. Lastly, after having taken in the evening a few turns in my garden, or sung a few airs to my spinet, I found in my bed repose of body and soul a hundred times sweeter than sleep itself.

These were the days that have made the true happiness of my life—a happiness without bitterness, without weariness, without regret; and to which I would willingly have limited my existence. Yes, let such days as these fill up my eternity! I do not ask for others, nor imagine that I am much less happy in these exquisite contemplations than the heavenly spirits. But a suffering body deprives the mind of its liberty. Henceforth I am not alone, I have a guest who importunes me, I must free myself of it to be myself. The trial that I have made of these sweet enjoyments serves only to make me with less alarm await the time when I shall taste them without interruption.





ROWE, NICHOLAS, an English poet and dramatist, was born at Little Berkford, in Bedfordshire, about 1673 ; and died December 6, 1718. He came of an old family, and was the son of a sergeant-at-law. Educated at Windsor under Busby, he became a sound classical scholar, but at sixteen was entered at the Middle Temple, to follow his father's profession, the law. His father's death left him his own master and in independent circumstances. He forsook law for literature and the stage, and his first play, *The Ambitious Step-mother* (1700), was successful. It was followed in 1702 by *Tamerlane*, in which Louis XIV. was represented unfavorably as Bajazet, and William III. very favorably as a wise and virtuous Tamerlane. This drama was therefore very successful, and, so late as 1815, was performed in London on the anniversary of the day of King William's landing. *The Fair Penitent* (1703) was founded on Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, and *Jane Shore* (1714) was an imitation of Shakespeare. Rowe was Under-Secretary of State to the Duke of Queensberry, until the accession of the Tories to power. With the enthronement of George I. he was made poet-laureate and received other and lucrative appointments. "His plays are distinguished by the melody of their verse." Pope, who praises "his vivacity and gayety of disposition," wrote his epitaph, not that however on his monument in Poets' Corner, West-

minster Abbey. His translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* was considered by Johnson "one of the greatest productions of English poetry." It was published with a life of the translator. In 1709 Rowe published what may be called the first of the modern editions of Shakespeare, preceding that of Pope by sixteen years, and in which, to quote Johnson, "without the pomp of notes or boasts of criticism, many passages are happily restored." To this edition Rowe prefixed *Some Account of William Shakespeare*, the first formal biography of the great dramatist, and "valuable," says Professor Waller, "were it merely as embodying the then extant traditions of Shakespeare's life." Rowe learned these from Davenant, perhaps from Dryden, but principally from Betterton, the actor, who gathered what he could of anecdotes still floating in the poet's native place.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 A while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was!
 Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
 She talk'd and I bless'd the dear tongue;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great.
 I listen'd and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet?

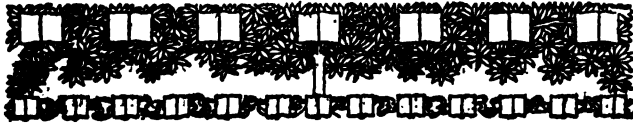
How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town ?
To think that a beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove ;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love ?

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the muses my temples have crown'd ;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain ;
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign ;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companion so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain ;
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day ;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talked of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.



ROWSON, SUSANNA (HASWELL), an Anglo-American novelist; born in London in 1761; died in Boston in 1824. Her father, a British naval officer, with whom was his young daughter, was in 1769 wrecked on the coast of Massachusetts. He settled at Nantasket, where he remained until the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, when he returned to England. The daughter was, in 1786, married to William Rowson, a musician. In that year she published *Victoria*, a novel, which was followed by several others, among which was *Charlotte Temple*. In this are narrated the misfortunes of a girl who had been seduced by a British officer, brought by him to America, and there deserted; this tale was highly popular in its day, and still finds readers. Mrs. Rowson also appeared on the stage, with good success in light comedy and musical pieces. In 1793 she and her husband came to America, under engagement with the manager of the Philadelphia theatre, and acted in various cities until about 1797, when she opened a ladies' seminary, which she conducted for the remainder of her life, first at Medway, Mass., then at Newton, and finally at Boston. During this period she wrote several novels and dramas. Among the latter was the comedy *Americans in England*, which was acted for her benefit upon her retirement from the stage. In 1804 was published

a volume of her *Miscellaneous Poems*, which are usually of a gentle and tender tone, although a few of them—such as *The Standard of Liberty and America, Commerce, and Freedom*—are of a stirring character. She was busy with her pen down to the close of her life. Among her educational works are a *Dictionary*, a *System of Geography*, *Historical Exercises*, and *Biblical Dialogues*.

AMERICA, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM.

How blest a life the sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging ;
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing.
When tempests howl along the main,
Some object will remind us,
And cheer with hopes to meet again
Those friends we've left behind us.
Then, under snug sail, we laugh at the gale,
And, though landmen look pale, never heed 'em ;
But toss off a glass to a favorite lass—
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

And when arrived in sight of land,
Or safe in port rejoicing,
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
Whilst out the boat is hoisting.
With eager haste the shore we reach,
Our friends, delighted, greet us ;
And tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty lasses meet us.
When the full flowing bowl has enlivened the soul,
To foot it we merrily lead 'em ;
And each bonny lass will drink off a glass
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

Our cargo sold, the chink we share,
And gladly we receive it ;
And if we meet a brother tar
Who wants, we freely give it.

No freedom sailor yet had store,
But cheerfully would lend it,
And when 'tis gone, to sea for more ;
We earn it but to spend it.
Then drink round, my boys ; 'tis the first of our joys
To relieve the distressed, clothe and feed 'em ;
'Tis a task which we share with the brave and the fair
In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

AFFECTION.

Touched by the magic hand of those we love,
A trifle will of consequence appear ;
A flower, a blade of grass, a pin, a glove,
A scrap of paper will become most dear.

And is that being happy whose cold heart
Feels not, nor comprehends this source of joy ?
To whom a trifle can no bliss impart,
Who throw them careless by, deface, destroy ?

Yes, they are happy—if the insensate rocks,
Which the rude ocean beats, or softly laves,
Rejoice that they are moved not by the shocks
Which hurl full many to untimely graves :—

Not else.—Though hearts so exquisitely formed
Feel misery a thousand different ways,
Yet when by love or friendship's power warmed,
One look whole days of misery repays.

True, when we're forced to part from those we love,
'Tis like the pang when soul and body's riven ;
But when we meet, the spirit soars above,
And tastes the exquisite delights of heaven.

Mine be the feeling heart ! For who would fear
To pass the dreary vale of death's abode,
If certain, at the end, they should be near,
And feel the smile of a benignant God ?



RÜCKERT, FRIEDRICH ("Freimund Raimar," *pseud.*), a German poet, born at Schweinfurt, May 16, 1788; died near Coburg, January 31, 1866. He was educated at the University of Jena, where he devoted himself to philology and literature, edited the *Morgenblatt* in Stuttgart from 1815 to 1817, and in 1826 was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Erlangen, which post he held until 1841, when he was called to the University of Berlin. He frequently wrote under the pen-name of Freimund Raimar. His works include translations and original poems. They are *Die Weisheit der Brahmanen*, a didactic poem (1836-39); *Die Verwandlungen des Abu Seid von Sarug, oder die Makamen des Hariri* (1826), and several posthumous works, including one on the Coptic language (1875). His life has been written by Fortlage (1867) and by Beyer (1868). "The Twenty Books of the Wisdom," says Dr. Beyer in his *Life of Rückert*, "are a sea of thoughts and contemplations full of Brahminic tranquillity and German depth and fulness, in simple gnomes, sentences, epigrams, parables, fables, and tales." An English translation of *The Wisdom of the Brahmins* was published by Charles T. Brooks in 1882.

THE SUN AND THE BROOK.

The Sun he spoke
 To the Meadow-Brook,
 And said,—“I sorely blame you;
 Through every nook
 The wild-flower folk
 You hunt, as naught could shame you.
 What but the light
 Makes them so bright—
 The light from me they borrow?
 Yet me you slight,
 To get a sight
 At them, and I must sorrow!
 Ah! pity take
 On me, and make
 Your smooth breast stiller, clearer;
 And, as I wake,
 On the blue sky-lake
 Be thou, O Brook, my mirror!”
 The Brook flowed on,
 And said anon—
 “Good Sun, it should not grieve you
 That, as I run,
 I gaze upon
 The motley flowers, and leave you.
 You are so great
 In your heavenly state,
 And they so unpretending.
 On you they wait,
 And only get
 The graces of your lending,
 But when the sea
 Receiveth me,
 From them I must me sever;
 I then shall be
 A glass to thee,
 Reflecting thee forever.”

WISDOM OF THE BRAHMIN.

When first on the Sublime, man's young eye gazes awed,
 In ecstasy he cries: That is the work of God!

And then, when Beauty's charm dawns on his wakened
thought,
With rapturous pride he owns: By man all this is
wrought.
One day, when ripe for truth, he reverently will own
'Tis God works all in man, who can do naught alone.

A scaling ladder leads from darkness up to light,
'Tis gloomy at the foot, and at the summit bright;
The shadow hides from thee how high up thou hast
gone,
Yet climb'st thou toward the light; O soul, climb
bravely on.
When thou in light shalt know by what necessity
The darkness rose from light, the world is clear to thee.
If darkness once was light, once more 'twill be light,
then,
When that which has sprung forth turns to its spring
again.
Each victory in man's weak spirit won by light,
Foretells the spirit-realm's clear victory over night.
That prophecy the Sun proclaims each dawning day,
Routing the hosts of night with a victorious ray,
At evening, as he sinks, he burns with shame and
scorn,
And sees all night in dreams the great, eternal morn.

What understanding builds needs many a joist and
beam;
Nature's and Fancy's work has neither joint nor seam;
The props and stays are there, only they are not seen,
And on itself that stands that seems on naught to lean.
What thou canst comprehend stands outlined fair and
well;
Beauty and greatness are incomprehensible.

I scatter pearls abroad, but no one heeds or sees,
Soon I shall strew no more—then ye will gather these.
When thou hast once discerned how manifold the One,
Then is the seeming world of manifoldness gone.
The One is Two—the one and second-one are they;
The Two are One—that wars against itself for aye.

One of the Ones is here, the other One is there ;
Each other's name and place alternately they share.
Look in the glass : thou there thy double wilt discern ;
Now look away, and lo ! two selves to one return.
The glass thy image shows ; thyself the glass, I call,
That images the One Great Archetype of all.
Within His looking-glass, His glance of love sees rise
A picture-world that melts if He takes off His eyes.
Then praise the Love that holds the mirror still in view.
Where He, the One, is pleased to see Himself as two !
Oneness is twofold : here, unbroken unity,—
There, unity restored out of duality.
Centre, circumference—two ; and, to complete the
three,
The space between the two, divisible endlessly.
A circle—'tis a point that round itself rotates,
And orbs its house, as soul its earthly form creates.

—*Translation of* CHARLES T. BROOKS.





RUFFINI, GIOVANNI, an Italian political reformer and novelist, born at Genoa in 1807; died at Taggia, Riviera, November 3, 1881. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1830. He became interested in the society known as Young Italy, took an active part in the revolutionary movement of 1833, and was obliged to leave his country. Beginning in 1836, he was for many years in England, and composed many successful English works. In 1842 he went to Paris, and wrote much, giving interesting details of the manners of Italy. His *Lorenzo Benoni*, recollections of an Italian refugee (1859), is to some extent an autobiography; the same was given under the title *Memoirs of a Conspirator* (1855); *Doctor Antonio* appeared in 1858, and *Lavinia* in 1863. In the former, besides an interesting fiction, there are details of the outrageous trials of political prisoners at Naples, in 1850, and their inhuman treatment before the sitting of the Court.

NEAPOLITAN JUSTICE IN 1850.

A more wronged, more ill-used party of honorable citizens, never cried to Heaven for vengeance, if precedents and presumptive evidence go for anything in this world. Is it among men of such public and private characters as Carlo Poerio, Settembrini, and Pironti—among such historical names as that of Carafa—or among such gentlemen of education and fortune as Nisco, Gualtieri, Bracio, etc.—such dignitaries of the

church as the archpriest Miele, that anarchy recruits its supporters, and crime its abettors?

What would you say, O English reader, to a charge of treason brought against some of your most eminent and respected statesmen, leading members of your Houses of Parliament—judges, nobles, churchmen, and gentlemen? Well, the names I have just written down, and whom you see introduced into this gloomy hall of the Palace of the Vicaria manacled and escorted by gendarmes, these men stand as high as to character and position as any of your English statesmen, members of Parliament, magistrates, nobles and gentry.

This is the famous State prosecution of the sect of Italian Unity which wrung from a noble-souled English statesman a cry of indignation, soon re-echoed by all Europe. The Court that sits is the Grand Criminal Court of Justice, the highest tribunal in the kingdom. It sits not as an ordinary, but as a special Court, with a view to dispatch—by which is meant, that any of the forms, invaluable for the defence, may be dispensed with at the pleasure of its president, Navarro—"the delicate, scrupulous, impartial, and generous Navarro." The lugubrious drama is about to begin. The scanty space allotted to the public is crowded, and so is the hemicycle, reserved for privileged spectators, among whom we perceive a closely veiled lady. The Judges are in their seats; in front of them, on a raised platform, sit the accused. They look pale and worn. The place they have been brought from, truth to say, is none of the healthiest, especially at this time of the year, in Naples, the month of June. No less than one thousand three hundred and eighty human beings are cooped up, one upon another, without air or light, amidst beastly filth, in the contiguous prison of the Vicaria, where our forty-two are confined. We must also take into account a previous detention, for none less than ten months—for many much longer—which they have already undergone. Nor must we forget the proper degree of wholesome discipline applied to body and mind with which imprisonment on a political charge is invariably seasoned at Naples—a double treatment, for the praiseworthy purpose of eliciting truth, whereof we may hear

enough by and by for our edification. Evil-minded people might call it "torture," but torture is abolished, we know—at any rate, the name is. No wonder, then, if the accused look worn and sickly. But if the flesh be infirm, the spirit that dwells within is full of strength and energy; at least, the air of quiet determination about them—the quiet determination of a garrison who are aware they have no quarter to expect, and prepare to sell their lives dearly—would seem to intimate as much.

On the names of the prisoners being called over, one of them, Margherita (a custom-house officer), rises to retract his former declaration, extorted, he says, through physical and moral coercion, and suggested by the Judge *Inquisitore* himself. Another, Pitterà (a writing-master), declares that when taken out of a *criminale* (an underground cell almost wholly without light) to be examined in the Castello dell' Uoro, he was, in consequence of constant privations and repeated menaces, overcome by mental stupor. A third, Antonietti (a custom-house agent), follows, saying that when interrogated he was so exhausted in mind and body he would willingly have signed his own sentence of death. ¶ Any wish to know more distinctly what kind of pressure it was that could thus unnerve and unman far from sensitive, weakly persons, Pironti, a late deputy and magistrate, relates having been in solitary confinement in a dungeon, where he had to lie on the naked ground, amid every sort of vermin, for forty-two days. His hair and beard, by special orders, were shaved by a galley-slave. He then underwent an insidious examination from the commandant of the castle, who tried first threats, then wheedling, promising him the royal clemency, to induce him to make revelations, *i.e.*, turn king's evidence. De Simone (a perfumer), was threatened two hundred blows of sticks soaked in water. Fancitano (a contract-builder) was dragged to the Prefecture of Police by twenty Swiss guards, six police-inspectors and twelve *shirri*, who beat him, spat on him, tore his clothes, hair, and beard. He was kept two hours at the police-office bound with wet ropes, then conducted to the castle, thrust down into a dark, damp

criminale, without even a handful of straw to lie on, and detained there for nine days with no food but musty bread, no drink but fetid water. His first deposition was forced from him by the alternative of receiving two hundred blows. Muro (a servant) was kept five days in complete darkness, and when on his way to be examined, a lieutenant in the army, who knew him, told him, as if out of compassion, that unless he put his name to whatever the Commissary desired him to sign, he would be ruined for life. On being asked how it happens that he now maintains that he does not know Pironti after having, when first confronted with that gentlemen, at first recognized his person, Muro replies that the Commissary had told him beforehand to lay his finger on the one of the four individuals standing in a row who had no mustache; and he had obeyed. Sersale, a merchant, underwent such prolonged fasting that his health is incurably undermined; the voice of the prisoner is faint, and he can scarcely stand. His wife was kept in prison five days on bread and water, in order to frighten her into deposing to the truth of the charge against him. Cocozza, a solicitor, signed his interrogatory without reading it over—that being the condition of his release from a horrible *criminale*. The Commissary required him to depose to Nisco (one of his co-accused) being cashier of the sect of the Italian Unity. . . . Carafa, of the Dukes of d'Andria, rises to tell a sad tale. When first arrested, his mother was seriously ill. From that time he had received no news of her. He had even been given to understand that all his relations had renounced him. Signor Beccheneda, a Cabinet Minister and Director of Police, had come to visit him in prison, and assured him that his matter could be easily arranged, if he would only give testimony against his co-accused, Poerio, on a certain point. On Carafa's refusal, the Minister had taken leave of him with these words—"Very well, sir, you wish to destroy yourself—I leave you to your fate!" One night the unfortunate young man had fainted away, and in falling to the ground, had injured his right eye. He called for help, but no one came to his assistance. It was whispered about that he was to be

transferred to a *criminale*, full of most filthy vermin, and that his doom was irrevocable. After a month's imprisonment, under the combined influence of moral torture and of feverish impatience to hear of his mother, his heart failed him, and he wrote a letter, wherein he deposed against some of the accused—wrote it at the suggestion of the Judge *Inquisitore* in the house of the commandant of the castle, under the eye of the Commissary. He now retracts all he had written in that letter; nor does this public recantation suffice to set his conscience at rest. He feels the desire and necessity of making further amends for his fault. He wishes to ask for forgiveness, which he now does, in the presence of the judges and the public—of his dear friends, pointing to the other prisoners. His voice thrills with an emotion that touches the heart of all present.

So much for the fair and humane treatment of prisoners, accused of political offences, *before* their trial.—*Doctor Antonio.*





RUMI, JALALADDIN, a Persian philosopher and poet, was born at Balkh in 1207, and died in 1273. His father, Baha ad din Valad, of noble descent, was celebrated for his erudition and for his power as a teacher; and was obliged, on account of the jealousy of the Sultan, to flee with his family from Balkh. He wandered about for some time, and at last settled at Iconium, in Asia Minor. The Sultan of Rum (the Oriental term for Asia Minor) took him under his patronage; and henceforth he bore the appellation Rumi. He founded a college at Iconium, where he educated his son and encouraged in every way the boy's desire for spiritual knowledge. The father died in 1231, and was succeeded in his educational work by the son. The premature loss of one of his teachers, and the death of a beloved son, are supposed to have deepened the religious convictions of Jalaladdin, to have given tone to his mysticism, and to have enriched his talent for poetry. The sect of dervishes known as the Maulavi was the outcome of his meditations and spiritual activity; and to the welfare of this sect he was zealous in his devotion. His *Mathnavi*, or *Masnavi*, a collection comprising about forty thousand rhymed couplets, and consisting of tales and precepts, religious and philosophical, was the result of his meditations in the interest of the brethren of this order of dervishes.

The Maulavi cherish the doctrines of their founder, and have to the present time kept themselves under the leadership of his descendants. A metrical translation into English of his great literary monument was issued by J. W. Redhouse in 1881, and portions of the work were translated into German in 1838 by Rosenzweig.

"Of all Oriental poets," said the *Westminster Review*, in 1847, "Jalaladdin least indulges in their metaphorical extravagancy, and one can find whole pages in his book which do not contain a single expression that a European taste could disapprove. Unhappily, he labors under the charge of being obscure, and this ill name has frightened away many a reader from attempting a perusal. St. Jerome said of Persius, according to tradition, 'If you don't wish to be understood you don't deserve to be read;' but it was too hasty a speech for either the saint or the scholar; and, perhaps if he had taken the trouble of mastering him, Persius might have rewarded both his patience and his toil. But Jalaladdin is by no means so obscure as he is represented. His moralizings are sometimes, indeed, unintelligible, but his episodes are generally clear, and many of his stories are delightful."

THE TRUE BELIEVER AND THE HYPOCRITE.

The one is as good soil, the other as barren ;
 The one is an angel, the other is a devil.
 Though both may wear the same appearance to the
 eye,
 Know that bitter and sweet water may both be clear.
 None save the experienced can distinguish between
 them.

He alone knows the bitter from the sweet.
 Thus the people compare miracles with works of en-
 chantment,
 For each seems built upon deceiving the senses.
 The enchanter of Egypt, in their obstinacy,
 Seized, like Moses, their rods in their hands.
 But a deep gulf lieth between their rods and his ;
 Wide is the division between their action and his.
 Behind their action stands the curse of God,
 Like a friend beside his stands the blessing of God.
 The unbelievers, in their imitation, are like apes,
 And sorrow therefrom sinks into their hearts.
 Whatsoever the man doeth, the ape doeth it, too ;
 Every moment it follows his example, as it sees it.
 And it thinks in itself : " I have done it like him ; "
 How should its narrow forehead know the difference ?
 The one does it by God's patent, the other by impu-
 dence ;
 And do thou scatter dust on the mimic's head.
 Thus, too, the hypocrite kneels with the believer in
 prayer ;
 But he comes for the sake of mimicry, not from his need.

THE SHADOW.

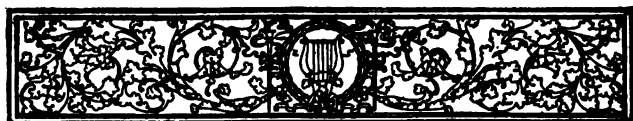
A bird flies in the air, and its shadow
 Appears also flying on the ground, like a bird.
 The fool flies in pursuit of the shadow,
 And he wanders, whatever the distance may be :
 He knows not that it is but the shadow of the bird in
 the air ;
 He knows not where the original of that shadow is.
 He shoots his arrows after that shadow,
 And his quiver is emptied in its pursuit,
 Thus, too, the quiver of life is emptied, and time flits
 away
 In the wild chase after a swift-winged shadow.
 But when the shadow of God is thy guardian,
 It will deliver thee from all fancies and shadows,
 And the true shadow of God is the servant of God,
 One who is dead to the world, and alive only to
 God.

THE MERCHANT AND HIS PARROT.

A parrot belonged to a merchant sage,
 A beautiful parrot, confined in a cage;
 And one day the good merchant's fancy ran
 On a journey of traffic to Hindustan.
 He bade all his servants and maidens come,
 And he asked them what gifts he should bring them
 home.

And each servant and maiden with thanks confessed,
 Whate'er it might be, that would please them best.
 To his parrot he turned, and said smilingly,
 "And what Indian gift shall I bring to *thee*?"
 And the parrot replied, "When thou go'st thy way,
 And beholdest my fellows as there they play,
 Oh, give them my message, and tell them this—
 Let them know from me what captivity is!
 Oh, tell them—'A parrot, a friend of yours,
 Who has danced with you in these happy bowers,
 Has been carried away by ill fate's design,
 And now is confined in a cage of mine;
 He sends you the wishes that love should send,
 And prays you to think of your absent friend.
 'Behold,' he says, 'how I pine, alas!
 While you dance all day on the trees and grass;
 Is this to be faithful in friendship and love—
 I here in prison, and you in a grove?
 Oh, remember our friendship in days gone by,
 And send me some hope in captivity!'"
 The merchant set out and his way pursued,
 Till he came at last to an ancient wood
 On the borders of Ind, where, in summer glee,
 The parrots were sporting from tree to tree.
 He stayed his horse, as he past them went,
 And he gave them the message his parrot sent;
 And one of the birds, as the words he said,
 Fell off from its bough to the ground, as dead.
 Sore repented the sage, as the parrot fell:
 "God's creature is slain by the words I tell.
 Your parrot and mine were not *friends* alone,
 Their bodies were two, but their souls were one.

This tongue of mine is like flint and steel,
And all that it utters are sparks which kill."
He then went on his way with a heavy heart,
And he traded in many a distant mart;
And at length, when his traffic and toil were o'er,
He returned to his welcome home once more.
To every servant a gift he brought—
To every maiden the gift she sought;
And the parrot, too, asked when its turn was come,
"Oh, where is the gift you have brought me home?"
"Twas a bitter message," the sage replied,
"For when it was giv'n, thy companion died!"
And the bird at once, when the words were said,
Fell off, like its friend, from its perch, as dead.
When the merchant beheld it thus fall and die,
He sprang from his place with a bitter cry:
"Oh, my sweet-voiced parrot, why fall'st thou low?
My well-loved partner of joy and woe!
Oh, alas! alas! that so bright a moon
Is veiled by the clouds of death so soon!"
Then out of the cage, the bird he threw,
And lo! to the top of a tree it flew!
And while he stood gazing with wond'ring eyes,
It thus answered his doubts, and removed surprise:
"Yon Indian parrot appeared to die,
But it taught me a lesson of liberty;
That since 'twas my voice which imprisoned me,
I must die to escape, and once more be free!"
It then gave him some words of advice ere it flew,
And then joyfully wished the good merchant adieu:
"Thou hast done me a kindness; good master, fare-
well!
Thou hast freed me for aye from the bond of this cell.
Farewell, my good master, for homeward I fly;
One day thou shalt gain the same freedom as I!"



RUNEBERG, JOHANN LUDVIG, a Swedish poet and educator, born at Jacobstad, Finland, February 5, 1804; died at Borgå, May 6, 1877. He was the eldest of six children of Captain Ulrik Runeberg. His schooling was at Wasa and the university at Abo, ending at the latter, in 1827, with a degree in philosophy. Through all he was obliged to support himself in part by teaching. A residence, next, in the interior of the country led to the writing of a notable poem, the *Elk Hunters*, and other productions that pertain to Finnish scenery and peasant life. In 1830 he became docent of Roman literature in the university (which had been removed from Abo to Helsingfors) and published his first poems. The next year he wrote an historical poem, the *Grave in Perrho*, which won a prize from the Swedish Academy. From 1832 to 1837, he edited the *Helsingfors Morgonblad*, and produced largely in nearly every field of literature. He then became professor in the Borgå Gymnasium. Among his greater poems are: *Nadeshda* (1841), and *King Fjalar* (1844). His stirring, patriotic *Ensign Stal's Stories* appeared in 1848. Visiting Stockholm and Upsala in 1851, he was highly honored by eminent Swedes. Two years later he contributed much to a psalm-book for Finnish Lutherans, and the same year retired

on a pension. In his latter years he was a paralytic. He received decorations and degrees from Sweden and Russia, and the most of his works have been translated into the languages of Northern Europe. His widow, Frederika Tengström Runeberg, was the author of successful novels, such as *Fru Catherina Boye* and *Sigrid Liljeholm*, and died at Helsingfors in 1879.

Although a Swede only by ancestry and by language, Runeberg contests with Bellman and Tegner the title of the greatest poet of the Swedish language. In the matter of poetic finish and spontaneity he is indubitably first. His works are as popular in Sweden as in Finland, although some of his most brilliant lyrics announce his loyalty to what the Swedish-Finns call their "foster-land," and he has been singularly free from race-prejudice. Runeberg was marvellously many-sided, a man who literally stood outside party lines in everything. His poetry, in consequence, has a very wide range, covering all sorts of subjects. It is mainly lyric. Indeed, in the cleverness of his lyric construction he is a master. Some of his shortest poems are among his best, his power to paint much in little being remarkable. Often even the casual reader finds that the whole poem is retained in his memory, illustrating how dramatically complete the action was.

Runeberg's popularity during his lifetime was very great. In person he was a sort of Scandinavian ideal, being a large and extraordinarily strong man. He had nothing of the pedant about him, and was a favorite with all classes. Anec-

dotes concerning his great strength are common. Among others is his feat in handling a tremendous drinking-cup, which had been presented to him by military admirers, with his left hand during the long duration of the paralysis of his right arm and side. This cup men of moderate strength found it difficult to handle with both hands.

Runeberg's writing habits were most desultory. His verse came as if spontaneously. When an idea struck him, he would pick up any old scrap of paper that he could find and write the poem rapidly in a hand too small for any but the most expert to decipher. His manuscript was prepared for publication by his wife or daughter. There were scarcely any corrections after the poem was completed.

Two selections from Runeberg's shorter poems have been translated especially for this work by Miles Menander Dawson, and to these are added a selection from one of his most celebrated longer poems, *Nadeshda*, which has been translated into English.

TEARS.

The morning sun climbed high above the tree-tops
And shone down o'er the valley where the maiden
With tears of joy kept tryst with her fond lover.
He gazed into her dewy eyes and asked her:
"At even, when we parted, you were weeping ;
And, now that I am come, I find you weeping.
Explain me how the one from other differs ?"
"They differ," tenderly replied the maiden,
"As do the dews of evening and morning.
The sun shines on the one and it is vapor,
While through the long, drear night the other lingers."

DO NOT ROIL A MAIDEN'S SOUL.

By the streamlet sat a maid,
Laving in its tide her foot ;
And above her sang a bird :
"Maiden, do not roil the brook !
'Twill no longer mirror heaven."
Then the maid looked up and said,
With a tearful countenance :
"Trouble not about the brook ;
It will soon be clear again.
But, when you behold me here
With a youth beside me, say
Unto him what you have said :
'Do not roil a maiden's soul !
It will never clear again,
Nevermore will mirror heaven.' "

THE PEASANT PRINCESS.

A moment's pause, and then
The door was opened boldly by Miljutin ;
The patriarch stepped in,
The lackeys vainly trying to deter him ;
But, when the prince's glance
He met, stopped instantly in silent homage,
And bent his knee, and bowed
His lofty forehead to the floor, not speaking.

From Woldmar's countenance
Soon fled the angry glimpse at first revealed there,
And kindly to the serf,
With years weighed down, he then his hand extended :
"Miljutin," were his words,
"Why dost thou storm thy prince in this strange fashion ?
Arise, what is thy wish ?
To-day shall none in sorrow leave this castle."

The old man heaved a sigh :
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble ;
A lark I once possessed ;
Thy hawk hath robbed me of her in my cottage."

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace :
" Not hard is it, in truth, to heal thy sorrows ;
I have a nightingale,
That will I give thee for thy lark regretted."

Miljutin sighed again :
" Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble,
Yet healed is not his grief
By pleasant sounds and nightingales' sweet trilling
An image-saint I had,
A frail and perishable one of elm-wood,
The treasure of my cot ;
A robber, someone from thy castle, stole it."

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace :
" Not hard is it, in truth, to heal thy sorrow ;
For one of gold have I
To give to thee in place of thy elm-image. "

The old man only sighed :
" Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble,
Yet healed is not his grief
By promises and golden treasure's glitter.
A daughter did I have ;
She was my lark, she was my saintly image ;
She was a serf, alas !
Thy hand hath taken her from my affections."

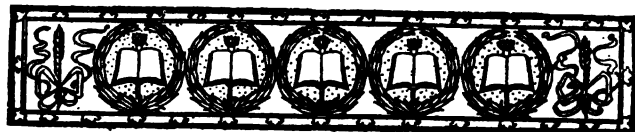
Prince Woldmar then looked up,
His brow was radiant, his cheeks were glowing :
" Miljutin," he exclaimed,
" To-day shall none in sorrow leave this castle."

A sigh, a sound, a tone,
A word, a name, from Woldmar's lips escaping,
And lo ! the door that led
Into the state-apartments flew open,
And, but more lovely now,
A brightened face its mind refulgence shedding,
Like rosy morning sky,
Before the old man's gaze stood his Nadeshda.

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace,
He placed her hand in his, and to Miljutin,
Still standing there amazed,
He straightway led his charming foster-daughter :
"Miljutin, faithful slave,
A nightingale for the poor lark I offered ;
An image wrought of gold
For that of elm, once taken from thy cottage.
My presents thou disdained,
A daughter thou didst mourn, a feeble serf-girl ;
But see, this princess here,
I give her to thee as thy compensation."

A tear, as clear as pearly dew,
In crimson on Nadeshda's flushed cheeks sparkled.
And mute, without a word,
She kissed, in smiling joy, the old man's forehead.
—*Nadeshda, Canto VI.*





RUSKIN, JOHN, an eminent English art-critic and lecturer, born in London, February 8, 1819; died in England on the 20th of January, 1900. His father, of Scottish descent, was a prosperous wine-merchant, with strong religious views and a decided taste for literature and art. The son entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1842, having, in 1839, gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry. During his undergraduateship he wrote much verse, his poems mostly appearing in one or another of the illustrated "Annuals" of the day. They are, as a whole, clever productions of their class, but give no special promise of high poetic faculty. After graduating he studied art, and acquired much technical skill as a draughtsman, which has served him in illustrating some of his subsequent works. In 1843 appeared the first volume of his *Modern Painters: Their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to All the Ancient Painters.—By a Graduate of Oxford*. This work was the main labor of his life for nearly a score of years, Volume II. appearing in 1846, Volumes III. and IV. ten years later, and Volume V. in 1860. During this interval he published *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849); *The Stones of Venice* (1851-53), and several other works, relating more especially to architecture. His principal works, many of which were at first delivered as lectures or were originally pub-

lished as brochures, are *Modern Painters* (1843-60); *Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849); *Stones of Venice* (1851-53); *King of the Golden River*, a fairy tale (1851); *Edinburgh Lectures on Architecture* (1853); *The Two Paths* (1859); *Unto This Last* (1860); *Munera Pulveris* (1862); *Sesame and Lilies* (1865); *Crown of Wild Olive* (1866); *Fors Clavigera* (1871-78); *Aratra Pentelici* (1872); *Præterita* (1885-89, autobiographical); *Verona and Other Lectures* (1893); *Essays and Letters* (1894). In 1867 he was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge, and in 1872 was made Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford.

ART ROOTED IN MAN'S MORAL NATURE.

In these books of mine, their distinctive character as essays on art is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope. Arising first not from any desire to explain the principles of art, but in an endeavor to defend an individual painter from injustice, they have been colored throughout—nay, continually altered in shape, and even warped and broken—by digressions respecting social questions which had for me an interest tenfold greater than the work I had been forced into undertaking. Every principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some vital or spiritual fact; and in my works on architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another is founded on their influence on the life of the workman—a question by all the other writers on the subject of architecture wholly forgotten or despised.—*Modern Painters*, Vol. V.

TRUTHFULNESS IN ART.

If it were possible for Art to give *all* the truths of Nature, it ought to do it. But this is not possible. Choice must always be made of some facts which *can* be represented from among others which must be passed by in silence, or even in some respects, mis-

represented. The inferior artist chooses unimportant and scattered truths; the great artist chooses the most necessary first, and afterward the most consistent with these, so as to obtain the greatest possible and most harmonious *sum*. For instance, Rembrandt always chooses to represent the exact force with which the light on the most illuminated part of an object is opposed to its obscurer portions. In order to obtain this, in most cases not very important truth, he sacrifices the light and color of five-sixths of his picture and the expression of every character of objects which depends on tenderness of shape or tint. But he obtains his single truth, and what picturesque and forcible expression is dependent upon it, with magnificent skill and subtlety.

Veronese, on the contrary, chooses to represent the great relations of visible things to each other, to the heaven above, and to the earth beneath them. He holds it more important to show how a figure stands, relieved from delicate air, or marble wall; how, as a red, or purple, or a white figure, it separates itself, in clear discernibility, from things not red, nor purple, nor white; how infinite daylight shines around it; how innumerable veils of faint shadow invest it; how its blackness and darkness are, in the excess of their nature, just as limited and local as its intensity of light: all this, I say, he feels to be more important than merely showing the exact *measure* of the spark of sunshine that gleams on a dagger-hilt, or glows on a jewel. All this, however, he feels to be harmonious—capable of being joined in one great system of spacious truth. And with inevitable watchfulness, inestimable subtlety, he unites all this in tenderest balance, noting in each hair's-breadth of color not merely what is rightness or wrongness in itself, but what its relation is to every other on his canvas.—*Modern Painters, Vol. III.*

TURNER'S "SLAVE SHIP."

I think the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted—and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man—is that of the "Slave Ship." It is a slaver, throwing

her dead slaves overboard ; and the near sea is encumbered with corpses. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm ; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night.

The whole surface of the sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light—the intense and lurid splendor which burns like gold and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it, along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously as the under-strength of the swell permits them, leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the undistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labors amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

I believe if I were reduced to rest Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose this. Its daring conception—ideal in the highest sense of the word—is based on the purest truth, and wrought out with the concentrated knowledge of a life. Its color is

absolutely perfect ; not one false or morbid hue in any part or line, and so modulated that every square inch of canvas is a perfect composition ; its drawing as accurate, as fearless ; the ship buoyant, bending, and full of motion ; its tones as true as they are wonderful ; and the whole picture dedicated to the most sublime of subjects and impressions—the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable sea.—*Modern Painters, Vol. II.*

THE TWO GREAT SCHOOLS OF SCULPTURE.

The conditions necessary for the production of a perfect school of sculpture have only twice been met in the history of the world, and then for a short time ; nor for a short time only, but also in narrow districts—namely, in the valleys and islands of Ionian Greece, and in the strip of land deposited by the Arno, between the Apennine crests and the sea. All other schools, except these two, led severally by Athens in the fifth century before Christ, and by Florence in the fifteenth of our own era, are imperfect ; and the best of them are derivative. These two are consummate in themselves, and the origin of what is best in others. . . .

But so narrow is the excellence, even of these two exclusive schools, that it cannot be said of either of them that they represented the entire human form. The Greeks perfectly drew and perfectly moulded the body and limbs, but there is, so far as I am aware, no instance of their representing the face as well as any great Italian. On the other hand, the Italian painted and carved the face insuperably ; but I believe there is no instance of his having perfectly represented the body, which, by command of his religion, it became his pride to despise, and his safety to mortify.—*Aratra Pentelici.*

THE GOTHIC ROOF AND SPIRE.

The true gable, as it is the simplest and most natural, so I esteem it the grandest of roofs ; whether rising in ridgy darkness, like a gray slope of slaty mountains, over the precipitous walls of the northern cathedrals, or stretched in burning breadth above the white and square-

set groups of the southern architecture. But this difference between its slope in the northern and southern structure is a matter of far greater importance than is commonly supposed. One main cause of it—the necessity of throwing off snow in the north, has been a thousand times alluded to. Another I do not remember to have seen noticed ; namely, that the rooms in a roof are comfortably habitable in the north which are painful *sotto piombi* in Italy ; and that there is in wet climates a natural tendency in all men to live as high as possible, out of the damp and mist.

These two causes, together with accessible quantities of good timber, have induced in the north a general steep pitch of gable which, when rounded or squared above a tower, becomes a spire or turret. And this feature, worked out with elaborate decoration, is the key-note of the whole system of “aspiration,” so called, which the German critics have so ingeniously and falsely ascribed to a devotional sentiment pervading the Northern Gothic. I entirely and boldly deny the whole theory. Our cathedrals were for the most part built by worldly people, who loved the world, and would gladly have stayed in it forever ; whose best hope was the escaping hell, which they thought to do by building cathedrals ; but who had very vague conceptions of heaven in general, and very feeble desires respecting their entrance therein ; and the form of the spired cathedral has no more intentional reference to heaven, as distinguished from the flattened slope of the Greek pediment, than the steep gable of a Norman house has, as distinguished from the flat roof of a Syrian one.—*Stones of Venice*.

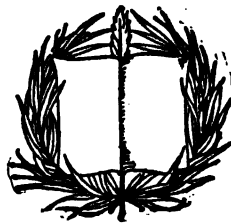
POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Political Economy is not itself a science, but a system of conduct founded on the Sciences, and impossible except under certain conditions of moral culture. Which is only to say that industry, frugality, and discretion—the three foundations of economy—are moral qualities, and cannot be attained without moral discipline : a flat truism, the reader may think, thus stated ; yet a truism which is denied both vociferously, and in all endeavor,

by the entire populace of Europe, who are at present hopeful of obtaining wealth by tricks of trade, without industry. The study which lately in England has been called Political Economy is in reality nothing more than the investigation of some accidental phenomena of modern commercial operations, nor has it been true in its investigation even of these.—*Munera Pulveris.*

LABOR.

Labor is the contest of the life of man with an opposite. Literally, it is the quantity or *lapse*, loss or failure of human life caused by any effort. It is usually confused with effort itself, or the application of power (*opera*); but there is much effort which is merely a mode of recreation or of pleasure. The most beautiful actions of the human body, and the highest results of the human intelligence, are conditions, or achievements, of quite unlaborious—nay, of recreative—effort. But labor is the *suffering* in effort. It is the negative quantity—or quantity of de-feat—which has to be counted against every Feat, and of de-fect which has to be counted against every Fact or Deed of men. In brief, it is “that quantity of our toil which we die in.”—*Munera Pulveris.*





RUSSELL, IRWIN, an American poet, born at Port Gibson, Miss., June 3, 1853; died in New Orleans, La., December 23, 1879. His father, Dr. William McNab Russell, was a native of Ohio, who went to Mississippi to begin the practice of medicine. The family removed to St. Louis in 1855, though the father returned and enlisted in the Confederate army. Irwin was graduated from the St. Louis University (Jesuit) in 1869 with credit. By a special act of the Legislature of Mississippi he was admitted to the bar at the age of nineteen. He learned the printer's trade and set up in business for himself at Port Gibson. He was the first to appreciate the possibilities of negro characters as literary studies, reproducing the plantation pictures with fidelity. Some time before his death he began the construction of a novel of negro life, of the success of which he had great anticipation. It was never completed.

In his introduction to the memorial volume of his poems published by the Century Company (1888), Joel Chandler Harris says: "The most wonderful thing about the dialect poetry of Irwin Russell is his accurate conception of the negro character. The dialect is not always the best—it is often carelessly written—but the negro is there, the old-fashioned, unadulterated negro, who is still dear to the Southern heart." "The Lounger," in

The Critic for February 4, 1888, says: "It seems to me that his poems are to negro dialect what Gottschalk's music is to negro melody. They all have a swinging gait, and you can hear the rhythmic pattering of the feet, and see the swaying of the dusky figures in the 'walk around' as you read."

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

You, Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, sah.
 Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
 I'd hab you for to know, sah,
I's a holdin' ob de lines.
 You better stop dat prancin';
 You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
 But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
 Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out;
 Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
 How quick I'll wear dis line out
 On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
 You needn't try to steal up
 An' lif' dat precious heel up;
 You's got to plough dis fiel' up,
 You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
 He's comin' right down to it;
 Jes' watch him ploughin' troo it!
 Dis nigger ain't no fool.
 Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
 Now, dat would only heat him—
 I know jes' how to treat him;
 You mus' reason wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger,
 If he wuz only bigger
 He'd fotch a mighty figger,
 He would, I *tell* you. Yes, sah!

See how he keeps a-clickin' !
 He's as gentle as a chickin,
 An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa dah ! Nebuchadnezzar !

Is dis heah me, or not me ?
 Or is the debbil got me ?
 Wuz dat a cannon shot me ?
 Hab I laid heah more'n a week ?
 Dat mule do kick amazin' !
 De beast wuz spiled in raisin'—
 But now I 'spect he's grazin'
 On de oder side de creek.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

Belubbed fellow-trabellers : In holdin' forth to-day,
 I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say ;
 De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am de tex' :
 Dat half-way doin's ain't no count for dis worl' or de
 nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a libbin' in is like a cotton-row
 Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe ;
 And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
 De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led the Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
 Dey had to keep a-goin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be ;
 Do you be s'pose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded in
 deir wish,
 And reached de Promised Land at last—if dey had
 stopped to fish ?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed
 wid Eve,
 Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to
 thieve ;
 And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations
 free,
 And eberyting belonged to dem except an apple-tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake came
snoopin' 'roun'—

A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a-crawlin' on de groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid
deir face,

Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off de
place.

Now s'pose dat man and 'ooman hadn't 'tempted for to
shirk,

But had gone about deir gardenin', and 'tended to deir
work,

Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business
to,

And de debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to
do.

No half-way doin's, bredren ! It'll nebber do, I say !
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For eben if de craps is good, de rain 'll spile de bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a hoein', and a-scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you kin pay up what you
owes ;

But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebbby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin' at, be shore and drike it
through,

And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine
to do ;

For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're
born,

You's gwine to see him comin' out de small eend ob de
horn.

I tanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin' ob a tune—

I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to
dat !

HOPE.

No matter where we sail
A storm may come to wreck us—
A bitter wind to check us
 In the quest for unknown lands,
 And cast us on the sands,
No matter where we sail :

Then, when my ship goes down,
What choice is left to me
From leaping in the sea—
 And willingly forsake
 All that the sea can take,
Then, when my ship goes down ?

Still, in spite of storm,
From all we feel or fear
A rescue may be near :
 Though tempests blow their best,
 A manly heart can rest
Still, in spite of storm.





RUSSELL, JOHN, EARL, an English statesman and orator, born in London, August 18, 1792; died May 28, 1878. He was the third son of the Duke of Bedford, and was designated as Lord John Russell until 1861, when he was raised to the peerage, under the title of Earl Russell. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh. In 1813, while still a minor, he was returned to Parliament for Fairstock. His public career, then begun, lasted until 1865—a period of fifty-two years. Of this we here give only the bare outlines. In 1819 he entered upon his long contest for Parliamentary reform, and in 1831 aided in framing the Reform Bill which was passed in 1832. In 1835, in the Melbourne Ministry, he became Home Secretary, and in 1839 Secretary of State for War and the Colonies. The Ministry went out of power in 1841, and for five years Lord John Russell was leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. The corn-law question was now the most important matter, and he was returned, as a free-trader, for the City of London. He gave his support to the Peel Ministry in its measures for free-trade and some other measures. Sir Robert Peel retired in 1846, and Lord John Russell was intrusted with the formation of a new cabinet, in which he took the place of First Lord of the Treasury. After several changes of administra-

tion he became, in 1852, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Aberdeen Ministry. In 1855 he took the place of Colonial Secretary in the Palmerston Cabinet, in which, in 1859, he was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was thus the head of the Foreign Department of the British Government during the American War of Secession. Lord Palmerston died in October, 1865, and Earl Russell became Premier. But the Government was defeated upon a new reform bill, and Earl Russell had no alternative but to resign. With this resignation his strictly public career came to an end, although he afterward made many speeches, and wrote several pamphlets on public questions.

Lord John Russell was the author of many books, among which are *Essays on the English Government* (1823); *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht* (1824); *Establishment of the Turks in Europe* (1828); *Causes of the French Revolution* (1832); *Memoirs of Thomas Moore* (1852); *Life of Charles James Fox* (1859-66); *Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe* (1873); *Recollections and Suggestions* (1875).

THE GOVERNMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND OF THE
UNITED STATES.

The most celebrated governments of ancient and modern times which have succeeded best in combining liberty with order are Sparta, Rome, and England. Of these I have no hesitation in saying England, since 1688, is the most perfect. Indeed, it is evident to anyone who reads the history of Sparta and Rome that their institutions were intended for small communities,

contained in the neighborhood of a single city, and that the very force and strength which their form of government produced tended, by increasing the commonwealth, to destroy the laws and manners which gave them birth. Not so with England : she does not reject wealth ; she does not reject commerce ; she does not even reject extended empire from the plan of her constitution. She rejects nothing but continental greatness and an overgrown military establishment.

Nor can the United States of America be fairly quoted as an example against me. Whether she be more or less happy than England, her standing in the world is not yet [1823] such as to enable her to draw any triumph from the comparison of her institutions with those of other nations. Since she first conquered her independence she has been as little exposed to the internal dangers arising from foreign war as the republic of San Marino. She has had a continent to spread in, and a huge wilderness to receive the unquiet and fermenting spirits among her people. Each state has governed itself with as little difficulty as the Quarter Sessions in England regulate the county expenses ; her Congress has carried on negotiation without the smallest apprehension of conquest. It is when the republic, weary of peace and prosperity, shall measure her new forces, and sigh for greatness and glory ; when a national debt and a national army shall be created by the will of national opinion ; when Mexico shall be a bordering and a rival empire ; when generals shall arise with more brilliant talents and a less virtuous character than Washington ; when the love of power and dominion corrupts her Presidents and statesmen ; it is then it will be decided whether the institutions of America are wiser than those of England.

It must be confessed, however, that should America stand this test, or even should she continue to flourish for the next century, it will be no longer just to withhold from her the pre-eminence among the governments of the globe. She will have resolved successfully the great problem how to secure the enjoyments of order and public tranquillity with the least possible check on the development of human faculties : in short, how

to obtain for man, in the greatest proportions, the blessings of security, peace, liberty and knowledge. She will have resolved this problem, too, by a machinery much less complicated, and much less expensive, than the constitution of England.—*The History of the English Government.*

FOX AS A STATESMAN.

The sum of the whole character of Fox as a statesman is that he was an ardent, consistent, and thorough lover of liberty. Whether in France or in America, whether in Ireland or in England, whether with reference to the Protestant or the Roman Catholic, whether to be applied to the white or the black man, the main and ruling passion of Fox's life was a love of liberty. For her cause he was an orator; for her cause he was a statesman. He gave his life to the defence of English freedom; he hastened his death by his exertion to abolish the African slave-trade.

Sir Walter Scott, wishing no doubt to do justice to Fox, has in fact cast a most undeserved reproach on his memory. He has written, as if in praise, "Record that Fox a Briton died," thus implying that unless he supported the views of the Tory party against France he was not worthy of the name of Briton. It is evident that while Scott's purpose was *Manibus dare lilia plenis*, his words imply that Fox was only a patriot when he rejected peace with France. This is a very low view of patriotism. Fox thought, in 1793 and 1803, that the name and reputation of England—and, with her name and reputation, her interest—would best be supported by an honest endeavor to continue in peace with France. It may be thought that he was wrong in his opinion, and that Pitt was right. But those who think he was wrong ought to admit that, having ample means of judgment, he was right to act according to his convictions, and did not forfeit his character as a Briton on that account. Those who think he was right will ever revere him for defending the cause of humanity, justice, and peace, against a prevailing but unfounded clamor.—*Life and Times of Charles James Fox.*



RUSSELL, WILLIAM CLARK, an English novelist, born in New York City, February 24, 1844. His father, Henry Russell, was the composer of the songs, *Cheer, Boys, Cheer ; To the West ; There's a Good Time Coming, Boys*, and *Far, Far upon the Sea*; and his mother was a connection of the poet Wordsworth. He was educated at Winchester, England, and in France. He then entered the British merchant-service, but after eight years of sea-life abandoned it to devote himself to literature. He was associated for some years with the Newcastle *Daily Chronicle* and the London *Daily Telegraph*. His ambition has been to raise the nautical novel to a high standard, and his books are written out of his own experience. His books are *John Holdsworth, Chief Mate* (1874); *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* (1875); *The Little Loo* (1876); *A Sailor's Sweetheart* (1877); *An Ocean Free-Lance* (1878); *The Lady Maud* (1880); *Jack's Courtship* (1881); *A Strange Voyage* (1882); *The Golden Hope* (1883); *The Dutch Ship* (1884); *A Frozen Pirate* (1885); *Marooned* (1886); *Round the Galley Fire* (1886); *My Watch Below* (1886); *In the Middle Watch* (1887); *On the Fok'sle Head* (1887); *An Ocean Tragedy* (1887); *My Shipmate Louise* (1888); *Betwixt the Forelands* (1888); *Life of Nelson* (1889); *The Romance of Jenny Harlowe* (1889); *Helma* (1890), and *The Good Ship Mohock* (1895).

A BURNING SEA.

But natural as such thoughts were, there was no purpose to be served by encouraging them ; so I broke away from them by talking to Miss Inglefield, for there were plenty of other things to converse about, fortunately—I mean the wonderful appearance of the sea, the dense blackness of the heavens, which but for the luminousness of the ocean would have shown forms of flying clouds and driving of scud over rifts and patches of dim, dark, starless sky, the ghostly blue lights kindling at the yardarms out of the wind, the strange, unfamiliar look of the ship tossing like a shape of jet upon the greenish gold of the waters, with nothing to be seen aloft but the faint glimmer of the foot of the canvas waving there like the spectral pinion of some vast form whose outline it might be possible to discern by intent inspection of the black air. As to Pipes, he was not safe to talk to yet ; I knew the worry in his head had made a bear of the poor old fellow, and that for the present it was best to leave him alone right aft there, abreast of the wheel ; so I moved about with Miss Agnes, carrying her to leeward at times to look at the brilliance washing away from the ship's side when she'd crush the foam out of an underrunning sea ; for to leeward along the bends was the place to see the phosphorus, as the shadow of the vessel added a deeper tinge to the gloom, and it was a perpetual convulsion and tumultuous play of fibres and serpents and lances and arrows of fire darting up from under our keel on the shining slant of every sea whose crest ran melting into an almost lightning brightness from our leaning and rolling hull.

No bells were kept, and by and by, drawing to the companion for the light in it, I found by my watch that it was ten o'clock. I was about to tell Miss Inglefield the hour, and ask her permission to conduct her below, when she suddenly cried, "What is that, Mr. Aubyn ?"

"What do you see ?" I exclaimed, startled by the vehemence in her voice as if she were terror-stricken.

"Look past that boat there," she cried, pointing to leeward.

I stared in the direction indicated by her shadowy arm, and just abaft the quarter-boat she meant, that was hanging in the davits, I saw a pale pillar of fire standing upon the sea and reaching to the height of several degrees above the horizon. It was as much like the stalk of a flower in shape as anything I can imagine to liken it to, with a slender spreading out of its summit, in which luminous cup or circumference there seemed to my eyes to be resting a volume of blackness, of so deep and intense a nature that it hung as plain against the dark heavens as a blot of ink on a sheet of chocolate-colored paper. As I gazed, a flash of violet lightning fell zigzag to the sea from the black mass, quickly followed by a rumble of thunder coming up like the moaning toll of a huge, deep-throated bell against the wind.

Someone was passing us, apparently to relieve the wheel. "What is that column of light down there to leeward?" I asked.

"A water-spout," was the answer.

"Of course it is," I exclaimed to Miss Inglefield. "It's a whirlwind holding a pillar of this phosphorescent water in its transparent walls. Was there ever a more magnificent sight! I have heard of water-spouts illuminated by lightning; but think of a shaft of fire moving along the deep with its head veiled in a thundercloud! I hope it'll go clear of us, though. A water-spout's a dangerous machine to run foul of. Captain Pipes," I sung out, "do you see that spout to leeward there?"

"Yes, Mr. Aubyn, I see it, sir," he answered gruffly. "It's not coming our way. There's no call to be alarmed."

As he spoke a second sharp glare of lightning threw up the huge folds of vapor eddying and coiling at the summit of the fiery pillar, like the first belching of smoke from a newly fed factory furnace, and up through the wind came a short, sharp explosion of thunder like the detonation of a heavy piece of ordnance. . . .

We stood in silence watching the wild and beautiful and startling appearance to leeward. How far distant

it was I could not say ; I strained my ear, but I could catch no sound of the commotion of boiling water ; I noticed that Pipes barely glanced at it. I could see him plain against the phosphoric lustre when the ship rolled to windward and brought the radiant waters visible above the rail ; and he stood steadfastly staring into the sea over the weather bow, apparently heeding nothing but the thoughts of the wreck which he imaged lying out there. The thin, shining column of water went gliding slowly down upon our lee quarter, with now and again a streak of crooked red or blue lancing out of the mass of inky vapor on top of it, and after a little it either broke and fell or was swallowed up by the ocean's glare. Miss Agnes put her hand over her forehead, and took a long, long look at the pale, weltering brightness to windward.

"Oh !" she cried, with a sobbing sigh, "if we could but see the wreck how happy I should feel."—*A Strange Voyage.*

A TRICK AT THE WHEEL.

I can conceive of many a strange, fanciful thought coming into a sailor's mind as he stands grasping the wheel in the lonely night-watch, and I say this with a plentiful knowledge of the seaman's prosaic and unsentimental character. A man must be but a very short way removed from a four-footed animal not to feel at times the wonderful and subduing spell which the ocean will fling over the human soul ; and being at the wheel will give him the best chance of yielding to the nameless witchery, for at such a time—in most cases—he is alone ; no one accosts him, the gloom falls down and blots out the figure of the officer of the watch, and completes the deep sense of solitude that is to be got from a spell at the helm on a dark and quiet night at sea. I cannot but think that the spirit of the deep is brought, at such a time, nearer to you aboard a sailing-ship than aboard a steam-ship. The onward rushing fabric that is impelled by engines demands incessant vigilance ; she may be off her course even in the time that a man takes to lift his eyes to mark a flying meteor ; there are no moments of rest. But in a sailing-ship you have

the moonlit night and burnished swell heaving up in lines of ebony out of the visionary horizon, where the stars are wanly winking, until it rolls in billows of sparkling quicksilver under the wake of the bland and beautiful luminary ; there is not a breath of air aloft, though little creepings of wind circle softly about the decks as the pallid surfaces of canvas swing in and out with the leaning of the ship ; the moonlight falls in pools of light upon the planks, and every shadow cast upon those pearl-like surfaces is as black and sharp and clear as a tracing in ink ; the after portions of the sails are dark as bronze, but looking at them forward they rise into the air like pieces of white satin, soaring into a stately edifice full of delicate, hurrying shadows which resemble the streaky lustre on the inside of an oyster-shell as the cloths swell out or hollow in with the drowsy motion, and crowned with the little royals, which seem to melt, even as the eye watches them, like summer clouds upon the heaven of stars.

Moments of such repose as this you will get in a sailing-ship. Who that has stood at the wheel at such a time but remembers the soft patter of reef-points upon the canvas, the frosty twinkling of the dew upon the skylights and rail, the hollow sob of the swell under the counter as the ship heaves her stern, and the tiller-chains rattle, and the wheel jumps to the echo of the groan of the rudder-head ?

It is the middle watch ; eight bells were struck a quarter of an hour since ; the watch on deck are forward, coiled away, anywhere, and nothing stirs on the forecastle ; the officer on duty walks the starboard side of the deck, for the yards are braced to port, and that makes a weather deck where the mate is pacing, sleepily scratching the back of his head, and casting drowsy glances aloft and at the sea. The moon is low in the west, and has changed her silver into copper, and will be gone soon. The calm is wonderfully expressed by the reflection she drops ; the mirrored radiance streams toward you like a river of pallid gold, narrow at the horizon and broadening, fan-shaped, until it seems within a biscuit's throw of the ship, where it vanishes in a fine haze ; but on either hand of it the water is as black

as ink, while the lustre of the moon has quenched the stars all about her, and left the sky in which she hangs as dark as the ocean.

The setting orb carries the mind with it. The eye will seek the light, and it is a kind of instinct that makes a man watch the sinking of the moon at sea, when there is a deeper repose in the air and nothing to hinder his thoughts from following the downward sailing orb. Many a time have I watched her, and thought of the old home she would be shining upon; the loved scenes she would be making beautiful with her holy light. There is nothing in life that gives one such a sense of distance, of infinite remoteness, as the setting of the sun or moon at sea. It defines the immeasurable leagues of water which separate you from those you love with a sharpness that is scarcely felt at other times. It is the only mark upon the circle of the ocean, and courts you into a reckoning which there is something too vague in the bare and infinite horizon to invite. As one bell strikes, the moon rests her lower limb upon the horizon, and her reflection shortens away from the ship's side as the red fragment of disk sinks behind the black water-line. In a few seconds nothing but a speck of light that glows like a live ember is visible: and when that is quenched the faint saffron tinge that hung about the sky when the moon was setting dies out, and the whole circumference of the ocean is full of the blackness of night. —*Round the Galley Fire.*





RUSSELL, SIR WILLIAM HOWARD, a British journalist and war correspondent, born near Dublin, March 28, 1821. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; entered the Middle Temple, London, in 1846, and was called to the bar in 1850. He gave up legal practice in order to act as special correspondent to the *Times* during the Crimean War. When the Sepoy mutiny broke out, he went in a similar capacity to India. In 1861 he went to the United States, but returned to England the following year. He went in 1866 to report the Austro-Prussian War; and in 1870 that between France and Germany. In 1875 he was attached as Honorary Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, in his visit to India. Meanwhile, as early as 1858, he established *The Army and Navy Gazette*, of which he afterward became editor and principal proprietor. Many of his series of letters have been published in volumes. Among his works are *Letters from the Crimea* (1856); *Diary in India* (1860); *My Diary, North and South* (1862); *Memorials of the Marriage of the Prince of Wales* (1864); *The Great Eastern and the Atlantic Cable* (1865); *Adventures of Dr. Brady*, a novel (1868); *My Diary during the Last Great War* (1873); *Hesperiothen: Notes from the West* (1882).

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of Continental armies ; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed toward the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an enemy in position ! Alas ! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds ; and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion.

They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed toward the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken ; it is joined by the second ; they never halt nor check their speed for an instant.

With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer, which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries ; but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry through the clouds of smoke. We could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns, and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through guns, as I

have said. To our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank-fire of the battery on the hill swept them, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying toward us, told us the sad tale: demi-gods could not have done what we failed to do.

At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage almost too great for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin.

It was as much as one heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnant of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.—*Letters from the Crimea.*





RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH, an American poet, born at Norfolk, Va., August 15, 1839; died at Louisville, Ky., April 22, 1886. He was educated in the school of the Christian Brothers at Louisville, and then entered the Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical Seminary at Niagara, N. Y., to study for the priesthood. But soon after his ordination he became a chaplain in the Confederate army, in which he served until the close of the Civil War. In 1865 he settled in New Orleans, where, in addition to his clerical duties, he edited the *Morning Star*, a weekly Roman Catholic paper. He was the founder and for several years the editor of *The Banner of the South*, a religious and political weekly, published at Augusta, Ga. For about twelve years he was pastor of St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Ala., and in 1880 he went North to lecture and to publish his *Poems—Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous*. The longest of these is a narrative poem entitled *Their Story Runneth Thus*. His health failing he obtained from Bishop Quinlan permission to retire from all parochial duty in October, 1881. He removed to Biloxi, Miss., and continued his literary work, including the *Life of Christ* (unfinished). He is familiarly known as the "poet-priest of the South." His marked devotion to that section is shown in a great part of his published work. His lines voice a warmth of feeling and purity of sentiment, but they lack strength and finish.

ERIN'S FLAG.

Unroll Erin's flag ! fling its folds to the breeze !
 Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas !
 Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
 When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
 That never ! no, never ! while God gave them life,
 And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
 That never ! no, never ! that banner should yield
 As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield ;
 While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
 And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up ! wave it high ! 'tis as bright as of old !
 Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
 Tho' the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long
 years
 Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with
 tears !
 Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
 And around it the thunders of Tyranny boom.
 Look aloft ! look aloft ! lo ! the clouds drifting by,
 There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in
 the sky.
 'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high !
 Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh !

.

Lift up the Green Flag ! oh ! it wants to go home.
 Full long has its lot been to wander and roam.
 It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
 But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded or furled ;
 Like a weary-winged bird to the East and the West,
 It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
 'Til, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
 And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
 Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
 Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up ! take it up ! bear it back from afar !
 That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war ;

Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant, or die,
And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth
To join in the march to the land of their birth ;
And wherever the Exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam,
They'll sail to the music of " Home, Sweet Home ! "

SURSUM CORDA.

Weary hearts ! weary hearts ! by the cares of life op-
pressed,
Ye are wand'ring in the shadows—ye are sighing for a
rest :
There is darkness in the heavens, and the earth is bleak
below,
And the joys we taste to-day may to-morrow turn to woe.
Weary hearts ! God is Rest.

Lonely hearts ! lonely hearts ! this is but a land of grief ;
Ye are pining for repose—ye are longing for relief :
What the world hath never given, kneel and ask of God
above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness, if you lean upon
His love.
Lonely hearts ! God is Love.

Restless hearts ! restless hearts ! ye are toiling night
and day,
And the flowers of life, all withered, leave but thorns
along your way :
Ye are waiting, ye are waiting, till your toilings all shall
cease,
And your every restless beating is a sad, sad prayer for
peace.
Restless hearts ! God is Peace.

Breaking hearts ! broken hearts ! ye are desolate and
lone,
And low voices from the past o'er your present ruins
moan !

In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest
alloy,
And a starless night had followed on the sunset of your
joy.

Broken hearts ! God is Joy.

Homeless hearts ! homeless hearts ! through the dreary,
dreary years,
Ye are lonely, lonely wand'ers, and your way is wet
with tears ;
In bright or blighted places, wheresoever ye may roam,
Ye look away from earth-land, and ye murmur, "Where
is home ?"

Homeless hearts ! God is Home.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary ;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary :
Furl it, fold it—it is best ;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it :
Furl it, hide it—let it rest !

Take that Banner down ! 'tis tattered ;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh ! . . .

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly !
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never ;
Let it droop there, furled forever—
For its people's hopes are fled !

THE CAUSE OF THE SOUTH.

The fallen cause still waits,
 Its bard has not come yet,
 His song—through one of to-morrow's gates
 Shall shine—but never set.

But when he comes—he'll sweep
 A harp with tears all stringed,
 And the very notes he strikes will weep,
 As they come from his hand, woe-winged.

Ah ! grand shall be his strain,
 And his songs shall fill all climes,
 And the rebels shall rise and march again
 Down the lines of his glorious rhymes.

And through his verse shall gleam
 The swords that flashed in vain,
 And the men who wore the gray shall seem
 To be marshalling again.

But hush ! between his words
 Peer faces sad and pale,
 And you hear the sound of broken chords
 Beat through the poet's wail.

Through his verse the orphans cry—
 The terrible undertone !
 And the father's curse and the mother's sigh,
 And the desolate young wife's moan.

I sing, with a voice too low
 To be heard beyond to-day,
 In minor keys of my people's woe ;
 And my songs pass away.

To-morrow hears them not—
 To-morrow belongs to fame :
 My songs—like the birds'—will be forgot,
 And forgotten shall be my name.

And yet who knows ! betimes
 The grandest songs depart,
 While the gentle, humble, and low-toned rhymes
 Will echo from heart to heart.
 —*From Sentinel Songs.*

SENTINEL SONGS.

When falls the soldier brave
 Dead—at the feet of wrong—
 The poet sings, and guards his grave
 With sentinels of song.

Songs, march ! he gives command,
 Keep faithful watch and true ;
 The living and dead of the Conquered Land
 Have now no guards save you.

Grave ballads ! mark ye well !
 Thrice holy is your trust !
 Go ! halt ! by the fields where warriors fell,
 Rest arms ! and guard their dust.

List, songs ! your watch is long !
 The soldiers' guard was brief,
 Whilst right is right, and wrong is wrong,
 Ye may not seek relief.

Go ! wearing the gray of grief !
 Go ! watch o'er the Dead in Gray !
 Go guard the private, and guard the chief,
 And sentinel their clay.

And the songs, in stately rhyme,
 And with softly sounding tread,
 Go forth, to watch for a time—a time,
 Where sleep the Deathless Dead.

And the songs, like funeral dirge,
 In music soft and low,
 Sing round the graves—whilst hot tears surge
 From hearts that are homes of woe.

What though no sculptured shaft
 Immortalize each brave?
 What though no monument epitaphed
 Be built above each grave?

When marble wears away,
 And monuments are dust,
 The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
 Will still fulfil their trust.

With lifted head, and steady tread,
 Like stars that guard the skies,
 Go watch each bed, where rest the dead,
 Brave Songs! with sleepless eyes.

THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

Some reckon their age by years,
 Some measure their life by art;
 But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
 And their lives by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
 The length, not the depth of years,
 Few or many they come, few or many they go,
 But time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
 That creeps through the sunny hair,
 And not by the scenes that we pass on our way,
 And not by the furrows the fingers of care

On forehead and face have made—
 Not so do we count our years;
 Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade
 Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oftentimes old,
 Though their brows be bright and fair;
 While their blood beats warm, their hearts are cold—
 O'er them the spring—but winter is there.

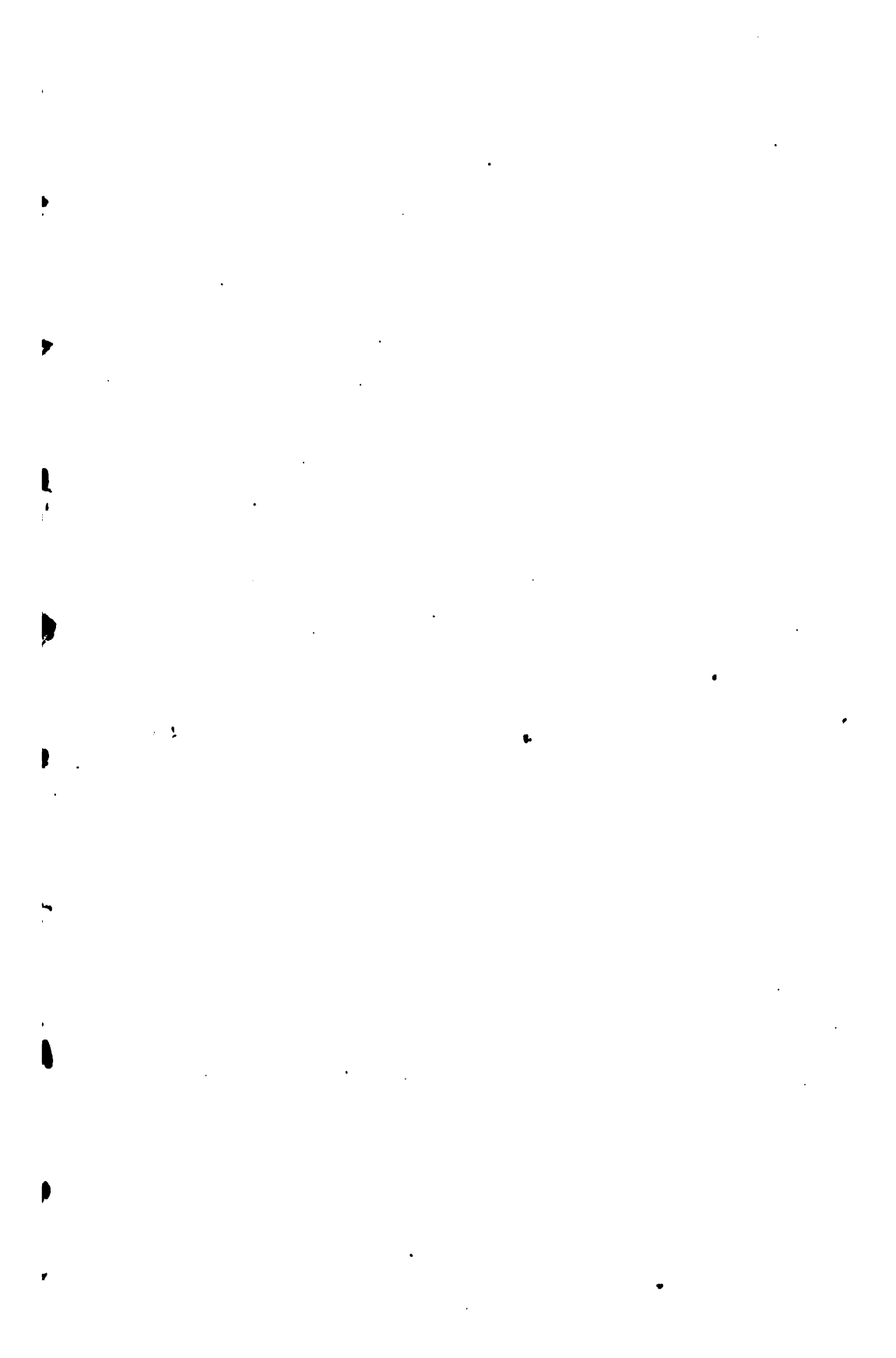
And the old are ofttimes young
When their hair is thin and white ;
And they sing in age, as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But, bead by bead, I tell
The Rosary of my years ;
From a cross—to a cross they lead ; 'tis well,
And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep ;
Give me instead of a long stream of life
The tempests and tears of the deep.

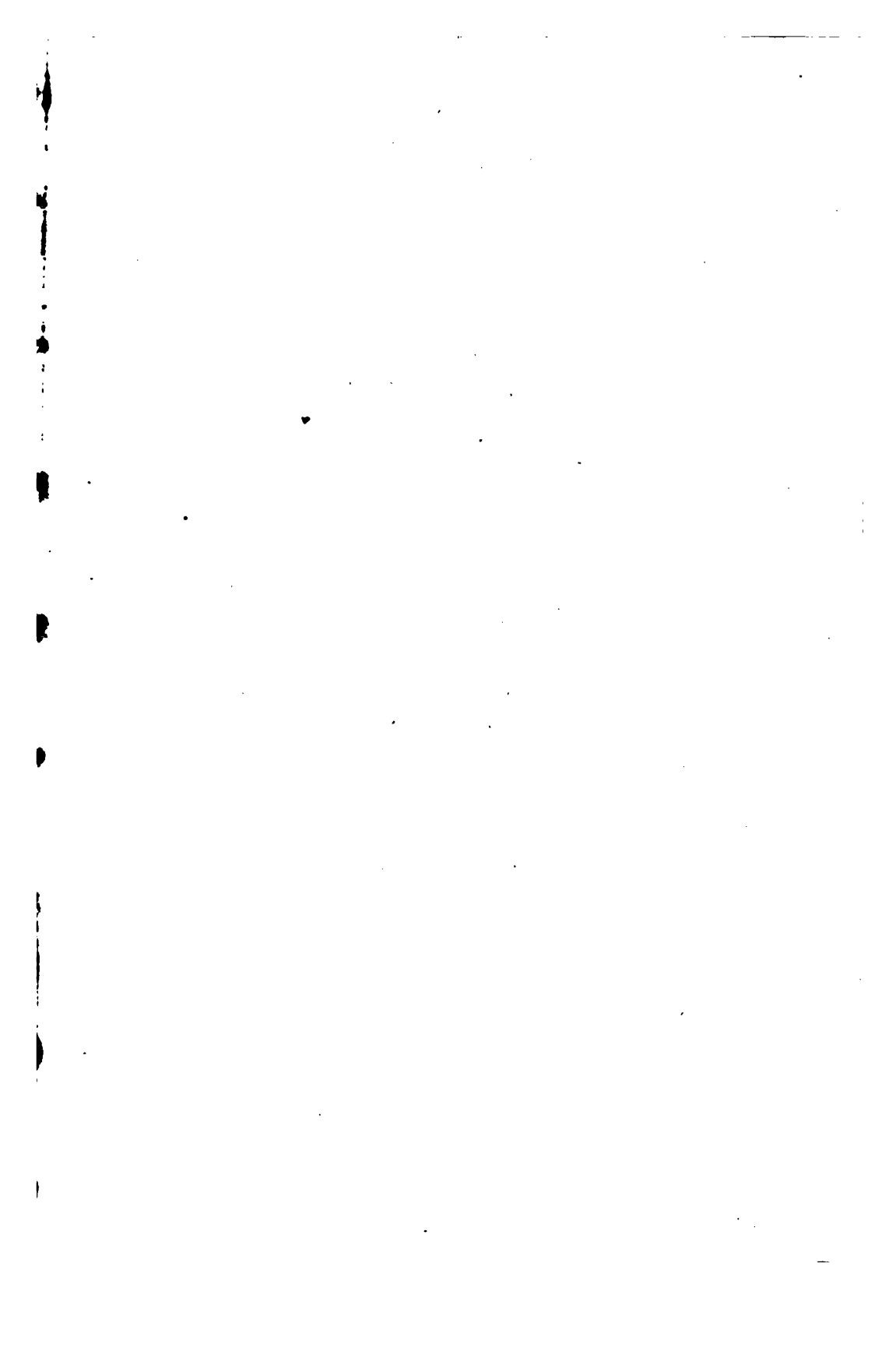
A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years ;
But never the foam brings the lone back home—
He reaches the haven through tears.





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